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ART. I. *Affaires d'Espagne, Nos.* 1 *to* 5.—*Confédération des Royaumes et Provinces d'Espagne contre Buonaparte, Nos.* 1 *to* 6, *&c.*

THIS is a collection of all the papers which have yet been published by the several Provincial Juntas of Spain, or by the Central Junta of the Government, together with extracts from our Gazettes, translated into French for the purpose of dissemination on the Continent; where such official documents are received with an avidity proportioned to the difficulty of obtaining authentic information. In such a collection there can be nothing which is not already familiar to the English reader; but there is much which appears to be forgotten, or very imperfectly remembered; and, as the intelligence from Spain is daily increasing in volume, as well as in importance, we are glad to avail ourselves of these materials whilst they are of a manageable bulk, and whilst facts are too recent and notorious to be disputed, for the purpose of giving a slight and general sketch of a most interesting subject, of recording our own opinions, and of examining some statements and reasonings published by other writers respecting the conduct of the Spanish and English Governments, which we believe to be incorrect.

In surveying the transactions recorded or referred to in these papers, we are almost tempted to doubt whether we are reading the events of real history. A King surreptitiously removed from the centre of his dominions; transferred, with his family and court, to a foreign city, and there directed to abdicate his throne in favour of an alien upstart; presents a spectacle, certainly, not less improbable than the wildest fictions of romance.

Even those who were most familiarised with the singular caprices of Buonaparte's despotism, had by no means expected, from his austere and sullen policy, such a theatrical and fanciful display of his unbounded power. But any serious resistance to that power appeared impossible. It was at a moment when the plan, for the subjugation of Spain, was thought to be complete in all its parts; when her treasury was quite exhausted; when she was without arms, ammunition, clothing, or even horses; when the flower of her army, enrolled under the banners of Napoleon, were transported to the North of Europe; when the many strong and almost impregnable fortresses on her eastern frontier were surrendered to French garrisons; when the metropolis, together with all the principal cities of the interior, and the adjoining kingdom of Portugal, were occupied by 100,000 veterans, commanded by experienced and able generals; that the Spanish nation proudly threw down the gage of defiance, and declared eternal war against their perfidious and insolent oppressor.

The actor who claims our first attention in this strange drama, is Napoleon, whose most ardent admirers are of opinion, that he was, in this instance, actuated by childish vanity and blind impetuosity. To the master of the French empire it was, evidently, a matter of indifference, whether Charles IV. or Ferdinand VII. or Joseph Buonaparte, were intrusted with the office of Tax-gatherer in Spain for the benefit of France; except that a Prince of the house of Bourbon might have been expected to collect, at least for some years longer, the contributions of America: whereas a change of dynasty could not fail to endanger that great source of supply, by affording to those extensive provinces, against which, during the present maritime war, neither Spain nor France were able to employ any means of coercion, an excuse for asserting their independence. But, even if it were admitted, that the establishment of Joseph on the throne of Spain was a reasonable object of ambition, the impetuous haste with which, after a long scene of successful treachery, Napoleon threw off the mask of friendship, renounced every semblance and pretence of moral or honourable motives, and seized the persons of the royal family, was indefensible on any ground of policy. In his former conduct he had displayed much address and prudence. Not content with directing, through the medium of the Prince of the Peace, every motion of the royal puppet, whom he professed to treat as his august ally, he had cautiously avoided a too implicit reliance on the fidelity of the

the Favourite, and by secretly encouraging the hopes of the heir to the throne, had gained, if not his affection and confidence, at least a complete and unlimited ascendancy over his mind and conduct. This is fully proved by every act of Ferdinand when raised to the throne, and particularly by his journey to Bayonne; and although the predominant influence of his party, evinced by the abdication of Charles IV. might naturally give considerable umbrage to France, it is plain that the monarch must have remained in a state of vassalage. Napoleon, in his character of ally and mediator, was nearly omnipotent. It depended on himself to occupy the important ports of Cadiz, Carthagena, and Ferrol, and thus to cut off the possibility of a communication with England. By bestowing on Ferdinand, as a gift, the throne of his ancestors, he might have degraded that unhappy prince in the eyes of his subjects, compelled him to become, like his father, the miserable instrument of French rapacity, and ultimately, like him, to abdicate dignity as the price of safety. In a word, he might have pursued, with impunity, any conduct but that which mortally wounded the pride of every Spaniard, and which was felt by each as a personal insult. Still, however, we must confess, that if, by the bold and decisive measure, from which he anticipated the utter dismay and confusion of his opponents, he only excited their indignation, and animated their courage, his failure was not more contrary to his own expectation, than to that of all the surrounding nations.

Indeed the explosion of indignant patriotism, which burst out at the same moment in all the provinces of Spain, seems to have astonished even the Spaniards themselves, insomuch that the Junta of Seville have boldly appealed to it as to a manifest proof of the miraculous inspiration of Heaven. But much more surprising, in our opinion, was the equally universal confidence of success, which was evinced in Spain, under circumstances the most discouraging and hopeless. This was not confined to those assemblies of delegates, who, possessing sovereign power with a divided responsibility, might be supposed to derive firmness in danger from their political constitution. It equally prevailed amongst those who from their sex, their age, their education, their habits, their duties, were most liable to despondency and intimidation; amongst women, and monks, and prelates: and our readers will probably recollect an early and curious example of this spirit, in a public letter from the Bishop of Orense, containing his reasons for refusing to attend the convocation at Bayonne. It was not a blind and arrogant

presumption; it was the confidence of men who had calmly and attentively surveyed the gigantic power opposed to them; who had prepared themselves to encounter privations, and defeats, and disasters; and who foresaw that by bringing successively into action all their means of annoyance, they must ultimately exhaust and wear out the mighty enemy, whom they were unable to subdue by a direct encounter. Animated by this spirit, the Spaniards became, for a time, a nation of statesmen and of heroes. The temperate, yet firm and energetic Government of the Juntas, whilst acting as confederated Republics, astonished all Europe. That of Seville in particular displayed, in the first moments of its formation, all the energy of the best organized senate; with a happy audacity it assumed, and exercised, for a time, all the functions of a sovereign; seized the French fleet at Cadiz; opened a communication with Spanish America; created and organized an army; and employing with great ability the powerful influence of a free press, dispersed throughout Spain a series of state-papers and manifestoes, distinguished by sound argument and persuasive eloquence, and equally calculated to instruct, to excite, and to encourage their countrymen. The brilliant success of Castanos at Baylen; the still more brilliant and even romantic exploits of Palafox in the defence of Zaragoza; and the unexpected flight of Joseph Buonaparte from Madrid, seemed to be the earnest of new and prodigious victories; and the expectations of those who were distant from the scene of action, and particularly of the British public, could no longer be confined within the bounds of reason or probability. All seemed to tread on fairy ground; and those who should have hesitated to believe in the complete and early triumph of the Patriots, would have been considered as disaffected to the cause of freedom.

If these sanguine hopes were very unreasonable, if they were never entertained by the Spaniards themselves, if their completion was incompatible with the state of the country; perhaps the gloom and despondency occasioned by their failure, may be, if not groundless, at least disproportioned to the occasion; perhaps too the misconduct of our Government in its relations with Spain may not be very evident; and it is because such is in fact our opinion, that we have sought to support it by the testimony of the papers now before us. But as that opinion is founded on the supposition that the Spaniards have been, and are acting in conformity to their own peculiar character, from motives, and with objects of their own, and that to view their conduct

conduct through the medium of our opinions, and feelings, and prejudices, is to pervert and distort it; we shall request the indulgence of the reader, whilst we examine two very different representations of the case, both of which we consider as erroneous.

It has been contended, by one class of writers, that the Spaniards have forfeited their whole claim to the sympathy of free nations, by making the restoration of a foolish prince, the ultimate object of all their efforts; that having felt and deplored the vices of their old Government, they ought to have profited by the vacancy of the throne, and to have reformed all abuses; that, fighting in such a cause, they would have been invincible; but that now they will be totally subdued, and trampled on by Buonaparte, and will deserve their fate, because they have substituted an ill-timed and unmeaning loyalty, in the room of a rational and ardent patriotism. Now this is to require that Spaniards should argue and feel like Englishmen, which is not quite reasonable; and it is also, as we think, a very incorrect representation of the fact. We do not suppose that the clear-sighted clergy of Spain, or the nobles, or the magistrates, ever felt, or now feel that enthusiastic affection for the person of Ferdinand VII. which they have expressed, and still express to the world; but he had long been an object of hatred to the Favourite, and this hatred rendered him the natural patron of all the disaffected, that is to say of nearly the whole nation. The clergy saw in him the protector of their property, against that confiscation which they naturally apprehended to be the grand object of Buonaparte's avarice; the magistrates and nobles hoped from him the preservation of their ancient laws, their dignities, and their privileges. He was also the immediate victim of Napoleon; his degradation was that specific violation of the national independence which became the universal signal of revolt. It is therefore strangely incorrect to represent the Spaniards as having changed their ground, or to consider them at present as a royalist party, or faction. Besides, nothing can be much more harmless than the proclamation of an absent and imprisoned sovereign. Of what importance can it be whether the war cry is 'Ferdinand VII.' or 'Hereditary succession according to the fundamental laws of the monarchy?' The question at issue is whether the King of Spain, receiving his crown by hereditary descent, according to a certain line of succession, established by the fundamental laws of the monarchy, can by his sole act reverse those laws, and transfer the allegiance of his subjects to an alien?

Consequently the meaning of both exclamations is the same. Besides, the authority of a common Sovereign is the great bond of union between the Spaniards of Europe and those of America; and as Spain is, far more than any European nation, dependant on her trans-atlantic colonies, it was of no small importance to procure the co-operation of the islands, of Mexico, and of the southern continent. The enthusiasm with which the cause of Ferdinand has been adopted, and the mass of pecuniary assistance which has been voted by those distant Governments, furnish some proof that the Patriots judged wisely in employing a name which, whatever ideas we may attach to it, has acted like a talisman on the heart of every Spaniard in both hemispheres. Whether it would have been quite consistent with common prudence to proclaim, throughout their extensive empire, an immediate reform of all abuses, and the blessings of a regenerated government is, at least, doubtful. Lastly, we submit that it would be difficult to point out to a Spaniard any abuse of prerogative of which, at such a moment as this, he would very ardently wish the reform. Whilst the whole armed frontier of Spain, her capital, and almost half of her territory are occupied by French troops, it is childish to suppose that his patriotism will require any other stimulus to exertion. Common sense will tell him that national independence must, under such circumstances, be preparatory to civil freedom. Spain, we think, has already made no small progress towards liberty, since it is notorious that she possesses an elective Government, acting under a phantom; and no man, we conceive, can seriously apprehend that if she be ultimately rescued from the grasp of France, her heroic defenders will voluntarily resume the chains of civil despotism and of religious intolerance.

Other writers have given us a directly opposite statement. Far from imputing to Spanish patriotism an undue leaven of loyalty, they affirm that the events of last May are to be considered as a complete revolution, in the French sense of the term, that this revolution was effected solely by the energies of the middling and lower classes of the people, and very principally by those who had no interest in the state; no stake, no consideration, no property. It is predicted that the vigour of the *revolutionary* Juntas will procure for the nation, not indeed ultimate success and independence, but at least an honourable capitulation, a state of most dignified submission to France. And this example will be productive of marvellous good effects in this country, exciting us to effect that radical reform from the completion

completion of which we were unhappily scared by Mr. Pitt's reign of terror. Now, we cannot consent to accept, without some hesitation, either the matter of fact or the matter of prophecy here presented to us. The very first proclamation of the Junta of Seville formally asserts that Spain has not been the theatre of a revolution; indeed the word itself seems to be odious in Spain, and the beautiful course of experiments on government instituted by the French republicans is stigmatised as sanguinary and fantastic and ridiculous. In General Spencer's letter of the 21st June, it is said, 'The Council of Seville, one of the principal provincial jurisdictions in Spain, have laid hold of some *statutes* in their constitution which *authorise* their rejecting the orders of the Supreme Council of Madrid when that capital shall be in the hands of foreign troops. They have *therefore* assumed an independent authority in the name of Ferdinand VII. whom they have proclaimed king, and after some previous steps they have formally declared war against France.' The Junta of Seville tell us that, on the 27th May, 'the magistrates, the constituted authorities, and the *most respectable* of the inhabitants of all ranks and classes convened at Seville, and, by common consent, elected a supreme provincial Junta.' A similar form of election was generally, if not universally adopted; though in some cases the sovereign executive power was delegated to a prelate, or to a magistrate, and in Arragon to a governor and captain-general. To the decrees of the Juntas are sometimes appended the signatures of their respective members, all of whom appear to be principal dignitaries of the church, or nobles, or magistrates. Where therefore shall we find a proof that the *multitude* was abandoned and deserted by the higher orders, and left to produce *alone* the regeneration of their country? Although, in some few instances, the populace, incensed by accidental provocations, were betrayed into acts of headstrong fury, they were never in a state of insurrection against the constituted authorities, but have shewn themselves in every instance the docile and submissive, though prompt and ardent, instruments of their leaders. Indeed, if the uniform tenour of every paper addressed to the Spanish nation be admitted as fair testimony of the motives professed by the patriots, these persons, when originally united as a party round the heir to the crown in opposition to the Favourite and to the French faction, and when they took up arms, and in every subsequent act, have been associated for the defence of 'Church and state' against all innovation on their constitution. Their principles are very analogous to those

of our exploded alarmists, of persons who could pertinaciously sleep without disturbance, and could wake without seeing visionary informers, during the English *reign of terror*. Such then being the fact, we cannot feel much confidence in the prophecy. The halcyon days of radical reform may perhaps be much nearer than we suppose; a time may come when we also, who profess a warm affection for the good things of this world, may expect, by preaching the pious doctrine of permanent insurrection against abuses, to obtain greater dignity and emolument than we yet venture to hope from our literary labours; but such is the obstinate attachment of our countrymen to hereditary slavery, that they have refused to be inoculated with the purest kind of republican liberty from France, and we much doubt whether they will submit to be vaccinated, by newer empirics, with the very doubtful species of freedom which it is proposed to import from Spain. The situation of the Spaniards when finally subjugated and reduced to accept of terms from the clemency or policy of Napoleon would not, we think, be an object of envy to Englishmen; but how far that final subjugation is ensured by the events which have lately taken place, is, as we have already observed, the principal subject of this inquiry, in which we shall now proceed.

The form of goverment assumed by the Spanish patriots, though perhaps rather dictated to them by the urgency of the moment than the result of much deliberation, was, in the first instance, admirably suited to their situation. It was elective through all its branches and gradations, from the committees chosen by the smallest corporations to the supreme Junta of the province; and it may fairly be presumed that, at such a crisis, few men would become candidates for power, or at least that few would be elected, but those who, to the necessary qualities of zeal, activity and courage, added those of genius, influence, or experience. There was little difficulty in assigning to each his proper department, because, within so small a circle, the character of every man was known. No time was lost in visionary theories, or in new schemes of artificial society, because they met to confirm and preserve the written statutes and customary laws of their ancestors. Their discussions were on practical subjects only; the moment was critical; the danger pressing; their resources at hand. The executive power of a state thus vested, may be fairly expected to operate with very considerable energy. It did so. Fortunately the population of Spain is very principally spread along its sea coasts, and particularly along the shores

shores of the Mediterranean; so that the provinces of Andalusia, Grenada, Murcia, Valentia, and Catalonia possessed separately some means of defence against an enemy who, being compelled to station a large army in the neighbourhood of Madrid, could only attack them with detachments. At the same time the presence of a small but regular army at the camp of St. Roch, and the possession of the national foundery, and of a great naval arsenal in the wealthy city of Cadiz, where a French squadron was then blockaded by the English, offered to the Junta of Seville no inconsiderable resources for offensive hostility. That the Spaniards seized and employed every advantage with a degree of spirit and ability which astonished the world, we are most ready to bear testimony; but it is necessary to take these advantages into our account, when we are estimating the relative situation of the two contending parties at the commencement and during the progress of the contest, because they were in a great measure local or temporary, and lost their value when the seat of war was transferred to a distance.

In fact, immediately after the victory of Baylen, it became a speculative question of some intricacy, by what legal means the conquering army could become available for general purposes. The several provincial Juntas were, as we have seen, independent municipal republics; and as such did those of Andalusia and Grenada enter into a federal convention respecting certain questions of general policy. In all of them the phantom Ferdinand was separately acknowledged, but no one of them was superior to the rest, or the peculiar and exclusive organ of his authority. The monarchy was, to use the expression of the Spaniards, in a state of widowhood. Consequently the Junta of Seville could not legally authorise their General, Castanos, to cross their frontier; nor could any other authority command him to do so; and though this difficulty of punctilio was not in this instance attended with any practical inconvenience, yet the differences between Blake and Cuesta at Rio Seco afforded full proof of the bad consequences which were likely to ensue from such a confusion of authorities, in the execution of any combined operations. So striking indeed were the inconveniences of the interregnum, that complaints were heard from every part of Spain, and their Juntas adjured each other to agree on some means of executing whatever relates to the higher branches of administration. These prerogatives of the sovereign which it was impossible to exercise were—' the right of declaring peace and war—of directing the operations of the fleet and army

army—of levying the funds required for the equipment and pay of these forces—of appointing the principal officers in both—of corresponding with foreign courts—of naming ambassadors and other diplomatic agents—and of transmitting orders to the Spanish colonies in Asia and America. We give this list in the words of the Junta of Valentia.

This total want of unity in the monarchy, arising from the absence of the sovereign, though strictly speaking co-eval with the separate insurrections of the provinces, had been rendered harmless by the seasonable though irregular energy of the Council of Seville; but the difficulty recurred at the moment when success had been followed by a general spirit of jealousy and disunion, and when its discussion could not fail of occasioning the loss of much valuable time. It must be remembered that the provinces of Spain are not, like the counties of Great Britain, merely artificial divisions, by means of which the internal government of a great country is facilitated; they are separate states which have successively coalesced into one monarchy; and whose inhabitants still retain, together with many laws and usages, a peculiar and distinct character. This is so strongly marked, as to attract the notice of the most cursory and superficial observer. In fact, in a country which has been degraded from its natural rank among nations, through the long continued action of despotism and superstition, national vanity can only find a refuge in antiquity. Tradition, far more vivacious than written history, preserves from age to age, and communicates from mouth to mouth, numberless names which have long since mouldered from paper and from parchment. As Wales glories in its Arthur, and as every Welchman can trace his pedigree to Adam, every Spanish province has it ancient heroes, and every individual in each his noble genealogy. Our readers will probably have smiled at observing that the Juntas, in their public addresses to the people, appeal to the battles of Pavia and of St. Quintin as familiarly as we should quote the actions of the Nile and of Trafalgar. These features of national character are not indifferent. 'To the just enthusiasm which now inspires us (say the Junta of Valentia) may soon succeed jealousy, envy, and a total want of concert; and the distinctive peculiarities of character observable in the inhabitants of our different provinces must contribute to their disunion. This truth is obvious to all our countrymen.' In these circumstances, all concurred in declaring that a regency was absolutely necessary; but beyond this, every step was a source of dispute. Should the regency be vested

vested in a single person? This, it seems, was the wish of the capital, of the Castilles, and of Arragon. If so, in whom? The Archbishop of Toledo was supported by a considerable party, and the courts of Sicily and of the Brazils brought forward their respective candidates. If a council of regency was preferred, by whom was it to be nominated? On this point the Juntas of Seville and Valentia were at variance, and such unprofitable debates appear to have engrossed the whole attention of the Spaniards during the two important months of August and September.

In the mean time the war assumed the appearance of a crusade. The combined Spanish armies do not appear to have exceeded, at any moment, 120,000 men, that is to say about two-thirds of the number of troops for whom arms and ammunition and pay had been furnished by Great Britain alone; and these, divided into at least three separate armies, were entrusted to an equal number of commanders, independent of each other, unprovided with any general plan of a campaign, not amenable to any tribunal, and only instructed to march towards the frontiers, to supply as well as they could the numerous necessaries in which their men were deficient, and to co-operate with each other for the purpose of driving the enemy as expeditiously as possible from the Spanish territory.

Such, our readers will recollect, was the state of things when the Supreme Junta first met, on the 25th September, at Aranjuez. That the integrity, the abilities, and the energy of its members fitted them for their situation we must believe, since nothing but a high opinion of their merit could have dictated the free choice of their constituents. But they were, in general, strangers to each other; were perplexed by the multiplicity of objects which at once solicited their attention, and embarrassed by the forms of office to which even genius is condemned to adapt itself, and which can only be learned by experience. In popular revolutions there is such a surplus of power, that the quantity of it expended in giving the first impulse to the complicated machine of government is scarcely felt; but in the present case the resistance of prejudice and obstinacy and punctilio was not easily overcome. The Junta, though recognised by all, seem to have been thwarted on every side, and obeyed with sullen reluctance. Perhaps they wanted firmness to resist popular clamour; perhaps, in their wish to punish or repress the want of discipline which was said to prevail in the camps, they adopted towards the generals an impolitic and mischievous severity.

But

But whatever conduct they might have pursued, whatever energy they might have displayed, it is very doubtful whether they could have materially delayed the subjugation of the Castilles, a country only defensible by cavalry, or prevented the loss of Madrid. The duration of the interregnum had, we think, insured the success of the invasion which the French had been so long preparing; and we see nothing in the military operations of November which can excite surprise, except the patient valour which the Spanish soldiers opposed to every kind of distress, as well as to the artillery and swords of the enemy.

Having thus far considered the obstacles which disabled the Spaniards, at a most critical juncture, from availing themselves of their internal resources, we will now take a view of their relations to Great Britain. It cannot have escaped the recollection of our readers that, at the moment when the Junta of Seville, having thrown off the yoke of France, sent deputies to solicit an armistice, as a step towards peace and future alliance, and to request a supply of arms and ammunition, they disclaimed any wish of receiving further assistance: and that, to every offer of co-operation on the part of our fleet and army at Cadiz, the government of that city opposed a civil but firm and determined refusal. With equal firmness have the Junta of Gallicia on more recent occasions, repeatedly declined our assistance in the defence of Ferrol. Neither are these to be considered as instances of a local or temporary jealousy; for it is evident from the whole public conduct of the Spaniards that they came to their great conflict resolved to work out their own emancipation by their own efforts; not from a romantic disdain of foreign aid, but from a deep conviction that their situation precluded them from any such reliance. 'We must not (say the Junta of Valentia) indulge a hope which cannot be realised. Which of our constituted authorities can maintain a correspondence with foreign powers? None of those powers can regularly treat with a single province.' Besides, it is evident that the mutual jealousy of the provinces would have been increased, in a ten-fold degree, by the introduction of foreign troops; and that the partizans of the different candidates for the regency, two of whom were proposed by powers in the closest alliance with Great Britain, would have endeavoured to attach as friends, or to render odious as enemies, the generals whom we had sent out for merely military purposes. It has been asserted, and perhaps with truth, that there were moments in the course of the summer, when even small detachments of our excellent cavalry and artillery

artillery might have turned the tide of success; and it would have been a most gratifying event if, by their intervention, the disaster of Rio Seco had been converted into a victory. But we entertain some doubt whether this hope would have been considered as a sufficient exculpation of our cabinet, had they confided to the very dubious talents of a Blake or a Cuesta the safety of such a valuable detachment; whether any British officer would have willingly incurred the responsibility attached to such a subordinate command; whether, with the utmost possible discretion, he could have escaped being involved in the well-known dissentions of the two rival generals; and whether the mischief attending such an intervention would not have overbalanced all the advantage of his military exertions. Since therefore our cavalry, the most costly but least numerous part of our military establishment, could not be confided in small detachments to the precarious support of the independent bodies of Spanish infantry; since a regular British army could only be applied for by the legal organ of the Spanish government; since that government was not formed till late in the month of September; and since after all, our expedition arrived at Corunna a fortnight before the time when those to whom it was sent were prepared to receive it, or would permit its debarkation; we cannot think it fair to impute the unsatisfactory conduct of the campaign during the summer to the inactivity of Great Britain.

As we feel ourselves by no means competent to the discussion of objects purely military, we would willingly have avoided the proverbial rebuke *ne sutor, &c.* but, cobblers as we are, we cannot refrain from answering, with due humility, a question or two which some brother cobblers have propounded in a style, which we think rather too arrogant and authoritative, for professors of our gentle craft. 'We demand (say they) the reason of locking up our army in the south-west corner of Portugal, when the great battle was fighting in the north-east extremity of Spain? We ask why so silly a measure was thought of, as turning away our force to conquer an army necessarily in our power, should our allies be successful, and the conquest of which was worth nothing should our allies be beaten.'

Now we apprehend that, to these questions, our readers will have anticipated some very obvious answers. 1st. The Portuguese government were the victims of their fidelity to us; and we were bound in honour, though not under any direct engagement, to re-conquer Portugal if possible; and we did so. 2d. It was the

the opinion of the Spaniards that, by the expulsion of Junôt from Portugal we should render them the most essential service in our power. 3d. When the expedition was sent out, no battle great or small was fighting in the north-eastern extremity of Spain. 4th. Lisbon was of infinite value, whether our allies (who were not our allies) were beaten or not. The mere cessation of the blockade was an object of great importance, and well worth insuring at the moment, even if the contingency of complete final success on the part of the Spaniards could have been rationally anticipated. Why our army was, for a time, so strangely *locked up* in Portugal; why our commander in chief withheld from government the armistice of Vimeira, till he had modelled it into the final, irremediable, incomprehensible convention of Cintra; or whence arises that proneness to pen and ink, in preference to more professional weapons, of which our generals have lately exhibited more than one unlucky specimen, we cannot presume to say; the Court of Inquiry having left the rules and principles of military diplomacy to be inquired into by any other court (not martial) that shall think itself competent to the investigation. But to proceed. The questions to which we have offered some replies are immediately connected with a military plan which, it seems, ought to have been pursued, and which is thus briefly stated. 'Had such an army as England could raise—had an army of 60 or 70,000 men, the best equipped and best hearted in the world, been ready to land in Spain at the moment when Dupont surrendered, and when Joseph fled in confusion from Madrid,—who shall say that the whole remains of the French army would not most probably have been overpowered, and the peninsula swept clean of its invaders?' Far be it from us to deny that 70,000 British troops would be fully adequate to the intire destruction of 50,000 French when opposed to them in the field: but it is necessary to examine the whole proposition. Our readers will remember that the insurrection at Cadiz was first made known in England, by Lord Castlereagh's letter to the Lord Mayor, on the 1st of July. Dupont's surrender took place about the 20th of that month; and Joseph quitted Madrid on the 1st of August. Admitting, therefore, that the latter events ought to have been foreseen as the necessary consequence of the former, and that England could well spare 70,000 men, the previous question comes to this. If these men had been fitted for foreign service, and marched to proper points on the sea-coast; if a fleet of transports not very much exceeding in tonnage the old

Invincible

Invincible Armada had been contracted for, properly fitted and victualled, and sent to such places of rendezvous as should have been appointed for the embarkation; and if this fleet, when united, had been able to reach its destination at the south-eastern extremity of the bay of Biscay, at an appointed moment; which moment supposes a whole month to be allowed for the equipment of the expedition and the subsequent voyage, then, &c. But though our army had been then ready to land, the rocky shores of the province of Biscay have not the character of being very favourable to such a purpose. The simultaneous landing of 70,000 men is not generally supposed to be practicable on any shore; and a succession of such operations, conducted in the face of a powerful and vigilant enemy, might, if at all interrupted by variations of weather, require considerable time. The subsistence of so large an army, in a province so long occupied by the French, might have been subject to some difficulty; and lastly, when we should have driven the enemy, (whom we will suppose to receive during this time no reinforcements from the neighbouring provinces of France) through a succession of well-chosen positions to the very foot of the Pyrenees, the formidable fortress of Pampeluna might have opposed no inconsiderable obstacle to the proposed cleansing of the peninsula. It is true that, after so many exhausting efforts, we might have hoped to attain the valuable object of meeting '*the main body*' of the enemy, and '*the hazardous part of the contest;*' but this advantage is, we think, very much over-rated; because nearly equal peril might perhaps be encountered, with much less trouble and expense, by landing on the nearest part of the French coast and attempting the conquest of Paris.

We confess that, far from blaming our government for abstaining from such extravagant attempts, we rather feel disposed to question the wisdom of employing in Spain, at so early a period, the large portion of our military strength which is now serving there. We think it was, from the first, highly improbable, that such a contest as the present could be decided, in favour of the Spaniards, by the efforts of a single campaign; because the resources of the French empire could not be so soon exhausted. Perhaps it was not less improbable, if the Spanish spirit remained unbroken, that Spain should be effectually subdued within the same period. Her strength did not, nor does it now consist in her regular armies, which, however brave, were never equal in discipline, nor even in numbers, to those of the invader; but in the undaunted spirit of the universal nation, which, when

when called into action by an elective government, may, in the first instance harass and annoy, and, when marshalled into large masses, and enabled to act with unanimity on a preconcerted plan, may finally overwhelm and bear down the exhausted and less numerous forces of the enemy. Such was the object to which, at the outset of the contest, the Spanish leaders directed the attention of their countrymen, in the justly celebrated paper of *Precautions* published by the Junta of Seville. In that excellent document our readers will find, not a plan of a campaign, but a well-digested military system, adapted to a protracted state of war; a system to which we think that Spain must ultimately owe her salvation. We conceive therefore that, in discussing any plans of co-operation with Spain, it would be reasonable to prefer those which should be recommended—by facility of execution—by promising the attainment of some immediate and definite advantage—and by a tendency to promote a unity of force in Spain, by rendering available for general purposes any portion of her armed or unarmed population. Such was, we think, the character of the expedition to Portugal, which procured for our fleets, the possession of the mouth of the Tagus; for the Portuguese, freedom from French tyranny; and for Spain the liberation of 3000 prisoners, together with an additional security to the connection between its northern and southern provinces, and the power of employing elsewhere that portion of the Andalusian troops which had been occupied in watching the motions of Junôt. Perhaps the same British army might have obtained permission, by a provisional arrangement with the Junta of the province, to attempt the reduction of the citadel of Barcelona; and if competent to such an attack, would have obtained for the Spanish patriots a valuable place of arms; would have rendered available nearly the whole population of Catalonia; would have connected all those southern provinces whose inhabitants are most distinguished by their zeal and enthusiasm; and would have secured, for our fleets in the Mediterranean, a most important naval station. Had the attempt unfortunately failed, the means of retreat were easy. Had it succeeded, the troops might have been sent, without loss of time, wherever assistance might be necessary; they might have checked the predatory excursions of the French garrisons in the eastern parts of Catalonia; they might have acted in Arragon; or might have marched to Madrid, if the state of the campaign had justified such a measure.

In

In the combined expeditions which have been sent to Spain under Sir John Moore and Sir David Baird, we confess ourselves unable to discover any practicable and determinate object. These expeditions certainly prove the anxiety of our government, to gratify, at the earliest possible moment, the wishes of the Spaniards, by sending to their assistance a very large portion of our disposable force; and we admit that, to give them this effectual proof of our zeal in their cause, was a duty imposed upon our cabinet by the general feelings of the nation. Whatever aids this country was able to supply, were confided by British generosity to Spanish honour; and it would have been no less invidious to limit too narrowly the service of our troops, than to interfere in the destination of the money or arms so liberally furnished. But it is not with any view either to blame or exculpation that we question the wisdom or policy of the measure; it is for the purpose of examining what consequences might be reasonably expected from its adoption, under the supposition that our armies had been able to form a junction at the expected time and place, and to proceed to their original destination. Now it was known at the time that the provinces to which they were invited afforded no opportunity for active enterprise. No moral advantage could be hoped from their presence in a part of the country where languor and apathy had succeeded to enthusiasm, and where the protection which they were likely to afford might serve as a plausible excuse to those who were unwilling to enlist under the national standard. That such a British corps, had it reached Burgos, would have opposed a far more formidable barrier to the invading enemy than he had yet encountered, we are ready to admit. But Napoleon, who well knows the spirit and discipline of our troops, knows also that there is a time when the stoutest arm must faint through fatigue; and when the stoutest heart will struggle in vain to exert the means of defence. He knows that incessant assaults are irresistible; and, sure of success through the superiority of numbers, he would have delayed his blow till his daily accession of fresh troops had enabled him to purchase victory, by devoting the necessary portion of his men to previous slaughter. Such has been his invariable policy; and from this policy every man would have anticipated the ultimate destruction of our army, had it been possible to foresee the extreme insufficiency of the force on which the supreme government of Spain thought fit to rely for the salvation of the monarchy. We trust, however, that the persevering confidence and generosity of Great Britain will henceforth be met by equal sincerity,

cerity, and that the valour of our countrymen will be exerted on a theatre rather more distant from the immediate resources of the enemy, where success may promise more advantage, and where failure may be less fatal. The victories of Buonaparte have been great and rapid, and he will and must pursue his blow. He must strike terror into the most distant parts of Spain; he must there rivet the chains of Europe, or his throne may shortly totter under him; because all his tributary kingdoms in Germany, and his equally tributary allies in the north, will never indemnify him for the loss of the Spanish peninsula.

We will now take our leave of the subject; at least for the present. Our readers have seen that the changes which have taken place in the political state of Spain will, in a great measure, account for all those alternations of success and defeat, of vigour and indecision, which have produced, in the minds of the British public such extravagant hopes and such gloomy despondency. Whether the long interregnum, during which Napoleon had full time and leisure to make his formidable preparations, has left the seeds of disunion amongst the subordinate Juntas, or whether that supreme elective government which has been so tardily recognized, and so suddenly driven into banishment, will retain its authority, it is as yet impossible to foresee; but until the nation shall disown its delegates we shall not despair of Spanish emancipation. Not that we under-rate either the means of conquest or the means of corruption which are at the disposal of the greatest general and subtlest politician in the world. We are aware that sending from the center of Spain his legions in every direction, he is likely, in every direction, to overcome for a time all the obstacles opposed to him. But it is far easier to over-run a country than to secure the conquest. There is, we think, a considerable analogy between the present history of Spain and that of Scotland about the close of the 13th century. Edward I. was, like Napoleon, the boldest, the most politic, and the wealthiest monarch of his time. Like him, he condescended to interfere, as an ally and mediator, between two candidates for a disputed crown. Like him, he seized the object of the dispute. Like him, he was hailed as a saviour by a corrupt and venal party. Like him, he garrisoned with his troops all the fortresses of the country to which he granted his protection; like him formed a new constitution for his intended subjects; and, when resisted, punished by all the horrors of war their delinquency and rebellion. He more than once conquered or at least over-ran the whole country, yet—we trust that the parallel

parallel will continue to the end; and that national vengeance has in store some future Bannockburn. All the provincial Juntas may be dispersed; but their boldest deputies will carry with them the affection and confidence of the nation, and, even when driven under the walls of Cadiz or of Gibraltar, may yet effect the salvation of their country. Armies may be defeated by superior discipline or by superior numbers; generals may be corrupted; but that the whole active population of a great country, in which the strongest passions of the human heart have been excited almost to madness, can be terrified into quiet and permanent submission is, we think, extremely improbable and contrary to all experience.

ART. II. *Reliques of Robert Burns, consisting chiefly of original Letters, Poems, and Critical Observations on Scottish Songs.* Collected and published by R. H. Cromek. 8vo. pp. 453. London, Cadell and Davies. 1808.

WE opened a book bearing so interesting a title with no little anxiety. Literary reliques vary in species and value almost as much as those of the catholic or of the antiquary. Some deserve a golden shrine for their intrinsic merit, some are valued from the pleasing recollections and associations with which they are combined, some, reflecting little honour upon their unfortunate author, are dragged by interested editors from merited obscurity. The character of Burns, on which we may perhaps hazard some remarks in the course of this article, was such as to increase our apprehensions. The extravagance of genius with which this wonderful man was gifted, being in his later and more evil days directed to no fixed or general purpose, was, in the morbid state of his health and feelings, apt to display itself in hasty sallies of virulent and unmerited severity: sallies often regretted by the bard himself; and of which, justice to the living and to the dead, alike demanded the suppression. Neither was this anxiety lessened, when we recollected the pious care with which the late excellent Dr. Currie had performed the task of editing the works of Burns. His selection was limited, as much by respect to the fame of the living, as of the dead. He dragged from obscurity none of those satirical effusions, which ought to be as ephemeral as the transient offences which called them forth. He excluded every thing approaching to

licence, whether in morals or in religion, and thus rendered his collection such, as doubtless Burns himself, in his moments of sober reflection, would have most highly approved. Yet applauding, as we do most highly applaud, the leading principles of Dr. Currie's selection, we are aware that they sometimes led him into fastidious and over-delicate rejection of the bard's most spirited and happy effusions. A thin octavo published at Glasgow in 1801, under the title of 'Poems ascribed to Robert Burns, the Ayrshire bard,' furnishes valuable proofs of this assertion. It contains, among a good deal of rubbish, some of his most brilliant poetry. A cantata in particular, called The Jolly Beggars, for humorous description and nice discrimination of character, is inferior to no poem of the same length in the whole range of English poetry. The scene indeed is laid in the very lowest department of low life, the actors being a set of strolling vagrants, met to carouse, and barter their rags and plunder for liquor in a hedge ale-house. Yet even in describing the movements of such a group, the native taste of the poet has never suffered his pen to slide into any thing coarse or disgusting. The extravagant glee and outrageous frolic of the beggars are ridiculously contrasted with their maimed limbs, rags, and crutches—the sordid and squalid circumstances of their appearance are judiciously thrown into the shade. Nor is the art of the poet less conspicuous in the individual figures, than in the general mass. The festive vagrants are distinguished from each other by personal appearance and character, as much as any fortuitous assembly in the higher orders of life. The group, it must be observed, is of Scottish character, and doubtless our northern brethren are more familiar with its varieties than we are: yet the distinctions are too well marked to escape even the South'ron. The most prominent persons are a maimed soldier and his female companion, a hackneyed follower of the camp, a stroller, late the consort of an Highland ketterer or sturdy beggar,—'but weary fu' the waefu' woodie!'—Being now at liberty, she becomes an object of rivalry between a 'pigmy scraper with his fiddle' and a strolling tinker. The latter, a desperate bandit, like most of his profession, terrifies the musician out of the field, and is preferred by the damsel of course. A wandering ballad-singer, with a brace of doxies, is last introduced upon the stage. Each of these mendicants sings a song in character, and such a collection of humourous lyrics, connected by vivid poetical description, is not, perhaps, to be paralleled in the English language

guage. As the collection and the poem are very little known in England, and as it is certainly apposite to the Reliques of Robert Burns, we venture to transcribe the concluding ditty, chaunted by the ballad-singer at the request of the company, whose 'mirth and fun have now grown fast and furious,' and set them above all sublunary terrors of jails, stocks, and whipping posts. It is certainly far superior to any thing in the Beggars Opera, where alone we could expect to find its parallel.

Then ou're again, the jovial thrang
The poet did request,
To loose his pack an' wale a sang,
A ballad o' the best:

He rising, rejoicing
Between his twa Debórahs,
Looks round him, an' found them
Impatient for the chorus.

AIR.

TUNE.—*Jolly mortals fill your glasses.*

I.

See! the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing.

Chorus.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

II.

What is title? what is treasure?
What is reputation's care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter *how* or *where!*
A fig, &c.

III.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;
And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.
A fig, &c.

IV.

Does the train-attended carriage
Through the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of marriage
Witness brighter scenes of love?
A fig, &c.

V.

Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.
A fig, &c.

VI.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged *brats and callets!*
One and all cry out, Amen!
A fig, &c.

We are at a loss to conceive any good reason why Dr. Currie did not introduce this singular and humourous cantata into his collection. It is true, that in one or two passages the muse has trespassed slightly upon decorum, where, in the language of Scottish song,

High kilted was she
As she gaed ower the lea.

Something however is to be allowed to the nature of the subject, and something to the education of the poet: and if from veneration to the names of Swift and Dryden, we tolerate the grossness of the one, and the indelicacy of the other, the respect due to that of Burns, may surely claim indulgence for a few light strokes of broad humour. The same collection contains 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' a piece of satire more exquisitely severe than any which Burns afterwards wrote, but unfortunately cast in a form too daringly profane to be received into Dr. Currie's Collection.

Knowing that these, and hoping that other compositions of similar spirit and tenor, might yet be recovered, we were induced to think that some of them, at least, had found a place in the collection now given to the public by Mr. Cromek. But he has neither risqued the censure nor laid claim to the applause, which might have belonged to such an undertaking. The contents of the volume before us are more properly gleanings

ings than reliques, the refuse and sweepings of the shop, rather than the commodities which might be deemed contraband. Yet even these scraps and remnants contain articles of curiosity and value, tending to throw light on the character of one of the most singular men by whose appearance our age has been distinguished.

The first portion of the volume contains nearly two hundred pages of letters addressed by Burns to various individuals, written in various tones of feeling and modes of mind, in some instances exhibiting all the force of the writer's talents, in others only valuable because they bear his signature. The avidity with which the reader ever devours this species of publication, has been traced to the desire of seeing the mind and opinions of celebrated men in their open and undisguised moments, and of perusing and appreciating their thoughts, while the gold is yet rude ore, ere it is refined and manufactured into polished sentences or sounding stanzas. But notwithstanding these fair pretences, we doubt if this appetite can be referred to any more honourable source than the love of anecdote and private history. In fact, letters, at least those of a general and miscellaneous kind, very rarely contain the real opinions of the writer. If an author sits down to the task of formally composing a work for the use of the public, he has previously considered his subject, and made up his mind both on the opinions he is to express, and on the mode of supporting them. But the same man usually writes a letter only because the letter must be written, is probably never more at a loss than when looking for a subject, and treats it when found, rather so as to gratify his correspondent, than communicate his own feelings. The letters of Burns, although containing passages of great eloquence, and expressive of the intense fire of his disposition, are not exceptions from this general rule. They bear occasionally strong marks of affectation, with a tinge of pedantry rather foreign from the bard's character and education. The following paragraphs illustrate both the excellencies and faults of his epistolary composition. Nothing can be more humourously imagined and embodied than the sage groupe of Wisdom and Prudence in the first, while the affectation of the second amounts to absolute rant.

'Do tell that to Lady M'Kenzie, that she may give me credit for a little wisdom. "I Wisdom dwell with Prudence." What a blessed fire-side! How happy should I be to pass a winter evening under their venerable roof! and smoke a pipe of tobacco, or drink water-

gruel with them! What solemn, lengthened, laughter-quashing gravity of phiz! What sage remarks on the good-for-nothing sons and daughters of indiscretion and folly! And what frugal lessons, as we straitened the fire-side circle, on the uses of the poker and tongs!'

'Miss N. is very well, and begs to be remembered in the old way to you. I used all my eloquence, all the persuasive flourishes of the hand, and heart-melting modulation of periods in my power, to urge her out to Herveiston, but all in vain. My rhetoric seems quite to have lost its effect on the lovely half of mankind. I have seen the day—but that is a "tale of other years."—In my conscience I believe that my heart has been so oft on fire that it is absolutely vitrified. I look on the sex with something like the admiration with which I regard the starry sky in a frosty December night. I admire the beauty of the Creator's workmanship; I am charmed with the wild but graceful eccentricity of their motions, and—wish them good night. I mean this with respect to a certain passion *dont j' ai eu l'honneur d'être un miserable esclave*: as for friendship, you and Charlotte have given me pleasure, permanent pleasure, "which the world cannot give, nor take away" I hope; and which will out-last the heavens and the earth.'

In the same false taste, Burns utters such tirades as this:

'Whether in the way of my trade, I can be of any service to the Rev. Doctor,* is I fear very doubtful. Ajax's shield consisted, I think, of seven bull hides and a plate of brass, which altogether set Hector's utmost force at defiance. Alas! I am not a Hector, and the worthy Doctor's foes are as securely armed as Ajax was. Ignorance, superstition, bigotry, stupidity, malevolence, self-conceit, envy—all strongly bound in a massy frame of brazen impudence. Good God, Sir! to such a shield, humour is the peck of a sparrow, and satire the pop-gun of a school-boy. Creation disgracing *scelerats* such as they, God only can mend, and the Devil only can punish. In the comprehending way of Caligula, I wish they had all but one neck. I feel impotent as a child to the ardor of my wishes! O for a withering curse to blast the germins of their wicked machinations. O for a poisonous Tornado, winged from the Torrid Zone of Tartarus, to sweep the spreading crop of their villainous contrivances to the lowest hell!'

These passages however, in which the author seems to have got the better of the man, in which the desire of shining and blazing, and thundering supersedes the natural expressions of

* Dr. M'Gill, of Ayr. The Poet gives the best illustration of this letter in one addressed to Mr. Graham, *Dr. Currie's Ed. No.* 86.

feeling,

feeling, and passion, are less frequent in the letters of Burns than perhaps of any other professed writer. Burns was in truth the child of passion and feeling. His character was not simply that of a peasant exalted into notice by uncommon literary attainments, but bore a stamp which must have distinguished him in the highest as in the lowest situation in life. To ascertain what was his natural temper and disposition, and how far it was altered or modified by the circumstances of birth, education, and fortune, might be a subject for a long essay; but to mark a few distinctions is all that can be here expected from us.

We have said that Robert Burns was the child of impulse and feeling. Of the steady principle which cleaves to that which is good, he was unfortunately divested by the violence of those passions which finally wrecked him. It is most affecting to add that while swimming, struggling, and finally yielding to the torrent, he never lost sight of the beacon which ought to have guided him to land, yet never profited by its light.

We learn his opinion of his own temperament in the following emphatic burst of passion.

'God have mercy on me! a poor d-mned, incautious, duped, unfortunate fool! The sport, the miserable victim, of rebellious pride, hypochondriac imagination, agonizing sensibility, and bedlam passions!'

'Come stubborn pride and unshrinking resolution, accompany me through this to me miserable world!' In such language did this powerful but untamed mind express the irritation of prolonged expectation and disappointed hope, which slight reflection might have pointed out as the common fate of mortality. Burns neither acknowledged adversity as the 'tamer of the human breast,' nor knew the golden curb which discretion hangs upon passion. He even appears to have felt a gloomy pleasure in braving the encounter of evils which prudence might have avoided, and to have thought that there could be no pleasurable existence between the extremes of licentious frenzy and of torpid sensuality. 'There are two only creatures that I would envy.—A horse in his wild state traversing the forests of Asia,—and an oyster on some of the desart shores of Europe. The one has not a wish without enjoyment; the other has neither wish nor fear.' When such a sentiment is breathed by such a being, the lesson is awful: and if pride and ambition were capable of being taught, they might hence learn that a well regulated mind and

and controuled passions are to be prized above all the glow of imagination, and all the splendour of genius.

We discover the same stubborn resolution rather to endure with patience the consequences of error, than to own and avoid it in future, in the poet's singular choice of a pattern of fortitude.

'I have bought a pocket Milton, which I carry perpetually about with me, in order to study the sentiments—the dauntless magnanimity; the intrepid, unyielding independence, the desperate daring, and noble defiance of hardship, in that great personage, SATAN.'

Nor was this a rash or precipitate choice, for in a more apologetic mood he expresses the same opinion of the same personage.

'My favorite feature in Milton's Satan is his manly fortitude in supporting what cannot be remedied—in short, the wild, broken fragments of a noble, exalted mind in ruins. I meant no more by saying he was a favorite hero of mine.'

With this lofty and unbending spirit were connected a love of independence and a hatred of controul amounting almost to the sublime rant of Almanzor.

'He was as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.'

In general society Burns often permitted his determination of vindicating his personal dignity to hurry him into unjustifiable resentment of slight or imagined neglect. He was ever anxious to maintain his post in society, and to extort that deference which was readily paid to him by all from whom it was worth claiming. This ill-judged jealousy of precedence led him often to place his own pretensions to notice in competition with those of the company who, he conceived, might found theirs on birth or fortune. On such occasions it was no easy task to deal with Burns. The power of his language, the vigour of his satire, the severity of illustration with which his fancy instantly supplied him, bore down all retort. Neither was it possible to exercise over the poet that restraint which arises from the chance of further personal consequences. The dignity, the spirit, the indignation of Burns was that of a plebeian, of a high-souled plebeian indeed, of a citizen of Rome or Athens, but still of a plebeian untinged with the slightest shade of that spirit of chivalry

chivalry which since the feudal times has pervaded the higher ranks of European society. This must not be imputed to cowardice, for Burns was no coward. But the lowness of his birth, and habits of society, prevented rules of punctilious delicacy from making any part of his education; nor did he, it would seem, see any thing so rational in the practice of duelling, as afterwards to adopt or to affect the sentiments of the higher ranks upon that subject. A letter to Mr. Clarke, written after a quarrel upon political topics, has these remarkable, and we will add manly expressions.

'From the expressions Capt. ——— made use of to me, had I had nobody's welfare to care for but my own, we should certainly have come, according to the manners of the world, to the necessity of murdering one another about the business. The words were such as, generally, I believe, end in a brace of pistols; but I am still pleased to think that I did not ruin the peace and welfare of a wife and a family of children in a drunken squabble.'

In this point therefore, the pride and high spirit of Burns differed from those of the world around him. But if he wanted that chivalrous sensibility of honour which places reason upon the sword's point, he had delicacy of another sort, which those who boast most of the former do not always possess in the same purity. Although so poor as to be ever on the very brink of absolute ruin, looking forwards now to the situation of a foot-soldier, now to that of a common beggar, as no unnatural consummation of his evil fortune, Burns was, in pecuniary transactions, as proud and independent as if possessed of a prince's revenue. Bred a peasant, and preferred to the degrading situation of a common exciseman, neither the influence of the low minded crowd around him, nor the gratification of selfish indulgence, nor that contempt of futurity, which has characterised so many of his poetical brethren, ever led him to incur or endure the burden of pecuniary obligation. A very intimate friend of the poet, from whom he used occasionally to borrow a small sum for a week or two, once ventured to hint that the punctuality with which the loan was always replaced at the appointed time was unnecessary and unkind. The consequence of this hint was the interruption of their friendship for some weeks, the bard disdaining the very thought of being indebted to a human being one farthing beyond what he could discharge with the most rigid punctuality. It was a less pleasing consequence of this high spirit that Burns was utterly inaccessible to all friendly advice. To lay

lay before him his errors, or to point out their consequences, was to touch a string that jarred every feeling within him. On such occasions, his, like Churchill's, was

> 'The mind which starting, heaves the heartfelt groan,
> And hates the form she knows to be her own.'

It is a dreadful truth, that when racked and tortured by the well-meant and warm expostulations of an intimate friend, he at length started up in a paroxysm of frenzy, and drawing a sword cane, which he usually wore, made an attempt to plunge it into the body of his adviser—the next instant he was with difficulty withheld from suicide.

Yet this ardent and irritable temperament had its periods, not merely of tranquillity, but of the most subduing tenderness. In the society of men of taste, who could relish and understand his conversation, or whose rank in life was not so much raised above his own as to require, in his opinion, the assertion of his dignity, he was eloquent, impressive, and instructing. But it was in female circles that his powers of expression displayed their utmost fascination. In such, where the respect demanded by rank was readily paid as due to beauty or accomplishment; where he could resent no insult, and vindicate no claim of superiority, his conversation lost all its harshness, and often became so energetic and impressive, as to dissolve the whole circle into tears. The traits of sensibility which, told of another, would sound like instances of gross affectation, were so native to the soul of this extraordinary man, and burst from him so involuntarily, that they not only obtained full credence as the genuine feelings of his own heart, but melted into unthought of sympathy all who witnessed them. In such a mood they were often called forth by the slightest and most trifling occurrences; an ordinary engraving, the wild turn of a simple Scottish air, a line in an old ballad, were, like 'the field mouse's nest' and 'the uprooted daisy,' sufficient to excite the sympathetic feelings of Burns. And it was wonderful to see those, who, left to themselves, would have passed over such trivial circumstances without a moment's reflection, sob over the picture, when its outline had been filled up by the magic art of his eloquence.

The political predilections, for they could hardly be termed principles, of Burns, were entirely determined by his feelings. At his first appearance, he felt, or affected, a propensity to jacobitism. Indeed a youth of his warm imagination and ardent patriotism, brought up in Scotland thirty years ago, could hardly escape

escape this bias. The side of Charles Edward was the party, not surely of sound sense and sober reason, but of romantic gallantry and high achievement. The inadequacy of the means by which that prince attempted to regain the crown, forfeited by his fathers, the strange and almost poetical adventures which he underwent, the Scottish martial character honoured in his victories, and degraded and crushed in his defeat, the tales of the veterans who had followed his adventurous standard, were all calculated to impress upon the mind of a poet a warm interest in the cause of the house of Stuart. Yet the impression was not of a very serious cast; for Burns himself acknowledges in one of these letters that, 'to tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my jacobitism was merely by way of *vive la bagatelle*,' p. 240. The same enthusiastic ardour of disposition swayed Burns in his choice of political tenets, when the country was agitated by revolutionary principles. That the poet should have chosen the side on which high talents were most likely to procure celebrity; that he, to whom the factitious distinctions of society were always odious, should have listened with complacence to the voice of French philosophy, which denounced them as usurpations on the rights of man, was precisely the thing to be expected. Yet we cannot but think that if his superiors in the Excise department had tried the experiment of soothing rather than of irritating his feelings, they might have spared themselves the disgrace of rendering desperate the possessor of such uncommon talents. For it is but too certain that from the moment his hopes of promotion were utterly blasted, his tendency to dissipation hurried him precipitately into those excesses which shortened his life. We doubt not that in that awful period of national discord he had done and said enough to deter, in ordinary cases, the servants of government from countenancing an avowed partizan of faction. But this partizan was Burns!—Surely the experiment of lenity might have been tried, and perhaps successfully. The conduct of Mr. Graham of Fintray, our poet's only shield against actual dismission, and consequent ruin, reflects the highest credit upon that gentleman. We may dismiss these reflections on the character of Burns with his own beautiful lines.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
By passion driven:
But yet the light that led astray,
Was light from heaven.'

The

The second part of this volume contains a number of memoranda by Burns, concerning the Scottish songs and music published by Johnstone, in 6 volumes 8vo.—Many of these appear to us exceedingly trifling. They might indeed have adorned, with great propriety, a second edition of the work in question, or any other collection of Scottish songs; but, separated from the verses to which they relate, how can any one be interested in learning that 'Down the Burn Davie' was the composition of David Maigh, keeeper of blood hounds to the Laird of Riddell; that 'Tarry woo' was, in the opinion of Burns, a 'very pretty song;' or even that the author of 'Polwarth on the Green' was 'Captain John Drummond Mac Grigor, of the family of Bochaldie'? Were it of consequence, we might correct the valuable information thus conveyed, in one or two instances, and enlarge it in many others. But it seems of more importance to mark the share which the poet himself took in compiling or embellishing this collection of traditional poetry, especially as it has not been distinctly explained either by Dr. Currie or Mr. Cromek. Tradition, generally speaking, is a sort of perverted alchemy which converts gold into lead. All that is abstractedly poetical, all that is above the comprehension of the merest peasant, is apt to escape in frequent recitation; and the *lacunæ*, thus created, are filled up either by lines from other ditties, or from the mother wit of the reciter or singer. The injury, in either case, is obvious and irreparable. But with all these disadvantages, the Scottish songs and tunes preserved for Burns that inexpressible charm which they have ever afforded to his countrymen. He entered into the idea of collecting their fragments with all the zeal of an enthusiast; and few, whether serious or humorous, past through his hands without receiving some of those magic touches, which, without greatly altering the song, restored its original spirit, or gave it more than it had ever possessed. So dexterously are these touches combined with the ancient structure, that the *rifacciamento*, in many instances, could scarcely have been detected, without the avowal of the Bard himself. Neither would it be easy to mark his share in the individual ditties. Some he appears entirely to have re-written; to others he added supplementary stanzas; in some he retained only the leading lines and the chorus, and others he merely arranged and ornamented. For the benefit of future antiquaries, however, we may observe that many of the songs, claimed by the present editor as the exclusive composition of Burns, were, in reality, current long before he was born. Let us take one of the

the best examples of his skill in imitating the old ballad.—M'Pherson's Lament was a well known song many years before the Ayrshire Bard wrote those additional verses which constitute its principal merit. This noted freebooter was executed at Inverness, about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name upon a favourite violin, and holding up the instrument, offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at his lyke-wake: as none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder. The following are the wild stanzas, grounded, however, upon some traditional remains,* which Burns has put into the mouth of this desperado.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Farewell ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destiny!
M'Pherson's time will not be long,
On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie:

* We have heard some of these recited, particularly one, which begins—

'Now farewell house and farewell friends,
And farewell wife and bairns;
There's nae repentance in my heart,
The fiddle's in my arms—'
* * *

It

It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

How much Burns delighted in the task of eking out the ancient melodies of his country, appears from the following affecting passage in a letter written to Mr. Johnstone, shortly before his death.

'You are a good, worthy, honest fellow, and have a good right to live in this world—because you deserve it. Many a merry meeting this publication has given us, and possibly it may give us more, though, alas! I fear it. This protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me, will, I doubt much, my ever dear friend, arrest my sun before he has well reached his middle career, and will turn over the Poet to far other and more important concerns than studying the brilliancy of wit, or the pathos of sentiment! However, *hope* is the cordial of the human heart, and I endeavour to cherish it as well as I can.'

Notwithstanding the spirit of many of the lyrics of Burns, and the exquisite sweetness and simplicity of others, we cannot but deeply regret that so much of his time and talents was frittered away in compiling and composing for musical collections. There is sufficient evidence both in the edition of Dr. Currie, and in this supplemental volume, that even the genius of Burns could not support him in the monotonous task of writing love verses on heaving bosoms and sparkling eyes, and twisting them into such rhythmical forms, as might suit the capricious evolutions of Scotch reels, ports, and strathspeys. Besides, this constant waste of his fancy and power of verse in small and insignificant compositions, must necessarily have had no little effect in deterring him from undertaking any grave or important task. Let no one suppose that we undervalue the songs of Burns. When his soul was intent on suiting a favourite air with words humorous or tender, as the subject demanded, no poet of our tongue ever displayed higher skill in marrying melody to immortal verse. But the writing of a series of songs for large musical collections, degenerated into a slavish labour, which no talents could support, led to negligence, and above all, diverted the poet from his grand plan of dramatic composition.

To

To produce a work of this kind, neither perhaps a regular tragedy nor comedy, but something partaking of the nature of both, seems to have been long the cherished wish of Burns. He had even fixed on the subject, which was an adventure in low life, said to have happened to Robert Bruce, while wandering in danger and disguise after being defeated by the English. The Scottish dialect would have rendered such a piece totally unfit for the stage: but those who recollect the masculine and lofty tone of martial spirit which glows in the poem of Bannockburn, will sigh to think what the character of the gallant Bruce might have proved under the hand of Burns! It would undoubtedly have wanted that tinge of chivalrous feeling which the manners of the age, no less than the disposition of the monarch, imperiously demanded; but this deficiency would have been more than supplied by a bard who could have drawn from his own perceptions the unbending energy of a hero, sustaining the desertion of friends, the persecution of enemies, and the utmost malice of disastrous fortune. The scene too, being partly laid in humble life, admitted that display of broad humour and exquisite pathos, with which he could interchangeably and at pleasure adorn his cottage views. Nor was the assemblage of familiar sentiments incompatible in Burns with those of the most exalted dignity. In the inimitable tale of Tam o' Shanter, he has left us sufficient evidence of his ability to combine the ludicrous with the awful and even the horrible. No poet, with the exception of Shakespeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions. His humorous description of the appearance of Death (in the poem on Dr. Hornbook) borders on the terrific, and the witches dance, in the Kirk of Alloway, is at once ludicrous and horrible. Deeply must we then regret those avocations which diverted a fancy so varied and so vigorous, joined with language and expression suited to all its changes, from leaving a more substantial monument to his own fame and to the honour of his country.

The next division is a collection of fugitive sentences and common places, extracted partly from the memorandum book of the poet, and partly, we believe, from letters which could not be published in their intire state. Many of these appear to be drawn from a small volume, entitled 'Letters to Clarinda, by Robert Burns,' which was printed at Glasgow, but afterwards suppressed. To these, the observations which we offered on the bard's letters in general, apply with additional force:

for in such a selection, the splendid patches, the showy, declamatory, figurative effusions of sentimental affectation, are usually the choice of the editor. Respect for the mighty dead, prevents our quoting instances in which Burns has degraded his natural eloquence by these meretricious ornaments. Indeed his stile is sometimes so forced and unnatural, that we must believe he knew to whom he was writing, and that an affectation of enthusiasm in platonic love and devotion, was more likely to be acceptable to the fair Clarinda, than the true language of feeling. The following loose and laboured passage shews, that the passion of *Sylvander* (a name sufficient of itself to damn a whole file of love-letters) had more of vanity, than of real sentiment.

'What trifling silliness is the childish fondness of the every-day children of the world! 'Tis the unmeaning toying of the younglings of the fields and forests: but where sentiment and fancy unite their sweets; where taste and delicacy refine; where wit adds the flavor, and good sense gives strength and spirit to all, what a delicious draught is the hour of tender endearment!—beauty and grace in the arms of truth and honour, in all the luxury of mutual love!'

The last part of the work comprehends a few original poems. We were rather surprised to find in the van, the beautiful song called 'Evan Banks.' Mr. Cromek ought to have known that this was published by Dr. Currie, in his first edition of Burns' works, and omitted in all those which followed, because it was ascertained to be the composition of Helen Maria Williams, who wrote it at the request of Dr. Wood. Its being found in the hand-writing of Burn, occasioned the first mistake, but the correction of that leaves no apology for a second. The remainder consists of minor poems, epistles, prologues, and songs, by which, if the author's reputation had not been previously established, we will venture to say it would never have risen above the common standard. At the same time there are few of them that do not, upon minute examination, exhibit marks of Burns's hand, though not of his best manner. The following exquisitely affecting stanza contains the essence of a thousand love tales:

'Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.'

There

There are one or two political songs, which for any wit or humour they contain, might have been very well omitted. The satirical effusions of Burns, when they related to persons or subjects removed from his own sphere of observation, were too vague and too coarse to be poignant. We have seen, indeed, some very pointed stanzas in two political ballads, mentioned p. 174; but Mr. Cromek apparently judged them too personal for publication. There are a few attempts at English verse, in which, as usual, Burns falls beneath himself. This is the more remarkable, as the sublimer passages of his 'Saturday Night,' 'Vision,' and other poems of celebrity, always swell into the language of classic English poetry. But although in these flights he naturally and almost unavoidably assumed the dialect of Milton and Shakespeare, he never seems to have been completely at his ease when he had not the power of descending at pleasure into that which was familiar to his ear, and to his habits. In the one case, his use of the English was voluntary, and for a short time; but when assumed as a primary and indispensable rule of composition, the comparative penury of rhimes, and the want of a thousand emphatic words which his habitual acquaintance with the Scottish supplied, rendered his expression confined and embarrassed. No man ever had more command of this ancient Doric dialect than Burns. He has left a curious testimony of his skill, in a letter to Mr. Nicol, published in this volume; an attempt to read a sentence of which, would break the teeth of most modern Scotchmen.

Three or four letters from William Burns, a brother of the poet, are introduced for no purpose that we can guess, unless to shew that he wrote and thought like an ordinary journeyman saddler. We would readily have believed, without positive proof, that the splendid powers of the poet were not imparted to the rest of his family.

We scarcely know, upon the whole, in what terms we ought to dismiss Mr. Cromek. If the reputation of Burns alone be considered, this volume cannot add to his fame; and it is too well fixed to admit of degradation. The Cantata already mentioned, is indeed the only one of his productions not published by Dr. Currie, which we consider as not merely justifying, but increasing his renown. It is enough to say of the very best of those now published, that they take nothing from it. What the public may gain by being furnished with additional means of estimating the character of this wonderful and self-taught genius, we have already endeavoured to state. We know not whether

the family of the poet will derive any advantage from this publication of his remains. If so, it is the best apology for their being given to the world; if not, we have no doubt that the editor, as he is an admirer of Chaucer, has read of a certain pardoner, who

> —— With his *relics*, when that he fond
> A poor persone dwelling up on lond,
> Upon a day he gat him more moneie
> Than that the persone got in monethes twelie.

Art. III. *Anecdotes of Painters who have resided or been born in England; with Critical Remarks on their Productions; by Edward Edwards, deceased, late Teacher of Perspective, and Associate in the Royal Academy; intended as a Continuation to the Anecdotes of Painting by the late Horace Earl of Orford.* 4to. pp. 327. London, Leigh and Sotheby, 1808.

THE fine arts, in all highly civilized countries, have been held in such general estimation, that it has been deemed of consequence to record the names even of those artists, whose labours have long since perished in the humble service of stopping a broken pane, or covering the damp walls of a butler's pantry. A practice so conducive to the interest, and so flattering to the vanity of the professors, would naturally obtain their ready support; and Mr. Edwards, among the rest, has been encouraged to launch his little bark, freighted with an indiscriminate and unpromising cargo of adventurers, for the temple of fame.

This volume commences with a short, but not uninteresting life of the author, written by some well informed, but partial friend; and it is to be regretted, that the favourable impression which it was so well calculated to leave on the mind of the reader, is not, in any degree, supported by the character and temper of the work itself. We are well aware that when a painter undertakes to write the lives of painters, the greater part of whom were his contemporaries; when the surviving relatives are to be flattered or offended by the portion of respect paid to the objects of their harmless vanity; the biographer must be possessed

possessed of more courage than discretion, who deals out the exact portion of praise and censure due to the individuals of so motley a group. We observe many faults that have probably arisen out of these restraints; to which the author has injudiciously added more by his sanctimonious confusion of morals and taste. The public surely cannot be greatly interested in the foibles of men, whose lives, after all, must have passed for the chief part, in the attainment of an art, alike inaccessible to the dissolute, and the idle. The author, however, appears to be of a different opinion, and has therefore contrived to commit a new species of injustice; and, weighing sobriety against skill, not unfrequently raised the dauber to a level with the most distinguished artists. Thus the Professor Penny is dismissed without a single observation on his abilities, while a Mr. John Plot, is deeply regretted for not having lived to creep through his elaborate history of land-snails! The flippant remarks of fine ladies are occasionally quoted also by this gallant author, as decisive against works of high classical pretentions; and, among other pleasantries, we are told of the 'moppings of Gainsborough,' and of 'Dr. Burney's dabbling with a party of naked girls, in a horse pond!'* Setting aside the extreme folly of such criticism, we should have entertained a more favourable opinion of Mr. Edwards' heart, had he plucked one sprig only, from the bundles of laurel with which he has covered the sleek heads of sign and scene-painters, and placed it on the care-bent brow of the sullen, but unfortunate Barry.

In a work like the present, a short history of the art, as it stood connected with the names he had undertaken to record, seemed indispensable: Mr. Edwards therefore pays a just tribute of acknowledgement to the Society of Arts, Manufacture, and Commerce, for the benefits which they extended to his profession, and of which he was an early partaker. This society was founded in the year 1750, and from its commencement held out rewards for the encouragement of boys and girls in the art of drawing. In a few years they extended their patronage to artists of established reputation, and offered premiums in the various departments of historical painting, sculpture, and architecture. These patriotic endeavours to promote the arts were continued upwards of twenty years, during which the society,

* Alluding to the Triumph of the Thames, in the apartments of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.

exclusive of numerous honorary presents of gold and silver medals, pallets, &c. expended the sum of £8000. It should be remembered, however, to the honour of the artists of this country, that whatever progress they have made, is principally owing to their own exertions. These were directed to the formation of private schools so early as the year 1711, and continued, under various modifications, till 1767. A permanent establishment, however, embracing farther advantages, being still wanting, the leading artists held several meetings for the purpose of establishing a public academy. These commendable efforts proved unsuccessful, and they remained in their former private situation, in St. Martin's Lane, above fourteen years, pursuing their studies with a zeal highly creditable to themselves, and with no other support than the individual subscriptions of their own members.

The next effort towards acquiring the attention of the public, was a voluntary offer of their talents for the purpose of ornamenting the apartments of the Foundling Hospital. The liberality of this measure, together with the novelty of the spectacle, did not fail to make a due impression; and eventually gave rise to the idea of forming a public exhibition. To this end, they petitioned the Society of Arts, Manufacture, and Commerce, to allow them the use of their rooms; and there the exhibition, to which the public were admitted gratis, opened April 21st, 1760: Catalogues were sold at the price of sixpence to those who required them. The success of this first public display of British art, exceeded general expectation; but a difference unfortunately arising between the exhibitors and the society, the leading artists withdrew themselves, and formed an exhibition in Spring Garden the following year, with some change in the mode of admission. It was not, however, till May, 1762, that they ventured on the perilous measure of raising the price of admission to one shilling each person; when they had the precaution to affix a conciliatory preface (written by Dr. Johnson) to their catalogue, which was now distributed gratis.

The exhibition thus established, continued at Spring Garden under the management of the first artists; who, finding themselves, at length, possessed of property, were ambitious of obtaining a legal establishment; and, on proper solicitation, obtained a charter, which received his Majesty's confirmation, January 26th, 1765. But how little can we calculate on the advantages of the best planned measures! The artists, now collected in a body, 'let slip the dogs of war,' and in three short years,

years, brought every thing into jeopardy, but their lives. From this period the history of the arts is a narrative of the most bitter contention. The men of least ability and employment occupied their leisure in devising schemes of annoyance against their more successful rivals; and, as they were the loudest and most numerous, succeeded in forcing them to retreat; an event as unexpected, as it was mortifying, to men whose sole importance was derived from disputing with their superiors! It is to this apparently discomfited party, that the present generation of artists is indebted for the idea of establishing a Royal Academy, under the immediate protection of the Sovereign. A petition was signed, and presented by them to his Majesty; and Sir William Chambers had the honour of receiving his gracious assent to their request. The first meeting of the members was held the 10th of December, 1768, when Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had been elected President, delivered his inaugural Discourse.

In his laudable endeavours to raise the credit of this Royal Institution, Mr. Edwards, we think, attributes rather too much to its influence in maturing the arts of the British school. He appears to forget that such men as Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, West, Barry, Mortimer, and many others, had established their reputation long before this period; and it is to their particular mode of education, perhaps, that their success is to be ascribed. Italy was justly considered by most of them as the great nursery of the arts; where, after preparing their minds by due attention to the purity of the antique, they were enabled to form a just estimate of the various talents of the great Italian painters, who were at once the objects of their study, and their emulation. They became the disciples of no particular men, neither did they associate in any formal routine of education. Whenever schools have been instituted, whether by nations, or individuals, the arts have been observed gradually to decline; and perhaps, for this reason, that in such seminaries every thing is contagious, except legitimate excellence. Our annual exhibitions furnish abundant evidence of the truth of this assertion; for the students, losing sight of the great authorities in art, are content to follow the popular painter of the day. This, as defects are easily imitated, unfortunately flatters the indolent, and entraps the unwary; and is naturally productive of a uniform mode of practice, that not only tends to paralize genius, but obstructs the course of effective improvement.

But these are evils more easily discovered in their effects than

anticipated. The illustrious Founder of the Royal Academy, by bestowing on the artists 'a local habitation, and a name,' has certainly given them whatever importance can be derived from an imposing situation. That they have steadily, if not successfully laboured to improve these advantages, will easily be admitted, when it is considered, that provision is made for the whole expence and maintenance of this national school, out of the profits of the Exhibition, which is formed at the individual cost of the exhibitors. After stating this, we may be allowed to lament, that conduct so liberal should be lessened in the eye of the public, by the wanton exposure of human weakness, and private feelings. No such information was demanded; and we can neither commend the taste, nor the patriotism of the man, who could prefer commemorating the violence of party, and raking in the annals of bagnios and beer-houses, to the luxury of paying a just tribute to the talents of his contemporaries.

That it is the duty of a Biographer to confine his observations to the review of a man's public life, is far from being our opinion. In the characters of most men, there are traits of individuality, which, if acutely observed, tend greatly to illustrate their peculiar genius, and turn of thought. But this case is by no means general; for it must frequently have been remarked, that no two things resemble each other less than the private habits, and public exertions of men of the greatest talents. It is said, that Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the early part of his life, paraded a near relation through the streets, in the gaudy chariot of some City Sheriff, for the purpose of attracting notice. What could Dr. Graham have done more to obtain the same end? Yet Sir Joshua was no impostor, but delighted in the practice of his profession, and pursued it with an ardour, which nothing but genius and laudable ambition could have inspired. We confess, therefore, that we feel some indignation when Mr. Edwards laments, 'that such abilities as Mr. Mortimer possessed, were sacrificed to the mean pursuits of inelegant pleasures, and ignoble emulation. To be superior as a cricket-player, or to command on a frolic, were to him worth ambition.' (p.263.) Now, that it should be less praise-worthy for 'an active and atheletic young man' to be expert at cricket, than to maltreat a violin after the manner of Mr. Edwards, we cannot conceive; neither can we understand on what principle the act of joining in a quartetto, (page vii.) can be esteemed a more 'elegant pleasure' than sailing up the Thames with a party of agreeable friends,

to

to dine at Richmond. It is to such anecdotes, when accompanied with whining reflections on their turpitude, that we object, as they illustrate nothing, and can only be gratifying to that class of readers, who are jealous of all superiority, and feel a pleasure in debasing the human character. Such persons might derive great relief from consulting the valet de chambres of distinguished men, in whose eyes, it is said, no master ever appeared a hero.

In conformity to our own reasoning however, on this subject, it becomes a duty to add a few touches to the portrait drawn of Mr. Edwards, by his friend, for the purpose of giving somewhat more identity to the resemblance, and thus enabling the reader of these anecdotes to ascertain what degree of faith is to be placed in his judgment, and the spirit of his observations. The bodily infirmities, and narrow circumstances of Mr. Edwards, secured him from the commission of many of those indiscretions which he has so severely reprehended in others. This should have led him to speak with some charity of those who, fortunately, or unfortunately, laboured not under his restraints. But the heart of Mr. Edwards did not overflow with 'the milk of human kindness,' nor was he altogether without his foibles—he flattered himself that he possessed talents for nice disquisition; he was, besides, very disputatious and irascible;—and, like the dwarf of Sterne, would have seized the tallest offending grenadier by the tail, could he have reached it. But these formidable qualities were tempered by science, and softened by the Graces; for he fiddled like a painter, and painted like a fiddler, and as he might be said to have an eye only for music, so he felt painting by the ear alone, through which organ he obtained his little knowledge in art.

Having thus cleared the path for our readers, we proceed to examine the remainder of the volume. The materials of the work, of which this forms a continuation, were collected by Mr. George Vertue, a man who possessed qualities very rarely combined—considerable talents, with an attachment to the drudgery of an antiquary. His papers (for he died before they could be prepared for the press) were purchased of his widow, by the Honourable Horace Walpole, who infused into them some of his lightness and vanity, and much of his pride. For talents, unsupported by rank, Walpole appears to have had little respect—and we know of only one instance in which he has condescended to wave this important distinction, by placing Praxiteles at the side of Mrs. Damer!

Many names might certainly have been left out of Walpole's, as well as the present catalogue, without any violent injustice to the

the bearers, or greatly abridging the stock of useful information. Grub Street lends its inspiration to designers and daubers, as well as to bell-men and lamp-lighters; who might all be decently and quietly stretched in their shells, to moulder in peace together. It is not easy to suppress a smile when we reflect how little the men whose humble labours are here recorded, dreamed of the honours that awaited them. If a dauber of this ragged tribe ever felt a sensation that resembled ambition, it seldom soared above the desire of displaying his strength on lions from Africa, or royal tigers from Bengal: such a man felt no abasement in passing through the streets with a pallet in one hand, and a bladder of oil in the other; or in mounting a ladder to exercise his imitative powers on a china punch-bowl, with the peeling of a lemon gracefully curling over the brim. To refresh himself after these mental labours, it was his habit to pass the evenings in some favoured pot-house, where, with the earnings of the day, he met his illustrious brethren of the brush, covered with dust and glory.

Long after the commencement of the present reign, disappointed ambition enjoyed ample means of avenging itself on a successful rival; when the popular productions of the leading artists might be first caricatured, and then suspended from the centre of some street or lane, to announce 'the old Devil Tavern,' or 'the New Jerusalem.' The taste of our inn-keepers and tradesmen for the polite arts, afforded opportunities for the exercise of various degrees of talents: and he who was unequal to the task of striking out an effigy of the renowned Duke of Marlborough, might undertake the more humble labour of representing 'the Hole in the Wall,' or 'the World's End.' Here was indeed a wide and extensive field for the display of art of every description! Noah's Ark, the Tower of Babel, and St. Christopher, furnished subjects for the painter of history. Our Christian heroes were again opposed to their ancient enemies the Saracens and Turks. The disciples of Ruysdale and Hobima refreshed the smirking citizens with a view of King Charles in a pea-green oak, or the more rural scenery of a horse-pond and a mill; and the wild geniuses of the day gratified their patrons with blue boars, and green dragons, and all the non-naturals of a distempered imagination.

The removal of these prodigies from the streets of London, filled Bedlam with artists, and the workhouses with their starving children: and threw, besides, a new generation of unhappy men, qualified for no higher pursuits, into a profession which they disgrace,

disgrace, without deriving from it any benefit to themselves. It may reasonably be inquired, how men, struggling under this mediocrity of talent, and who, of course, form the greater mass of artists, are now employed. They cannot become traders, for this requires a capital. They will not steal, and to beg they are ashamed—what then remains but to follow the arts? The poor mechanic, who hangs over the scrawlings of his moon-struck son, beholds a mighty genius: who being unqualified for any useful employment, is sent, in evil hour, to be enrolled in the army of martyrs at Somerset House. There the hours that should be devoted to study are wasted in discussing the merits of academicians, who by degrees are lowered to their own level. The next step is easy—they listen to the whisperings of vanity, and without labour, without study, ignorant even of the elements of their art, they put off the student, and affect to be the rivals of the first painters of the day. If, for lack of other employment, they are driven to the practice of what they dignify with the name of history painting, they become deranged, and inveigh against 'face-painters,' in all the majesty of want and wretchedness.

Yet these are the men who are destined to fill the pages of some future biographer, and enjoy in succession the honours of the Budds, the Blacks, the Plots, the Shaaks, and Roths of former days. Venus and the Graces, from the pencils of new Bunks, will obstruct the mechanical movements of clocks and gilded trifles, and make annual voyages to the successors of Kien Long: and the pampered flesh of 'pious families,' again burst its cerements, adorned in Mr. Vickery's 'elastic têtes,' and Madam Lanchester's 'Parisian night-gowns.' All this, and worse, a generous public will labour to admire: yet under such an accumulating load of folly and impertinence, ART must necessarily decline; and it affords little comfort to know, that its thoughtless votaries, who are attracted by the early show of patronage, like flies to a honey-pot, are doomed at the first blight of neglect to fall off, and perish in hopeless obscurity, without the consolation of regret, or the consciousness of desert.

With a trifling exception, this volume preserves the names of few artists who possess higher claims to public attention than those above mentioned. In the hands of some men however, even these might have afforded matter for amusement; but we have no reason to regret, that this circumstance escaped the lively imagination of Mr. Edwards—for if any thing can be more dull than his gravity, it is his attempts at humour. Some example

example of our author's style, and manner of treating his subject, may however be required of us; we shall therefore lay before the reader an extract from his memoirs of our great landscape painter Wilson, as being the most favourable specimen of his candour and judgment, as well as of his style, which is languid, we had almost said, slovenly; and not unfrequently incorrect.

'While Wilson was at Venice, he painted a small landscape, which being seen by Zuccarelli, that artist was so much struck with the merit of the piece, that he strongly urged Wilson to pursue that branch of the art, which advice Wilson followed, and became one of the first landscape painters in Europe. His studies in landscape must have been attended with rapid success, for he had some pupils in that line of art while at Rome, and his works were so much esteemed, that Mengs painted his portrait, for which Wilson in return painted a landscape.

'It is not known at what time he returned to England, but he was in London in 1758, and resided over the north arcade of the piazza, Covent-garden, at which time he had gained great celebrity as a landscape painter. To the first exhibition of 1760, he sent his picture of Niobe, which confirmed his reputation. It was afterwards bought by William Duke of Cumberland, and is now in the possession of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester. In 1765, he exhibited (with other pictures) a View of Rome, from the Villa Madama, a capital performance, which was purchased by the late Marquis of Tavistock.

'Though he had acquired great fame, yet he did not find that constant employment, which his abilities deserved. This neglect might probably result from his own conduct, for it must be confessed, that Mr. Wilson was not very prudentially attentive to his interest; and, though a man of strong sense, and superior education to most of the artists of his time, he certainly did not possess that suavity of manners, which distinguished many of his contemporaries. On this account, his connections and employment insensibly diminished, and left him, in the latter part of his life, in comfortless infirmity.' P. 78, 79.

Here the excessive prudence of the author again displays itself. It is not our intention to offer an apology for the unpopularity, admitting the fact, of Wilson's character—it needs none. The man whose genius outstrips the age in which he lives, has the choice of two things—either to pander to the prevalent taste for present gain, or, by the best exertion of his faculties, secure to himself, as far as man may, the approbation of posterity. If this neglected artist, among his many privations could not reckon deafness; nor in his list of acquirements enumerate pliability,

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it was still most absurd in his more polished patrons, however they might lament the 'unsuavity of his manners,' to forego, on that account, the pleasure of possessing his works, and encumber themselves with the vulgar art of Barret. The truth is, that the connoisseurs and the artists never agreed on the merits of Wilson; and Mr. Edwards has therefore cautiously steered through these opposing interests. The growing fame of Wilson, however, justifies the admiration of his brethren, while it proves success to be no criterion of excellence. The principles on which true art is founded being immutable, it can neither be affected by the blindness of ignorance, nor the new lights of fashion.

'But leaving general praise or criticism, it will be proper to consider more particularly this master's productions. In doing this, we shall first take notice of a censure which has been passed upon one of his principal works, by an artist, whose abilities and reputation command respect, though they cannot enforce our implicit assent to his opinion, I mean Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, in one of his discourses, which he gave in the Royal Academy, passed some strictures upon Wilson's picture of Niobe, which did not perfectly coincide with the sentiments of those who then heard, or who have since perused them.

"Our late ingenious academician, Wilson, has, I fear, been guilty, like many of his predecessors, of introducing gods and goddesses, ideal beings, into scenes which were by no means prepared to receive such personages. His landscapes were in reality too near common nature, to admit supernatural objects. In consequence of this mistake, in a very admirable picture of a Storm, which I have seen of his hand, many figures are introduced in the foreground, some in apparent distress, and some struck dead, as a spectator would naturally suppose, by the lightning, had not the painter injudiciously (as I think) rather chosen that their death should be imputed to a little Apollo, who appears in the sky with his bent bow, and that those figures should be considered as the children of Niobe.

"To manage a subject of this kind, a peculiar style of art is required, and it can only be done without impropriety, or even without ridicule, when we adapt the character of the landscape, and that too in all its parts, to the historical or poetical representation.

"This is a very difficult adventure, and it requires a mind thrown back two thousand years, and, as it were, naturalized in antiquity, like that of Nicolo Poussin, to achieve it.

"In the picture alluded to, the first idea that presents itself, is that of wonder, in seeing a figure in so uncommon a situation, as that in which the Apollo is placed, for the clouds on which he kneels have not the appearance of being able to support him, they have neither the substance nor the form fit for the receptacle of a human figure,

figure, and they do not possess, in any respect, that romantic character which is appropriated to such a subject, and which alone can harmonize with poetical stories." P. 82, 83.

'Though we may allow the foregoing observations to be perfectly just, when taken in a general sense, yet when they are applied to Wilson's picture of Niobe in *particular*, they certainly must be considered as forced, and as the effect of petulant pique, rather than the correction of just criticism.

'This assertion is justified by the following inaccuracy: It is asserted, that Wilson's pictures are "too near common nature, to admit supernatural objects:" but the question here does not concern his other pictures, but relates to that of Niobe only, and consequently whatever improprieties may be selected from his other works, they cannot warrant a charge against this picture in particular.

'But to form a just estimate of the work in question, we should first consider the species of objects of which the landscape is composed, whether they be, or be not appropriate to the subject of the picture; and, upon such examination, it may certainly be allowed, that they all are of that kind, which can only be selected from what are universally considered as the grandest and most classical features in nature. But if the fastidious critic is displeased with those which have been selected by Wilson, let him suppose his mind to be "thrown back two thousand years, and, as it were, naturalized in antiquity," what objects could then be selected from nature, by his imagination, which differ from her productions in the present day? The natural materials of landscape have been the same in all ages. The only difference which characterizes antiquity, originates in the works of art, and if these had been introduced as antique features, they would certainly have counteracted the simplicity and grandeur of the picture as it now stands.

'Sir Joshua next observes, that "the figure of Apollo is placed in an uncommon situation, the clouds on which he kneels not having the appearance of being able to support him." By this remark it seems that Sir Joshua did not recollect the picture, or examine the print, when he wrote his critique, for the figure in question is by no means so disposed, as to give the spectator any idea of pain from its want of support; and the size is perfectly suited to its place or representation upon the picture, as the appearance of the cloud is fully equal to the weight which it is supposed to sustain; and, indeed, the figure appears to be floating upon that species of cloud, which is often seen rolling along in a thunder-storm, near the surface of the earth, while the rest of the atmosphere is loaded, and uniformly obscured, by those dark and heavy vapours that occasion the storm.

'The severity of Sir Joshua, as before remarked, was in some degree attributed to private pique, and not without reason, for Sir Joshua and Mr. Wilson were often observed to treat each other, if not with rudeness, at least with acrimony. But that we may not

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seem desirous of concealing the defects in this artist's productions, we must observe, that Wilson, in the executive part of his works, was rather too careless, a defect which increased in the decline of his life, and that his foregrounds were at all times too much neglected and unfinished.' P. 84—86.

In a difference of opinion, on a point of criticism between Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Edwards, we should not have speculated on dividing with the latter gentleman. And could we still be satisfied that this great artist had expressed his unprejudiced sentiments, we should correct our own, and bow to his superior judgment. But firmly as Sir Joshua appeared seated in the opinion of the public, his jealousy quickly took the alarm; and of two evils, he chose rather to suffer in his own good opinion, than bear a brother near the throne. Of this feeling he has left sufficient evidence in his critique on the works of Wilson and Gainsborough, and particularly of the latter, whose power of giving a just resemblance, he formally denies; and as Gainsborough could boast of possessing little other merit in this department of art, he was thus annihilated as a rival. That his portraits could bear any competition with those of Reynolds, no one possessed of the least feeling for art, would assert; but the aim, as well as the power of these distinguished painters, was different; and while the first was content to represent the body, it was the ambition of the latter to express the mind.

But the portraits of Gainsborough differed not more from the works of Reynolds, than his landscapes did from those of our great landscape painter, Wilson, whose very first attempts, in this walk of art, were distinguished by an unusual elevation of style and character. The glowing and rich scenery of Italy, with its numerous classical remains, warmed into action the latent feelings of a cultivated and elegant mind, and he viewed nature at once with the enthusiastic eye of a poet. We recollect no painter, who with so much originality of manner, united such truth and grandeur of expression; and although, in the opinion of Mr. Edwards, his pictures were incomplete, we feel assured, that while he was in possession of his full powers, negligence was in no degree the cause of this imaginary defect; but that every touch of his pencil was directed by a principle that required the subserviency of particular parts to the full establishment of the whole. In Wilson's landscapes, even the figures are rendered accessary to the general effect; while in the works of other masters, men and women are introduced apparently to keep the scene alive, though in other respects they

they seem to be, as sometimes in nature, rather ornamental than useful.

The early works of Gainsborough, on the contrary, are rendered touching by the simplicity of their execution, and choice of scenery. His uplands are the abode of ruddy health and labour; the by-paths, the deep intrenched roads, the team, and the clownish waggoner, all lead us to the pleasing contemplation of rustic scenery, and domesticate us with the objects which he so faithfully delineated. This sensibility to sylvan scenery, however, became weaker, as he grew more intimate with the works of the Flemish and Dutch masters, whose choice of nature he appears to have thought better than that which he had been accustomed to study; and he may be traced through those schools, from the mere imitations of weeds and moss, up to the full enjoyment of Reubens. The admirers of cultivated art will find him most varied and beautiful at this period, as his works strengthened and enriched by the study of Reubens, still possessed a uniformity of character, which, if not so simple as his first representations of nature, is not polluted by the extravagance of a style making pretensions to a higher character. His last manner, though greatly inferior to that immediately preceding it, was certainly the result of much practice and knowledge, with some leaning perhaps to the suggestions of indolence. Its principal defect seemed to be, that it neither presented the spectator with a faithful delineation of nature, nor possessed any just pretensions to be classed with the epic works of art; for the first, it was both in its forms and effects, too general; and for the last, not sufficiently ideal or elevated. The studies he made at this period of his life, in chalks, from the works of the more learned painters of landscape, but particularly from Gasper Poussin, were doubtless the foundations of this style; but he does not seem to have been aware, that many forms might pass, and even captivate, in drawings on a small scale, where an agreeable flow of lines, and breadth of effect, are principally sought, which would become uncouth and unsatisfactory, when dilated on canvas, and forced on the eye with all the vigour that light and shade, and richness of colour, could lend to them. But this, it should be remembered, is the language of cold criticism, and very ill expresses the high admiration which we have long cherished for the various and fascinating talents of this distinguished artist. If we have unwittingly, therefore, furnished one argument to the young gentlemen who are drawing for the silver, or painting for the gold medal, to

speak

speak slightingly of what they should reverence, we request them to cultivate a little modesty, and to consider that no great expectations can be formed of that student who is a critic before he becomes a lover.

Of Gainsborough, whose eccentricity of character furnished such abundant materials, Mr. Edwards says little that can interest the reader. But he has reminded us of some amusing anecdotes respecting him, which appeared in a work entitled 'The Four Ages,' by Jackson, of Exeter; to which we refer the reader, as Mr. Edwards has contrived to lose much of the characteristic humour of his extracts, by his injudicious mode of combining them.

The author, who apparently feels with Iago, that he is nothing, if not critical, lays aside all pretence of candour towards the conclusion of his work, and amuses himself through two or three pages, with demolishing the character of the wretched Low, who, it appears, had once borne away a prize, which, in the opinion of Mr. Edwards, should have been awarded to himself. Having fleshed his valour here, he does not suffer it to abate, but rushes, in the last place, to the attack of the once formidable, but now breathless monster, Barry. His criticisms on the talents of this unhappy artist, are a tissue of ignorance and spleen; and the exposure of his infirmities, when they could no longer interrupt the harmony of the Royal Academy, as useless, as it is cruel. The great and comprehensive work executed by Barry, under circumstances from which the feeble mind of the critick would have shrunk in despair, must remain a monument of his abilities, when all of art that pertains to Mr. Edwards, will have quietly sunk in that untroubled stream where 'all things are forgotten.'

If we have abstained from expressing ourselves more at length on the subject of Sir Joshua Reynolds, it is not in consequence of Mr. Edwards' having made no remark on his talents, that called for reply or investigation. But the merits of ONE with whom the arts rose and set in this country, cannot be discussed in a few words, and an occasion will soon present itself for taking up the subject with more effect than the present affords.

Art. IV. *Woman: or, Ida of Athens. By Miss Owenson, author of the "Wild Irish Girl," The "Novice of St. Dominick," &c.* 4 vols. 12mo. London. Longman. 1809.

'BACCHANTES, animated with Orphean fury, slinging their serpents in the air, striking their cymbals, and utering dithyrambics, appeared to surround him on every side.' p. 5.

'That modesty which is of soul, seemed to diffuse itself over a form, whose exquisite symmetry was at once betrayed and concealed by the apparent tissue of woven air, which fell like a vapour round her.' p. 23.

'Like Aurora, the extremities of her delicate limbs were rosed with flowing hues, and her little foot, as it pressed its naked beauty on a scarlet cushion, resembled that of a youthful Thetis from its blushing tints, or that of a fugitive Atalanta from its height,' &c. &c. p. 53.

After repeated attempts to comprehend the meaning of these, and a hundred similar conundrums, in the compass of half as many pages, we gave them up in despair; and were carelessly turning the leaves of the volume backward and forward, when the following passage, in a short note 'to the Reader,' caught our eye. 'My little works have been always printed from *illegible* manuscripts in one country, while their author was resident in another,' p. vi. We have been accustomed to overlook these introductory gossipings: in future, however, we shall be more circumspect; since it is evident that if we had read straight forward from the title page, we should have escaped a very severe head-ach.

The matter seems now sufficiently clear. The printer having to produce four volumes from a manuscript, of which he could not read a word, performed his task to the best of his power; and fabricated the requisite number of lines, by shaking the types out of the boxes at a venture. The work must, therefore, be considered as a kind of overgrown *amphigouri*, a heterogeneous combination of events, which, pretending to no meaning, may be innocently permitted to surprize for a moment, and then dropt for ever.

If, however, which is possible, the author like Caliban (we beg Miss Owenson's pardon) 'cannot endue her purpose with words that make it known;' but by *illegible* means *what may be read*, and is, consequently, in earnest; the case is somewhat altered, and we must endeavour to make out the story.

Ida of Athens, a Greek girl, half antient and half modern, falls

falls desperately in love with a young slave; and, when he is defeated and taken prisoner, in a fray more ridiculously begun and ended, than the wars of Tom Thumb the Great, marries a 'Disdar-aga,' to save his life. This simple personage, instead of taking possession of his bride, whom he has 'placed on an ottoman of down,' *couleur de rose*, rushes from the apartment 'to see a noise which he heard:' and has scarcely thrust his head out of the street door, when, to his inexpressible amazement, it is dexterously sliced off by 'an agent of the Porte;'* and Ida, without waiting for her thirds, runs joyfully home to her father. Meanwhile the Greek slave, who had, somewhat unpolitely, looked through the Disdar-aga's 'casement,' and seen Ida in his arms, very naturally takes it in dudgeon, and enrols himself among the Janissaries. Ida, on her side, having no engagement on her hands, falls in love with an English traveller, who offers her a settlement, which she very modestly rejects. A long train of woe succeeds. Her father is stripped of his property, and thrown into a dungeon; from which he is delivered by the Janissary on duty, (the prying lover of Ida) who, without making himself known, assists them to quit the country, and embark for England. 'They launch into the Archipelago, that interesting sea, so precious to the soul of genius;' iv. p. 45, and after many hair-breadth scapes, arrive in London. Here they are cheated, robbed, and insulted by every body; and the father, after being several days without food, is dragged to a spunging house, where he expires! Ida runs frantically through the streets, and falls into the arms of the English traveller, who is now become a lord, and very gallantly renews his offers, which are again rejected. In consequence of an advertisement in the public papers, Ida discovers a rich uncle, who dies very opportunely, and leaves her 'the most opulent heiress of Great Britain.'

The fair Greek abuses her prosperity; but before her fortune and reputation are quite gone, the slave makes his appearance once more,—not as a Janissary, but as a General Officer in the Russian service; and being now convinced that the familiarity of the Disdar-aga led to no unseemly consequence, marries his quondam mistress *for good and all*, and carries her to Russia, 'a country *congenial by its climate* to her delicate constitution

* Wrong:—he turns sick as he is running after the "Capadilger Kenyassa," and dies in a ditch.—See vol. iii. p. 143. *Printer's Devil.*

and luxurious habits; and *by its character*, to her tender, sensitive and fanciful disposition!' iv. p. 286.

Such is the story; which may be dismissed as merely foolish: but the sentiments and language must not escape quite so easily. The latter is an inflated jargon, composed of terms picked up in all countries, and wholly irreducible to any ordinary rules of grammar or sense. The former are mischievous in tendency, and profligate in principle; licentious and irreverent in the highest degree. To revelation, Miss Owenson manifests a singular antipathy. It is the subject of many profound diatribes, which want nothing but meaning to be decisive. Yet Miss Owenson is not without an object of worship. She makes no account indeed of the Creator of the universe, unless to swear by his name; but, in return, she manifests a prodigious respect for something that she dignifies with the name of Nature, which, it seems, governs the world, and, as we gather from her creed, is to be honoured by libertinism in the women, disloyalty in the men, and atheism in both.

This young lady, as we conclude from her Introduction, is the *enfant gaté* of a particular circle, who see, in her constitutional sprightliness, marks of genius, and encourage her dangerous propensity to publication. She has evidently written more than she has read, and read more than she has thought. But this is beginning at the wrong end. If we were happy enough to be in her confidence, we should advise the immediate purchase of a spelling book, of which she stands in great need; to this, in due process of time, might be added a pocket dictionary; she might then take a few easy lessons in 'joined-hand,' in order to become *legible:* if, after this, she could be persuaded to exchange her idle raptures for common sense, practise a little self denial, and gather a few precepts of humility, from an old-fashioned book, which, although it does not seem to have lately fallen in her way, may yet, we think, be found in some corner of her study; she might then hope to prove, not indeed a good writer of novels, but a useful friend, a faithful wife, a tender mother, and a respectable and happy mistress of a family.

Art. V.

ART. V. *A Grammar of the Sanskrita Language, by* Charles Wilkins, L.L.D. F.R.S. 4to. p. 662. London, 1808.

A Grammar of the Sungskrit Language, composed from the works of the most esteemed Grammarians; to which are added examples for the exercise of the Student, and a complete List of the Dhatoos or Roots, by W. Carey, *Teacher of the Sungskrit, Bengalee, and Mahratta Languages, in the College of Fort William.* Serampore, *printed at the Mission Press,* folio, pp. 906, app. 108, Index 24. 1806.

Mr. Colebrooke's *Grammar of the Sanskrit Language. Printed in* India. Folio, pp. 236. London, Blacks, Parry and Co.

AS so much of the reputation of every country depends upon its literary productions, we may, with reason, be proud that of a language so curious, so celebrated, and until lately so inaccessible as the Sanscrit, no fewer than three Grammars, composed by Englishmen, have issued from the English press. We owe to France the translation of a Chinese Historian, and the most important elucidations of Chinese literature. We are indebted to the same country for the Zend-avesta, and Boun-Dehesch of the disciples of Zerdusht or Zoroaster: but England may in her turn claim the honour, almost undivided, of revealing to the world the venerated and long-secluded compositions of the Sanscrit. We say, almost undivided, because the Bhagavat, one of the most important and, in some respects, the most rational of the irrational Puranas of the Bramins, having been previously translated from the Sanscrit into the Tamul and the Persian, was published in French at Paris in the year 1788.

Perhaps, however, this ought not to form an exception to our exclusive honour of being the first Europeans who have attained and communicated the Sanscrit literature, because it does not appear that this book, which was published under the title of Bagavadam, was translated by any Frenchman from the Sanscrit. The Invocation declares it to have been translated into the Tamul or Malabar dialect; and from that language the French version seems to have been made, with the help of an Indian interpreter, who, unknown to his employer, clandestinely sent a copy to the French minister.

The importance of the Sanscrit language has been long obvious to the students of Oriental literature. It has been described by Dr. Carey, the author of one of the Grammars, as the immediate parent of the Bengal, the Mahratta, the Orissa, the

Telenga, the Carnatic, the Gujurat, and the Malabar or Tamul languages. Hence a knowledge of the Sanscrit places all these in our power, as it will generally furnish the meaning of four words out of five of them all. "The peculiar Grammar," he says, 'of any one of these may be acquired in a couple of months, and 'then the language lies open to the student. The knowledge 'of four words in five enables him to read with pleasure, and 'renders the acquisition of the few new words, as well as the 'idiomatic expressions, a matter of delight rather than of labour. 'Thus the Orissa, though possessing a separate grammar and 'character, is so much like the Bengalee in the very expression, 'that a Bengalee Pundit is almost equal to the correction of 'an Orissa Proof Sheet; and the first time that I read a page 'of Gujuratte, the meaning appeared so obvious as to render 'it unnecessary to ask the Pundit questions."

Another consideration has long attached us to the Sanscrit. In our philological prolusions we have occasionally amused ourselves with tracing the affinities of some of the languages of Europe and Asia: and we have been much interested to find how many words of European languages may be paralleled with similar ones in the Sanscrit; and this not merely of the Latin and Greek, which Mr. Halhed has remarked, but also of the Saxon and Welsh. It therefore cannot fail to be as interesting to the grammatical philosopher, as it will be beneficial to those who are employed in the East India service.

But although none can be more impressed than ourselves with a strong sense of the utility and importance of this language, we are by no means prepared to say with the Bramins that it is the language of the Gods; nor with Mr. Wilkins that it is a 'wonderful language'; nor even with Sir William Jones that it is more perfect than the Greek, and more excellently refined than either Greek or Latin. This indefatigable student, who first held the torch, and pointed out the path in the dark caverns of Sanscrit literature, and who created so much of that spirit of inquiry which is now so successfully exploring them, naturally spoke of his new, and mysterious favourite, with all the warmth of a first passion. Mr. Halhed gravely states its antiquity to be unfathomable*; as if we had fathomed the antiquity of any language! and Colonel Dow most devoutly believed 'that the 'Hindoos carry their authentic history farther back than any 'other nation now existing†.' We should have coincided with

* Pref. to Code of Gentoo Laws. † Pref. to his Hist.

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the Colonel in his paragraph, had he left out the epithet 'authentic,' because as the Bramins very confidently affirm that Munnoo wrote his book rather better than seven thousand millions of years ago; and as Mr. Halhed who tells us this, also asserts that Shukeh Diew, a learned Bramin, composed a work containing the History of India during the whole of this period, we may safely believe that no 'other nation now existing,' can carry back their history much farther. We are glad to learn from Mr. Halhed that this History, the Shree Bagbut, which he very sensibly calls 'a *curious* History,' still subsists, and that it is so consistent, in length at least, with its subject, as to contain more than three thousand chapters. 'What,' says Mr. Halhed with some naiveté, 'shall we say to a work composed 4000 'years ago, and from thence tracing mankind upwards through 'several millions of years*?' On transcribing this passage we felt disposed to answer it by adding three notes of admiration to his simple mark of interrogation; but the sentence which closes the next paragraph, induced us to think that this expression of our surprise might just as suitably be placed after that. 'From 'the premises already established, this conclusion, *at least*, may 'fairly be deduced, that the world does not now contain annals 'of more *indisputable* antiquity than those delivered down by 'the ancient Bramins'!!!

The Sanscrit has nearly ceased to be a spoken language. Indeed it bears much the same relation to the vernacular languages now in daily use between the Indus and the Ganges that the Latin does to the Italian, the classical Greek to the modern Greek, or the Saxon to English. But we think there can be as little reasonable doubt that it was once spoken in India, more or less universally, as there is that the Greek of Plato was used at Athens, and the Latin of Cicero at Rome. It is easy to account for its disuse in the common conversation of India. As the Bramins monopolized all literature as well as all sanctity, and forbad the lower casts, under the most dreadful penalties, some from reading and some from listening to the books which they chose to consider sacred, it became inevitable that they should form in time a language for themselves, gradually acquiring corruptions and variations from their ancient tongue. The Sanscrit was used only for writing, and therefore received a polish, an orthography and a grammar peculiar to itself, and no

* Pref. Gent. Laws.

doubt purposely made unlike the spoken dialects. It gratified the vanity of the Bramins to have an esoteric language as well as knowledge. But as they were obliged to mix in the transactions of life with their degraded countrymen, they could not but use the popular dialects in conversation. Hence Sanscrit was cultivated by the studious Bramins as a learned language, confined to themselves; while the vulgar dialect was promiscuously used by all from its general convenience. The popular dialects therefore were suffered to supersede the Sanscrit in common use.

When the Sanscrit like the hieroglyphics of Ægypt, or the written characters of China, had thus become the literary language of a peculiar class, distinct from the colloquial, it is not at all surprising that it should be made to possess many features unlike the spoken language. But in considering the merit of its particular qualities, we cannot indulge in the unbounded commendations of its admirers. We must always think that the Poems of Homer and the state of language which they display, compared with the rude history and manners of the Greeks in his time, present a phenomenon, which nothing in the Sanscrit excels in language and measure, or at all approaches in intellect and poetry. The Sanscrit compounds are sometimes happy; but this is a beauty which should be very sparingly used, or like the Asiatic metaphors, it becomes actual deformity. The Bramins employ it most licentiously. They are often so extravagant as to make the whole period of a sentence one compound, which appears to us a very barbarous practice. It reminds us of the tremendous words of the Indians of North America, (who are also fond of compounds) the enormous length of which has sometimes made us gasp for breath as we attempted to pronounce them. Nor is this habit of compounding words very favourable to perspicuity, as will appear from a verse which Mr. Wilkins has translated in his Heetopades, written in a kind of measure which the Bramins, whose diction is as gigantic as their history, call cendra-vajra, the lightning of the God of the heavens.

‘ Swa-karma-santâna-veechêshteetânee
own-work - offspring - seekings
Kâlâ-'ntarâ-'vreetta-soobhâ-'soobhânee
time - within - shut - good - not good
eehî-'va dreeshtânee mayi-va tânee
here even seen by me even those
janmâ-'ntarânêê'-va dasâ - 'phalânee
birth-within as it were stage of life fruits.

‘ The first and second lines contain but one compound word each;

each; for there is no sign of either case, gender or number, till you get to the end.' Mr. Wilkins tells us, that from this specimen we 'may judge of Sanskreet composition *in general**,' and if so, we must be pardoned if we think that if it be the language of the gods, they must be such as our rude Thor and Woden, who were not very famous for either elegance or intellect.

The multifarious and unnecessary permutations of the Sanscrit letters, answering none of the real purposes of language, the various declensions of nouns, and conjugations of verbs, numerous far beyond any perceptible utility; the giving every noun a masculine, feminine, and neuter gender, and a dual number, each declining into eight cases; these singularities and the endless distinctions and refinements of their grammar, are most frequently little else than *difficiles nugas*, the artificial tricks and amusements of literary leisure, sometimes making an improvement, but much oftener a fantastical somerset. Peculiarity and perplexity, difficulty and refinement are not always beauties; and therefore we cannot join in an unqualified admiration of the Sanscrit.

Many other circumstances concur to abate our enthusiasm for this divine language, highly as it has been extolled by the twice-born class who use it. The Bramins may have increased its euphony by some of their refinements; but the following sounds, taken from Mr. Wilkins's plates of the compound consonants, seem to give it no advantage beyond the German, in the beauties of articulation—kshn, kshry, tlry, tsth, kshl, gddh, kchh, chchhr, ndhm, nchchh, chchhw. These compounds certainly have a very hottentottish appearance. To class ri and lri among the vowels displays no good taste; and the number of nasals seems also to detract from its boasted elegance. It has a guttural nasal, a palatal nasal, and a cerebral nasal: and this palatal nasal is sometimes beautified with a consonant immediately before it, as in the root jna, and its derivatives. Mr. Wilkins says that the just articulation of this is found so difficult, and the sound so harsh, that it is frequently softened into another word. Thus the barbarous word klripta is modified by the learned of Bengal into an easier pronunciation. Besides these heavy impeachments of the euphony of this language of the gods, there are also ten consonants followed by the aspirate h.

The character of the Sanscrit is called Devanagari, 'the

* Heetopades, p. 307.

language

language of the Angels.' But it appears to us by no means equal either to the Greek, the Roman, or the English written letters in its convenience, beauty, or dispatch. It has the same imperfection which pervades the Arabian and Chaldee alphabets, that the characters of many of their consonants so closely resemble each other, that perpetual mistakes arise from the hurry or inattention of transcribers. Thus the similarity of the cha, ba, and va च ब व; of the tha, ta, dha and da, ढ ट ठ ड; of the sa, ma and bha, स म भ; of the pa, sha and pha, प ष फ; the ta and na, त न; and the da and nga, ड ङ, must give rise to many various readings and misconceptions.

Of the three Grammars, those of Mr. Wilkins and Dr. Carey are the most complete. Mr. Colebrook's, in the copy sent from India, which is now before us, breaks off with the seventh article of the verbs of the first class unfinished. We do not know whether he has continued it. Dr. Carey and Mr. Wilkins have given us complete Grammars, except that they have not treated on the prosody of the language. It would be impertinent in us to decide on their relative merits. Dr. Carey is very full upon the verbs, and his list of the dhatoos or roots is extremely curious. His chapters on the formation of the words and the derivatives are copious and elaborate. He is every where useful, laborious, and practical.

Mr. Wilkins has also discussed these subjects, though not always so amply as the worthy and unwearied missionary. But on the whole, we must confess that the Grammar of Mr. Wilkins has attracted more of our attention, from its being the last published, and from the very ingenious manner in which he has handled the various divisions of this most complicated subject. Indeed, we think it but a just tribute to his merit and labour to say, that it is one of the best and most perspicuous Grammars that we have ever seen. His types are beautiful; they are also exact and well printed; and this is no small merit, because the imperfections of the alphabet which we have pointed out, are strongly felt in ill cut or worn types, and in thick or defective printing, as is sometimes the case with Dr. Carey's Grammar.

The Sanscrit alphabet has fifty letters, of which sixteen are vowels, including the ri and lri, both long and short. But Mr. Wilkins remarks, that the number of simple articulations may be reduced to twenty-eight: namely, five vowels and twenty-three consonants; but this reduction is on the principle, which is liable to some objection, that the long and short sounds of the vowels are the same articulations. Mr. Wilkins deducts from the consonants

sonants the aspirates also, not considering them as distinct articulations. We are not quite satisfied about their assumed identity.

The Sanscrit nouns have two cases more than the Latin; that is, the Latin ablative is split into three: by, from, and in, are made distinct cases. The declensions of the Sanscrit nouns are unnecessarily numerous, and we do not see what advantage is gained by their multiplicity. Dr. Carey makes six declensions; Mr. Wilkins eight, and his eighth branches off into fourteen classes.

Many declensions in a language tend to prove that it was in a very barbarous and confused state before it was subjected to the rules of grammar. If the Sanscrit had been at all formed on regular and scientific principles, it would never have had such a vast apparatus of inflections and conjugations.

We cannot avoid observing on the practice of declining the noun by varying its termination, (a practice not altogether unknown to our Saxon ancestors) that a great improvement was made in the present English tongue, when it gave way to the general introduction of prepositions. By these we express our meaning with precision, which cannot always be obtained by the terminal case. Thus the word pennæ being the same in the Latin for genitive and dative singular and for nominative plural, means equally of a pen, to a pen, and pens. So in the Sanscrit शिवे stands equally for in Siva and on Siva in the masculine and neuter genders; for the dual feminine nominative two female Sivas; for the dual neuter nominative; for the accusative dual both feminine and neuter; for the vocative feminine both singular and dual; and for the vocative neuter singular. Thus one word has eleven different meanings, which you cannot discriminate by the eye, but only by the general construction of the sentence, unless you add prepositions or other words. And if you add these, and also inflect, then the inflection is a superfluity, and therefore an incumbrance.

We have been much pleased with Dr. Carey's very sensible preface. In a fair and intelligent statement, it points out the use and importance of the Sanscrit; and we cordially concur in what he has said on the subject. He has addressed his work to the Marquis Wellesley, as the founder of the college of Fort William, which he truly says 'has been the means of giving to 'the world many important works on Oriental literature.' We cannot omit adding, that the study of the Sanscrit was so far advanced under the protection of the Marquis, that upon his visitation

tation of the college in 1804, a declamation was pronounced in it by Mr. Cowan, and a speech by Dr. Carey. This foundation has been since abolished, and in its stead an Oriental college established at Hertford. The propriety of this change it is not for us to discuss. The letter of the Court of Directors upon it, and the answer of the Marquis are preserved in the state papers of the Asiatic Annual Register for 1805.

But although we heartily join in every recommendation of this language to the attention of the curious, we must confess that our favourable opinion does not arise from any respect we have for 'the knowledge,' which Mr. Wilkins, in his preface to his Grammar, says, 'it may be the means of acquiring, or the 'elegant sources of amusement it may contain:' for upon these points we are sorry to be at complete issue with him. He says that 'the lover of science, the antiquary, the historian, the 'moralist, the poet, and the man of taste will obtain in Sans-'crit books an inexhaustible fund of information and amuse-'ment.' He has even suffered his partiality to mislead him so far as to affirm that 'those grand mythological treasures, the 'ancient poems called Puranas, present an endless assemblage 'of enchanting allegory and fable, and of the most interesting 'stories of ancient times, recounted in polished numbers calcu-'lated to allure the reader into the paths of religion, honor, and 'virtue.' Our estimation of these works falls so short of this high commendation, that we shall trespass on the patience of our readers with a few observations on the general merit of Sanscrit literature.

First in the estimation of the Bramins are the four sacred Vedas. These are considered as the fountain of all knowledge, human and divine, and are averred to have been revealed by Brahma. They seem to consist of hymns to their various deities, by different writers, of ceremonial precepts, and of occasional mythology. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Colebrooke for his Essay upon them.* But when he tells us that they have been revered by Hindoos for hundreds if not *thousands* of years, we wish he had added the evidence for his millenary computation.

Their four Upa Vedas are on medicine, music, the fabrication of arms, and their mechanical arts. The latter, the St'hapatya, may be worth inspecting; but their medicine consists

* Asiat. Researches, V. 8. p. 377. 8vo.

chiefly

chiefly of charms and superstitions, and their music can excite little curiosity in Europeans.

Of their six Vedangas, three relate to their Grammar; one to the explanation of obscure phrases in the Vedas; another is on their religious ceremonies, and the most important, the Jyotish, contains their astronomy. Mr. Davis, in the second volume of the Asiatic Researches, gave some important extracts from the Surya Siddhanta, one of their most ancient treatises on the heavenly bodies: but for the most valuable criticism on their astronomical Shasters, we must refer to the Essays of Mr. Bentley, one of the most intelligent of our Indian literati, in the fifth and other volumes of the same work.

Of their Upangas, the most important are the eighteen Puranas. One of these, the Bagavadam, was published in French, as mentioned above, and Epitomes, with large extracts of two others, the Sheeve Pooran and the Brehme Vivertte Pooran, have been lately published in English. That they are very curious specimens of Braminical mythology, must be allowed: the very nonsense with which they abound, is, in this respect, interesting; but as to any other merit, our apprehension is so blunt, that we cannot perceive it, and must therefore leave it to be discovered and enjoyed by those who have either a more refined taste or a sharper appetite.

The Nyaya may be said to comprise the logical treatises. The Mimansa are on their moral and religious duties, and the Dherma Sastra comprehend the institutes of Menu and the Glosses upon it. Sir William Jones obliged us with a translation of the Menu, and Mr. Colebrooke's Digest of Hindu law contains very valuable specimens of the comments upon it. When to these we add their two sacred epic poems, The Ramayuna and The Mahabharat, the first of which will be the subject of a subsequent article in our Review, we shall have noticed the most venerated part of what is called the ancient Sanscrit literature. The Tragedy of Sacontala, and some of their Odes are in a different style of composition, and more worthy of notice; but are much more modern than was at first supposed.

But are these works 'an inexhaustible fund of information to the lover of science, the antiquary, the historian, the moralist, the poet, and the man of taste?'

We are assured by Mr. Davis,* not only that it is the ridiculous belief of the common Bramins that eclipses are occasioned

* Asiat. Researches, V. 2. p. 572.

by

by the intervention of the monster Rahu, but also that this belief is founded on explicit and positive declarations contained in the Vedas and Puranas, the divine authority of which no devout Hindu can dispute. The later Bramins, who have learned a truer science from other sources, endeavour to allegorize the head and tail of the monster into the position of the moon's nodes; but in obedience to their Vedas and Puranas, say that certain things might have been so formerly, and may be so still, but for astronomical purposes astronomical rules must be followed. Nerasinha in his commentary, shews, that by Rahu and Cetu, the head and tail of the monster, could only be meant the position of the moon's nodes and the quantity of her latitude, but he does not therefore deny the reality of Rahu and Cetu: on the contrary, he says 'that their actual existence and 'presence in eclipses ought to be believed, and may be main-'tained as an article of faith without any prejudice to astro-'nomy.' Here are clearly common sense and increased modern knowledge struggling against ancient absurdity and the nonsense of those books which have been so unduly extolled.

Again—The Puranas state the circumference of the earth to be 500 millions of yojanas, or, as Lieutenant Wilford expresses it in our measurement, 2,456,000,000 British miles. Considering that the actual circumference does not exceed 24,000 miles, this fact shews that their geographical knowledge is about as valuable as their historical and biographical. Some of their later students, enlightened as we conceive by foreign tuition, admit the absurdity of their ancient calculation, and to reconcile their improved ideas with their sacred doctrines, ingeniously suppose that the yojan stated in the Surya Siddhanta, contains 100,000 of those meant in the Puranas. But lest this hypothesis should not be relished, as too contradictory to the obvious meaning of the Puranas, it is added, with similar ingenuity, that perhaps the earth was really of the size they mention in some former period![*]

Can these works afford 'an inexhaustible fund of informa-'tion to the lover of science, the antiquarian, and the historian,' which talk of mountains† 491 miles high; of a King reigning 27,000 years; of Vaisvaswatu having lived 3,892,888 years ago, and of his reign lasting 1,728,000 years‡,—of an island in

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[*] As. Res. v. 2. p. 259. † As. Res.
‡ Sir W. Jones, in Asiat. Res. v. 2, p. 126.

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the middle of the earth 400,000 French leagues long and as many broad, and of a mountain in that 400,000 leagues high and 32.000 wide, of other mountains 40,000 and 280,000 leagues high? These latter wonders are in the Bagavadam, and in the same Purana we read of another island which is 800,000 French leagues in extent, with a tree 4,400 leagues high. But it would be tedious to pore long over these 'enchanting' books, for by and by we find an island which is 3,200,000 leagues in extent; and another surrounded by a sea of milk, rather more than 12 millions of leagues in circumference!* This delirious nonsense, is as wearisome to repeat as disgusting to read. The composers of such stuff must have known that they were uttering falsehoods, and have had some strange enjoyment in doing so,—and yet the Bramins have the assurance to teach these things as sacred truths,—the people have the credulity to believe them—and we, in the eighteenth century, surrounded with philosophy, have the complaisance to praise the books which contain them, to doubt the truth of our settled chronology on their account, and even to frame new systems of Geology, History, and Geography, to correct our old-fashioned notions by their new light!

The other Puranas are not more rational. If we take the Sheeve Purana, we find Bramah, one of their chief deities, giving this account of his origin. He says, that from the navels of the first man and woman sprang a lotus flower several thousand miles long, and that from this lotus he came into existence. He then reflected 'with vast astonishment,' who he was and whence he had come. He at last wisely determined, that as he came into existence from the lotus flower this must be his creator, and therefore travelled a hundred years towards its root; but as he could not reach that, he turned about and travelled a hundred years upwards, and yet could not get out. At last Vishnu appeared to him, with whom he quarrelled and was going to fight, when the other god, Siva, who is here made the Supreme, appeared and prevented the combat. Vishnu then, for a thousand years, in the shape of a boar, descended to Patal; and Brahma, in the figure of a goose, wandered to the world above.

* We suspect that Mr. Halhed's Shree Bagbut is no other than this Bagavadam—and, if so, it displays some congruity of taste in the Braminical author to make his geography as enormous as his history.

In the same Purana we read of a mountain making an image and drawing the figure of a letter on paper; of the god Siva's cutting off one of Bramha's five heads for some impoliteness of speech, and of the head's constantly pursuing Siva till he came in sight of a certain ling. We cannot decently explain what is meant by a ling, yet we have them in abundance in this book, and are told, that he who rising early shall repeat the names of twelve of them, will be freed from all his crimes and obtain his desire.

The Brahme Vivertte Purana appears to have no other end than to assert the merit of living at Benares, and it pursues its subject in a series of dull, though fantastic absurdities. We particularise these three Puranas, because they have appeared in an European dress. We wish the two latter had been fully translated.

It is of some importance to give these cursory specimens of the contents of the Puranas, because together with the two sacred poems, they seem to compreis all that the Bramins have of ancient history. Lieutenant Wilford tells us that these intelligent men discountenance both historical and geographical books. 'This,' he adds, 'they have often acknowledged to me, saying, '*They have the Puranas; what do they want more?*'* Such a remark suits the taste and intellect of a people whose poets, according to Mr. Wilkins, have made the Goose the emblem of eloquence and elegance.†

Their Bibliography is on a par with their Geography and Chronology. 'If it were worth while,' says Sir William Jones, 'to calculate the age of Menu's institutes according to the Bramins, we must multiply 4,320,000 years by six times seventy-one, and add to the product the numbers of years already past in the seventh Manwantara‡." Surely it is more reasonable to extract sun-beams from cucumbers with the philosophers of Laputa, than to take our history or our chronology from the writings of the Bramins.

Yet it is amazing to see, in the dissertations and publications of most of our Asiatic gentlemen, how anxious they are to accredit more or less of these absurd antiquities. Although nothing has ever appeared in the world with the characters of wilful and wanton falsehood more grossly palpable; although the fictitious Histories of Annius of Viterbo, Jeffery of Monmouth, and Archbishop Turpin, are probable and reason-

* As. Res. vol. 8, p. 268. † Hectopades, p. 296. ‡ As. Res. v. 2, p. 116.

able

able in comparison, yet have the Braminical antiquities been listened to with a respect, and repeated with a credulity in the highest degree discreditable to a reasoning age. In vain had our most learned and scientific scholars during the last two centuries, by their Herculean labours, settled the chronology of the world, and of ancient history, on just and true foundations; in vain had the historiographers of the various countries of Europe at last emancipated themselves from the wild fables of ostentatious vanity, and determined the antiquities of their several nations by precise and authentic boundaries. These desirable objects had scarcely been obtained with laudable, but in some cases painful, sacrifices of national vanity, when a sudden assault was made upon our chronological repose by the phantoms of Hindostan. Even enlightened men, misled by other theories and other wishes, caught a revolutionary mania, and one of them received the fantastic apparitions with such fond credulity, that he wrote volumes to assure us that not only our history but our geography must be subverted; and that Siberia, now the region of eternal snows, was once the scene of an equatorial summer, and the source of human civilization! The follies of former times were revived: and the dreamer of Sweden, Olaus Rudbeck, found, in the eighteenth century, a competitor for the laurels of visionary history in a Parisian philosopher.

We have hitherto mentioned only the reveries of the orthodox Bramins. If from these we proceed to other Hindu sects, as for instance, to the numerous sect of the Jains, it is literally going farther and faring worse. We there hear of a period of two thousand millions of millions of oceans of years; of men living ten millions of years, &c. &c.* Well might Mr. Colebrooke say that 'the Jainas are still more extravagant in their 'inventions than the prevailing sects of Hindus, absurd as these 'are in their fables.' But when we reflect that on the faith of books containing such monstrous reveries as those we have noticed, the simple and probable chronology of the Hebrews has been deserted by many, though strictly coinciding with all the authentic remains of ancient history, we cannot but perceive with regret, how many can swallow the camel with ease who can find no room for the gnat!

It is in this spirit of credulous incredulity, that it has been

* As. Researches, vol. 9, p. 313, 314.

gravely proposed* as a *serious* question, whether Moses did not borrow from the Bramins!

But we are happy to hail the dawn of reason which is beginning to appear in the minds of our oriental literati, and it is to hasten the advancing day that we have indulged in this critique. The name of Mr. Bentley will descend with great distinction to posterity for his intelligent criticism on the antiquity of the Braminical books and their astronomical computations. It was a bold undertaking to be the first to break the spell of credulity which was lulling Europe into such an unphilosophical lethargy. But he will soon find himself rewarded by his success. We are satisfied that the venerated books of the Bramins need only to be translated, in order to enable every man who can read, to discover their imposture; but till these translations appear, the researches of Mr. Bentley and those of our Sanscrit students, who follow his footsteps, will be wanted to undeceive such as have been hitherto deluded. Licutenant Wilford, who is familiar with the Puranas, and has personally experienced the frauds of the modern Bramins, has so far advanced in the progress to true criticism and common sense, as to tell us that 'with regard to history the Hindus really have nothing but ro-'mances†.' He says 'their works, whether historical or geo-'graphical, are most extravagant compositions, in which little 'regard indeed is paid to truth.—In their treatises on geography 'they seem to view the globe through a prism as if adorned 'with the liveliest colours. Mountains are of solid gold, 'bright like ten thousand suns, and others are of precious gems. 'Some of silver borrow the mild and dewy beams of the 'moon. There are rivers and seas of liquid amber, clari-'fied butter, milk, curds, and intoxicating liquors. Geogra-'phical truth is sacrificed to a symmetrical arrangement of 'countries, mountains, lakes, and rivers, with which they are 'highly delighted. There are two geographical systems among 'the Hindus. The first and most ancient is according to the 'Puranas, in which the earth is considered as a convex sur-'face gradually sloping towards the borders and surrounded 'by the ocean. The second and modern system is that 'adopted by astronomers, and certainly the worst of the two. 'The Pauranics considering the earth as a flat surface, or nearly

* See the advertisement to the fifth volume of the Asiatic Researches.
† As. Res. vol. 8, p. 269.

'so, their knowledge does not extend much beyond the old 'continent or the superior hemisphere; but astronomers being 'acquainted with the globular shape of the earth, and of course 'with an inferior hemisphere, were under the necessity of 'borrowing largely from the superior part in order to fill up 'the inferior one. Thus their astronomical knowledge, in-'stead of being of service to geography, has augmented the 'confusion, distorted and dislocated every part, every country, 'in the old continent*.'

Even Mr. H. Colebrooke, who still looks at these books with an eye of favour, in his last Essay confesses that, 'The 'mythology of the orthodox Hindus, their present chronology 'adapted to astronomical periods, their legendary tales, their 'mystical allegories, are abundantly extravagant†.' We therefore hope that the day will soon arrive when Sanscrit literature will be read with the spirit of rational criticism, and the bold pretensions of the Bramins to an immeasurable antiquity, and the wild dates of their compositions be examined with a scepticism proportioned to their extravagance and obvious untruth.

Mr. Wilkins's preface to his Sanscrit Grammar has led us into these observations. But we have no desire to withhold from him or Mr. Colebrooke, or the other gentlemen who have employed themselves in studying this language and its literature, the commendations to which they are intitled. Though objectionable on the grounds we have mentioned, the Sanscrit books are still subjects of great curiosity, and it will be a high obligation to the world to put them into an English dress. We do not believe that even the Vedas are nearly so old as the poems of Homer, and we are satisfied that some of the Puranas are very modern. But still it is clear that they contain many fragments of ancient traditions which are worth exploring, and at all events they present us with a specimen of one of the ancient languages of the world.

Though the Sanscrit be neither so ancient nor so curious as the Hebrew—it certainly is one of the Parent languages of Asia. In this light it may be contemplated as on a level with the Russian, the Welsh, and the Saxon, which represent so many other families of languages, and which therefore are worthy to be preserved and studied. What languages have emanated from

* As. Res. 271, 272.
† Ib. vol. 9, p. 295.

each of these, or from some more remote ancestor of each, it is certainly highly curious to trace, as well as to observe the degree of affinity which the elder parents discover to each other. As far as our researches have extended, all the languages of Europe and Asia have a very strong degree of consanguinity; they all point to some great original tongue which has been broken to pieces, and whose fragments have been scattered round the world by the dispersion and diffusion of its primeval population. This is the fact which the Mosaic history implies, and the more fully we explore the ancient state of the various languages of the world, the more this interesting circumstance seems to be confirmed. But this is an immense subject which demands lucubrations of no common difficulty and no small extent, and probably one life would hardly suffice for its complete elucidation.

We cannot close this article without recommending that the Vedas and the Puranas should be fully translated like the Bagavadam. It is only by a close and minute comparison of the different books with each other, that the nature and origin of their traditions can be ascertained or their value appreciated. When extracts only are given, the literati of Europe can judge but imperfectly,—the most valuable parts are often left behind. Nor will the works be less acceptable, because they may abound with extravagant fictions. In this case the publication often removes a cloud of mysterious wonder, which an ignorance of its real nature has permitted to intervene. We all know the tone in which the Zendavesta was mentioned while it remained inaccessible in its vernacular language. It was equalled with the Jewish and Christian scriptures, the value of which was depreciated by the solemn assurance that other nations had also their sacred books; their Zendavestas, their Sadders, and their Shasters, meriting as much attention as those which we had hitherto exclusively venerated. The Zendavesta was at last translated and published, and the bubble of wonder burst, because every one who could read might see that it was an unmeaning chaos of grave, but fantastic nonsense. The sacred writings of the Bramins have been long mentioned with the same phrases of solemn wonder, which would still have misled the public if the translations and extracts of them, which have successively appeared, had not discovered their puerility and imposture. It is therefore important that the Sanscrit books, which have been held up as so sacred and so ancient, and which some of our *learned* Orientalists obviously prefer to the Jewish historian,

rian, should be given to Europe in the languages familiar to every one; that we may not be blinded by the erroneous admiration of credulous and misjudging enthusiasts, but be enabled to criticise fairly and judge impartially for ourselves.

ART. VI. *A Translation of the Georgics of Publius Virgilius Maro, with the Original Text, and Notes critical and illustrative of Ancient and Modern Husbandry.* By Wm. Stawell, A. M. Rector of Kilmalooda, in the Diocese of Cork. pp. 487. cr. 8vo. London, Longman. 1808.

The Georgics of P. Virgilius Maro, translated into English Blank Verse. By James R. Deare, L.L.B. pp. 138, foolscap 8vo. Longman, London, 1808.

THOUGH the reading population of this country has been long on the advance, the number of classical scholars by no means increases in the same proportion. An indifference to classical learning seems indeed to be gaining ground in society; and many parents direct their children's education to that acquirement, more in compliance with custom, than from any conviction of its utility. It is, indeed, to be regretted that merely verbal studies should so often encroach upon a period of life fitted for the attainment of more useful sciences; and it would be easy to point out, and declaim against, the defects which will be found in the system of our great schools, notwithstanding their general utility and excellence. But we feel, in common with every Englishman, a partiality approaching to veneration for that discipline which is consecrated by long usage, and guarded by bulwarks co-eval almost with the constitution of the country;—which has produced men that would do honour to the best times of the world, and to which, with all its faults, the country is so deeply indebted. We contend only for the fact, that, even in those foundations, where amplest provision is made, and most time is devoted to the acquisition of the learned languages, the experiment fails in the greater number of instances; and that, compared with the whole amount of readers in Great Britain, the proportion of classical scholars is

but as a grain in the balance. It is therefore a duty we owe, both to ourselves and to the ancient models who trained our best authors to excellence, to encourage translations worthy of the originals, in order that those images and sentiments which have stood the test of ages, may become familiar to every class of English readers.

While so many learned heads are employed in presenting correct and intelligible copies of the original works to the few who can enjoy them, it is but fair that equal pains should be taken to communicate them in unimpaired beauty to that far greater number, who can relish them only in their mother tongue. There are, indeed, some extravagant admirers of antiquity, who decry all translation, as utterly incapable of giving any idea of the occult and indescribable charm of the Greek and Latin poets. We are not insensible to the superiority of those noble languages: but, prejudice and association apart, it must, we think, be granted, that Pope frequently surpasses Homer, and that the Iliad of the former, is quite as fine a poem as that of the latter. Nor are we without poets in our own days, whose translations offer no disparagement to the most admired works of the ancients. We feel that in urging this argument, we are more particularly pleading the cause of the fair sex, who muster at least as many and as intelligent readers as ourselves, though excluded by custom from access to the learned languages. To them it is of infinite importance to extend as far as possible the range of such reading as shall delight the imagination, and cultivate the taste, without corrupting the heart.

With all these prepossessions however in favor of translations, we did not augur much from a new one of the Georgics. That exquisite composition reckons among its translators some of the best poets of the two first languages of modern Europe. The Abbé de Lille has clothed it with a dignity which French verse had been thought incapable of maintaining on agricultural subjects: his notes form a most valuable and amusing commentary, nor do the feeble version and virulent critique of his antagonist Raux* appear to have shaken his well-founded pre-eminence. Dryden, though himself a poet not inferior to Virgil, took little pains to understand his author, and his translation, with

* Vid. Georgiques de Virgile traduites en vers Français, avec des remarques sur la traduction de M. l'Abbé de Lille.—Par I. F. Raux, Paris, 1802.

the

the exception of some brilliant passages, is upon the whole slovenly and paraphrastical. Warton corrected the inaccuracies and chastened the luxuriance of Dryden, but fell short of the vigor and majesty of Virgil. It was not till lately that Mr. Sotheby combined the excellencies without the defects of his predecessors, and gave us so perfect a specimen of translation, that those who can relish it, have little reason to regret their want of acquaintance with the original.

The two contemporaneous translations, therefore, which form the subject of this article, were not called for either by the small number or the indifferent quality of those that went before them, but were undertaken apparently in the mere sportiveness of literary leisure, and from a desire to break a lance with former competitors. But to wrest the prize from such hands as we have mentioned was arduous, and the attempt indicates a degree of self-confidence, which nothing but success could justify. Mr. Stawell, in his Introduction, informs us of a circumstance which by no means contributed to remove our unfavourable anticipations. A considerable portion, it seems, of this translation was written so long ago as the year 1785, when the author was an under-graduate in the University of Dublin. Now there is surely some degree of presumption in matching with the laboured productions of veteran and approved writers, the unripe fruit of his youthful studies. He has indeed bowed in almost triple obedience to the maxim of Horace; but few traces are discernible of the intermediate labour which alone can give the maxim any value. The work, by his own account, 'has lain in his desk *ever since*, till last year, when he was induced to resume and complete the version.' The reader will be surprised to hear that the inducement which tempted Mr. Stawell to disturb the repose of his MS. and bring forth 'treasures better hid,' was the appointment of an agricultural professor in the university of Edinburgh. This circumstance, coupled with the establishment of a philosophical institution at Cork, were to Mr. S. decisive proofs that the public mind had once more returned to a love of agriculture, and was at last worthy of enjoying that translation and those notes, which are to strengthen and perpetuate this happy propensity to tillage. But can any thing be more preposterous than to hold up the Georgics as a practical system of husbandry? No man at a loss how to manage his land, ever dreamed of recurring for directions to Virgil, or any of his annotators. The precepts of the Roman poet are always too obvious, or too obscure, or too exclusively adapted to the soil and

climate of Italy, to be of the least use to an English farmer. What would the latter say to Virgil's advice (I. 209,) to sow barley and flax at the autumnal equinox, or to beware of working on the fifth, or stealing on the ninth day of the month. The truth is, that among the readers of the Georgics there are very few who know, or care to know much about farming: The pomp and artifice of language which elevate the meanest subjects, and the variety of episode and allusion which relieve the driest, are attractions more powerful than the justness or utility of practical rules. Yet one instance recurs to our memory, in which an attempt was made to reduce the rules of the Mantuan to practice. A clergyman of our acquaintance purchased a few sheep to run in a lawn before his parlour window: an unfavorable season introduced the scab among his little flock, and as our friend was better acquainted with the Georgics than with the Transactions of the Board of Agriculture, he naturally, as Mr. Stawell would have done in a similar case, had recourse to the famous recipe of his oracle, Virgil, Geo. III. v. 448. Accordingly he took train oil, litharge, brimstone, bees wax, squills, hellebore and bitumen. One article he could not obtain, Idæan pitch, for which therefore he was obliged to substitute Norway tar. With this exquisite composition he proceeded to anoint his patients, who, to his astonishment, died very rapidly under his hand. When he had lost about two thirds, his friends persuaded him to call in the assistance of a neighbouring shepherd, who happily preserved the remainder by throwing the Mantuan unguent into a ditch! This astonished our friend yet more:—his confidence in Virgil, however, continued unshaken, for, to this hour, he attributes the failure of the experiment to the Norway tar!

The capital defect of Mr. Stawell's translation is the want of that high-wrought polish, that boldness approaching to majesty, which are indispensable if we wish to give the English reader an adequate idea of Virgil's excellence. There is a trailing languor in his verse, very unlike the spirited conciseness and easy flow of the original. His contrivances to lengthen and curtail are too apparent; and we seem to behold him, like another Procrustes, alternately hewing and racking his lines, till they fit into couplets.

In the following passage (I. 139,) Virgil describes the progress of the arts in the reign of Jupiter:

> Tum laqueis captare feras, et fallere visco,
> Inventum; et magnos canibus circumdare saltus:

Atque

Atque alius latum fundâ jam verberat amnem,
Alta petens; pelagoque alius trahit humida lina.
Tum ferri rigor, atque argutæ lamina serræ,
(Nam primi cuneis scindebant fissile lignum.)
Tum variæ venere artes: Labor omnia vicit
Improbus, et duris urgens in rebus egestas.

Mr. Stawell translates it thus:

'Then beasts insnar'd gave all their freedom o'er,
And birds in trammels own'd invention's power.
Then too had man along the forest grounds
Pursu'd his game with toils and deep-ton'd hounds.
One the broad stream with casting net explores,
And the lash'd stream re-echoes to its shores.
Another weary drags his dripping line,
While seas seem deepening as he pulls the twine.
Then steel was temper'd from the mineral land,
And the saw's thin blade grated in their hand;
The wedge was all those early ages knew
To cleave the timber, that in splinters flew;
Then arts innumerous thro' the world appear'd,
Labour unweary ev'ry passage clear'd,
Want urg'd the way, for want is always heard.'

It would be wasting the reader's time to illustrate the assemblage of blunders that meet in this passage. He can scarcely fail to be struck with the nonsense of the two perfectly gratuitous lines tacked to the third and fourth of the Latin,—the prosaic intractability of his 10th verse, which no mouthing consistent with sense can mould into a line,—and the *bull* of the couplet which, having given 'those early ages' steel and the saw, denies that they had any means of dividing a tree but by wedges. We cannot resist the pleasure of inserting, as a contrast to those lumbering lines, the parallel translation of Mr. Sotheby, which in nearly half the number, and in less compass than the original itself, expresses the full meaning:

'Then snares and lime the beast and bird betray'd,
And deep-mouth'd hounds enclos'd the forest glade;
Light mashes lash'd the stream with circling sweep,
And weightier nets descending dragg'd the deep;
Then iron and the saw's shrill-grating edge
Eas'd the rude efforts of the forceful wedge:
Thus roused by varied wants new arts arose,
And strenuous labour triumph'd at its close.'

Mr.

Mr. Stawell takes several liberties, against which we should enter a formal protest, if we regarded them as the result of a studied system of innovation, and not, as we believe them to be, symptoms of his ignorance and imperfect powers of versification. For example, he more than once makes the last line of a paragraph rhyme with the *indented* line of the next (pp. 71 and 219,)—a thing common enough with the French, but quite inadmissible in English heroic verse. Another and still more unpardonable liberty is his altering the quantities of proper names. Thus he constrains us to read Cyllāvus, Onāger, Tisiphōne, Priăpus, &c. though it affects our nerves like the creaking of a rusty hinge.

Two other instances of the same fault occur in the following passage, so eminently beautiful in the original: II. 484.

> 'But if the blood congeal'd around my heart
> Forbid the muse from nature to impart,
> May I the fields and water'd vallies love!
> Bear me inglorious to the bosom'd grove!
> Oh! where the *Sperchius warbles* through the vale,
> Or Spartan choirs from *Taÿgētus** hail;
> In Hæmus' cooling glades I lay me down
> Amid the deep-o'ershading umbrage thrown.'

How could Mr. S. conceive that the ears of English scholars, ever tremblingly alive to syllabic quantity, would tolerate such monstrous anomalies? But, indeed, from the frequent recurrence of this practice, and the impossibility of justifying it on any rational grounds, we strongly suspect that the author began his translation while he should have been conning his prosodia, and was tagging couplets before he could scan an hexameter.

Among the minor faults we have to notice such ungraceful elisions as 'right and *wrong's* together hurl'd.' 'Dacians from conspiring Ister *'pall;'* and such mutual accomodation between senses as is implied in the expressions of '*tasting* a *sight*' p. 263, and '*feeling* a *sound*' p. 243.

With every possible help to the meaning of the original,

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* If Mr. Stawell can read Greek, he ought to know that the name of this mountain is always written with the short ă—

Ἠ κατα Ταυγέτου περιμηκέτου ἠ Ἐριμάνθου.—Odyss. I.

And Cicero, Propertius, Lucan, and Statius, uniformly make it a word of four syllables with the penult short. The ĭ in Sperchius, being the representative of a Greek diphthong, must be long.

Mr.

Mr. S. has sometimes contrived to miss it. Mellaque decussit foliis, he renders 'From leaves bade honey drop in viscid dew.' There is no authority for applying *mella* to the morbid affection of trees called honey-dew. The true meaning manifestly is, that in the reign of Jove, honey no longer dropped from the leaves as in the golden age—Flavaque de viridi stillabant ilice mella. Had Mr. S. forgotten that Virgil himself, in describing that age, had said (Ecl. 4, 30.) Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella. We might also mention under this head, though the error is common to him with all the translators except De Lille, that by not adopting the punctuation of Dr. Hunter's Edition,* he has overlooked the only chance of giving a consistent sense to an obscure passage, I, 195.

That we may not be suspected of selecting the vulnerable parts for quotation, we shall give his translation of the celebrated simile of the nightingale robbed of her young, on which he piques himself so much, that he particularly recommends it to the reader's attention, in a note.

'So from the poplar, in lamenting strains
For her lost young sad Philomel complains,
Which some rude peasant with unfeeling breast
Had mark'd, and tore unfeather'd from the nest.
She weeps the night:—sole-perch'd amid the grove,
Wailing the sorrows of her tortur'd love:—
Each falling note renews with fond despair,
Warble the woods, and sighs the wounded air.'

It would be the justest as well as the most severe criticism on this passage, to quote the corresponding lines of Mr. Sotheby.

We shall close our extracts with part of the fine description of a Scythian winter in the third book, l. 360, of the Georgics. Mr. Stawell's version, though much inferior to the original, is in his best stile.

'A sudden crust the flowing river feels,
And now its back sustains the glowing wheels;
Where ships had sail'd the loaded waggons pass,
And oft asunder snaps the brittle brass.

* The applause which Dr. Hunter receives for his amended reading could not be very grateful to him, if he was conscious it was not his own. We do not mean to say that his own sense and erudition may not have suggested it, but certain it is, that the reading was adopted, long before his edition, by De Lille, followed in his translations, and confirmed in a note by the very passage in Palladius, which Dr. H. quotes.

Their

Their clothes congeal upon the wearers' backs,
And wines, once liquid, cleave beneath the axe.
The ditches, late with stagnant waters full,
Have chang'd, and ice consolidates the pool;
And from their beards uncomb'd and matted hairs
The icicle in stiffened dropping *stares*.'

The notes are copious, and as far as they are selected from Martyn, De Lille, and the Delphin edition, may be useful to general readers. But the misplaced ambition of making a practical book, betrays him frequently into long and tiresome extracts from the Complete Farmer, and Tull's Horse-hoeing Husbandry. Virgil's precept, et sonitu terrebis aves, is expanded into a receipt for the construction of a scarecrow, and the note concludes with this profound reflection: 'The impudent familiarity of the sparrow should not be allowed to disgust us; who, by the destruction of insect eggs, almost repays the debt to vegetation contracted by his voraciousness.' We have long notes too on the astronomical part, the formation of the ancient plough, and other puzzling passages of Virgil; but after writing about it and about it, he leaves the subject in the same obscurity as before. It is vain, we believe, to attempt to throw new light on points so often and so ably discussed; and really the illustrations of the Georgics are so numerous and accessible, that we applaud Mr. Sotheby's forbearance in resting his fame on the simple dignity of, what is so rare in these days, a poem without a note.

We have dwelt so long on Mr. Stawell's translation, that we must be very brief in our observations on that of Mr. Deare. Its being in blank verse, is an objection *in limine*, which, we fear, will be fatal to it. That measure is altogether unfit for any but dramatic translations. It requires to support it a nervousness of diction, and sublime originality of thought, which can be looked for only in the free and unfettered exertions of transcendent genius. We know of no blank verse translation of an ancient poet that has become a favorite with the public. Pope's Iliad is in every body's hands; but who, even of Cowper's warmest admirers, ever reads his version of Homer? Mr. Good, chiefly from the same cause, has miserably failed in his Lucretius: and Dr. Trapp's blank version of Virgil is only saved from oblivion by the value of the notes. But though we condemn the choice of his measure, the execution possesses considerable merit. He has little of the intolerable harshness and bathos of Trapp, and with the advantage of being very close and literal, is not always deficient in elevation and felicity of language. We select, as a specimen,

specimen, part of Virgil's praise of a country life, which Mr. Deare thus renders:

> 'Ah! but too happy, if they knew their bliss,
> Are husbandmen; for whom the righteous earth,
> Far from discordant arms, pours forth her stores
> Of ready sustenance. What, if for them
> No lofty mansion from its ample porch
> Vomit each morn a sycophantic tide;
> What, if no decorated columns move
> The admiring crowd; no broider'd gold disguise
> Their simple vests, nor Grecian vase for them
> Project its graceful form; no Tyrian dye
> Their spotless wool, nor vitiating use
> Of eastern perfume taint their wholesome oil?
> Yet rest secure, and life that ne'er deceives;
> Rich in the various wealth of wide domains;
> Caves and the living lake; yet cooling vales
> And lowing herds and shaded slumbers sweet
> Are theirs: for them the woodland glade expands;
> Theirs are the pleasures of the chase; a youth
> Of labour patient and of frugal fare:
> Theirs the pure altar; theirs old age revered:
> Leaving 'mongst them her vestiges extreme,
> Departing Justice fled the haunts of men.'

This is about as much above Trapp as it is beneath Sotheby. In short, Mr. Deare must, we think, be satisfied with the praise, and it is no very high one, of having produced the best *blank verse* translation of the Georgics. We certainly read his book with more pleasure, or rather with less pain than Mr. Stawell's; but we cannot flatter him with the hope of being generally perused, while such translations as Sotheby's, Warton's, and Dryden's remain.

ART. VII. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Philip Sidney.* By Thomas Zouch, D.D. F.L.S. Prebendary of Durham. pp. 398. 4to. T. Payne, London. Wilson, York, 1808.

THE period in which Sir PHILIP SIDNEY flourished, considered, as it relates to Manners, is reproached with a fondness for the fopperies of chivalry. But we must not confound the

the fugitive customs of the age, with that spirit which fashions the minds of men, and reaches beyond the date of those artificial customs that rather disguise than produce it. The passion for arms, gallantry, and devotion, in its minutiæ and excess, may make men fight more than they need, love more than they ought, and pray perhaps at unsuitable times; but valour, sensibility, and patient suffering, are the noble results!

The universal favourite of this age was Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, the most accomplished character in our history, till Lord Orford startled the world by paradoxes, which attacked the fame established by two centuries. Singularity of opinion, vivacity of ridicule, and polished epigrams in prose, were the means by which this nobleman sought distinction: but he had something in his composition more predominant than his wit; a cold unfeeling disposition, which contemned literary men, at the moment that his heart secretly panted to share their fame; while his peculiar habits of society deadened every impression of grandeur in the human character.

Three volatile pages of petulance, however, have provoked the ponderous quarto before us. Biassed as we are in favour of Sidney, we find this a case of criticism somewhat nice to determine; for though we are willing to censure his Lordship for being much too brisk, we do not see that, therefore, we are to excuse his antagonist, for being much too saturnine.

The materials of these Memoirs present scarcely any thing new; they have already been used by Arthur Collins, in his account of the Sidney family, prefixed to the Sidney papers; and by Dr. Campbell, in the Biographia Britannica. The only novelty, is a long and uninteresting manuscript in the British Museum; a kind of biographical homily, containing an account of Sidney's death.

The life of Sidney, who died at little more than thirty, was chiefly passed in his travels; and had no claims on a volume of this size. Dr. Zouch has the merit, however, of giving a luminous disposition to his scanty materials: with these before us, we shall track him in his work, and ascertain whether his industry has always been vigilant, and his judgment enlightened by taste.

Sir Philip Sidney derived every advantage from two noble and excellent parents. His father, Sir Henry, was a sage, a statesman, and had even been a hero—but at this early period of life, the character of the mother is of some importance. She is thus described by Dr. Zouch.

'Nor

'Nor was his mother less illustrious, or less amiable—Mary, the eldest daughter of the unfortunate Duke of Northumberland, alienated from the follies and vanities of life, by those tragical events in her own family, of which she had been an eye-witness, she devoted herself, like Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, to an employment equally pleasing, useful, and honourable—the instruction of her children. It was her delight to form their early habits; to instil into their tender minds the principles of religion and virtue; to direct their passions to proper objects; to superintend not only their serious studies, but even their amusements.' p. 17.

We do not reproach this passage with a want of elegance, but of definitive ideas. We find, in this work, too many of these lax and general descriptions, which delineate nothing that is individual. The above description of Sir Philip Sidney's mother, may be let out for the use of any other: like those epitaphs on tombstones, which are used by the whole parish in turn. Biographers too often fail in the nice touches of the pencil, and Dr. Zouch has here dropt an affecting trait in the portrait of this mother, which Sir Fulke Greville has feelingly copied from the life. Alluding to the tragical events in her own family, the companion and the biographer of Sidney adds,

'She was of a large ingenuous spirit, *racked with native strength.* She chose rather to *hide herself* from the *curious eyes* of a *delicate time*, than come upon the stage of the world, with any manner of disparagement—the *mischance of sicknesse* having cast such a kind of veile over her excellent beauty, as the modesty of that sex doth—" Again—'This clearnesse of his father's judgment, and *ingenious sensiblenesse* of his mother's brought forth so happy a temper in their offspring.'

Here are distinctly indicated, the high spirit of *ancestry*, and the tender *melancholy* of the mother; features, entirely lost, in the portrait, blurred over by Dr. Zouch. He should have enquired whether the maternal character did not considerably influence that of Sir Philip himself. We have no doubt that it did. In his defence of his uncle Lord Leicester, he alludes, with this high-toned feeling to his descent—'I am a Dudley in blood, the duke's daughter's son—my chiefest honour is to be a Dudley.'

Sidney resembled 'the melancholy Gray;' like him, too, he seems never to have been a boy. The language of Sir Fulke Greville is that of truth and of the heart. 'I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him *other than a man*, with such staiednesse of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried

carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind; so as even his teachers found something in him to observe, and learn above that which they had usually read or taught. Which eminence by nature and industry, made his worthy father stile Sir Philip in my hearing (though I unseen) *Lumen familiæ suæ*, the light of his family.'

His father 'designed him for foreign travel and the business of a court very early.' He drew up a compendium of instruction, which Dr. Zouch has judiciously preserved; and accompanied it by a continued and ingenious commentary from two similar compositions of Sir Walter Rawleigh, and Sir Matthew Hale. The English wisdom of these three venerable fathers we love infinitely more, than we admire the polite cynicism of Rochefoucault and Chesterfield. This old-fashioned massy sense will, in every age, be valued by its weight.

The academical education of Sidney was completed at both the universities, and such was his subsequent celebrity, that his learned tutor chose to commemorate on his tomb, that 'He was *the tutor of Sir Philip Sidney*.' The same remarkable testimony to this extraordinary character, was given by his friend Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, on whose tomb was inscribed, as the most lasting of his honours, "Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and *friend to Sir Philip Sidney!*" When afterwards we find, that there was a long public mourning observed for his death, and that the eulogiums bestowed on him by the most eminent of his contemporaries, at home and abroad, are positive and definitive, it seems but an idle labour to refute the malicious ingenuity of Walpole —that light work of spangles and fillagree, Truth shivers at a single stroke into glittering atoms!

At that momentous period of life, when youth steps into manhood, was Sidney a most diligent student, a lover and a patron of all the arts; but his ruling passion was military fame. This he inherited from his father, who had distinguished himself on many occasions, and particularly, in single combat with a Scottish chieftain, whom he overthrew and stripped of his arms.

He left the university to commence his travels; Dr. Zouch informs us of a wise precaution of our ancestors on this head.

'In those days, when travelling was considered as one of the principal causes of corrupt morals, a wise and sound policy dictated the expediency

expediency of observing the most rigid circumspection in permitting the English nobility and gentry to visit distant countries; and in general no persons were permitted to go abroad, except merchants, and those who were intended for a military life.'

The royal licence was granted by the Queen on the 25th of May, 1572, and runs in this manner. 'For her trusty and well-beloved Philip Sidney, Esquire, to go out of England into parts beyond the Seas, with three servants and four horses; to remain during the space of *two years*, for his attaining the *knowledge of foreign languages.*'

The Earl of Leicester recommended him to Sir Francis Walsingham, our ambassador in France, whose daughter Sidney afterwards married. Charles IX. received him with unusual kindness, and made him a gentleman of his chamber. This must have been one of the artifices to trepan the Protestants; for Sidney had scarcely taken the oaths to his perfidious master, ere he became a spectator of the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Dr. Zouch has with much curiosity and judgment collected the numerous Catholic testimonies, many of them written by eminent scholars, approving and applauding this sanguinary scene. Let the lesson perpetually instruct. He accounts for the seeming apathy of the court on the occasion, by the political wisdom of Elizabeth: but the emphatic language which her ministers employed, expresses their abhorrence of the crime. We regret that we cannot transcribe the fine picture of the silent resentment of the English court, when the French ambassador passed through the circle, as described by himself.

At Paris, Sidney was seen and admired by Henry IV. the young king of Navarre. 'He used him (says Fulke Greville) like an equal in nature, and fit for friendship with a king.'

At Frankfort, he lodged at the house of Andrew Wechel, one of the learned printers of the sixteenth century. Here he found Hubert Languet, and here he formed his memorable friendship with that bright ornament of literature, who was then resident minister from the Elector of Saxony. It was usual at this time for scholars to lodge in the houses of eminent printers. Robert Stephens had frequently ten learned men in his house, all of them foreigners, who occasionally corrected his proofs.

Languet combined with universal erudition, that keen sagacity which discovers the real characters of men; his expertness, in the conduct of political affairs, placed him in the confidence and employment of several princes, while the suavity of his manners and

the classic elegance of his style, won him the hearts of all literary men. Such was the person whom young Sidney (for he had not yet reached his twentieth year) adopted as his friend, and revered as his master. Their communication suffered no interruption from time or place. His pupil thus elegantly commemorates, in his unfinished Arcadia, the wisdom and the learning of his friend, while he paints himself with the most delicate modesty.

> 'The song I sang, old LANGUET had me taught;
> LANGUET, the shepherd best swift Ister knew,
> For clearkly reed, and hating what is naught,
> For faithful heart, clean hands, and mouth as true.
> With his sweet skill, my skilless youth he drew.
> To have a feeling taste of him that sits
> Beyond the heaven; far more beyond your wits.
> * * * * * *
> With old true tales he wont mine ears to fill,
> How shepherds did of yore, how now they thrive——
> He liked me, but pitied lustful yonth;
> His good strong staff my slippery years up bore;
> He still hoped well, because I loved truth.'

The character of Languet has not been ill drawn by Dr. Zouch; but towards the conclusion he is not fortunate. He first compares Languet to Socrates, and Sidney to Alcibiades. then seized by an orgasm for parallels, he proceeds to another which he likes better, namely, of Languet to Mentor, and Sidney to Telemachus. Elsewhere he compares Sidney to Alexander the Great, inasmuch as they died at the same age. All these parallels are not in the manner of Plutarch. There is too much of this grave trifling; we hope the author's sermons are more lively.

At Vienna, Sidney seems to have perfected himself in those noble accomplishments of the cavalier, with which Count Balthassar Castiglione has adorned his courtier. He practised manly and martial exercises, tennis, and music; and he studied horsemanship with particular attention. In his 'Defence of Poetry' he alludes to the partiality of his equestrian preceptor Pugliano, in favour of his own professional occupation.

This man, who had the place of an equerry in the Emperor's stables, spoke so eloquently of that noble animal the horse, of his beauty, his faithfulness and his courage, that his pupil facetiously

tiously says, 'if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse.' In the second book of the Arcadia, he has finely described the management of this animal.—The works of a man of genius are thus frequently the records of his own feelings; these self-notices, in which our best writers abound, have not been gleaned with sufficient care by their biographers.

From Venice, the seat of libertinism, Sidney soon retired to Padua, where he applied to the sciences of geometry and astronomy. His constitutional delicacy and his disposition tinged with thoughtful melancholy, induced Languet to admonish him not to neglect his health, 'lest he should resemble a traveller, who during a long journey, attends to himself, but not to his horse.'

We have now a specimen of the *new mode of writing History*, which enables the ingenious inventors to give us the particulars of an event that never took place. Our author, having discovered that Tasso resided at Padua when Sidney was there, by the assistance of a certain historian (whose name appears to be LITTLE DOUBT) has boldly described their interview. The reader may take the following extract, as a fair specimen how the secret history of Queen Mab may yet be written in the most authentic manner!

'The celebrated Tasso was then *resident at Padua*, and there is LITTLE DOUBT Mr. Sidney visited this seat of learning, with a desire *to partake of the conversation of our poet*. The ardour with which they met, may be *more easily conceived*, than described. Both of them glowing with all the fire of native genius, and equally emulous to excel in every thing honourable, &c. &c. How fervent, &c. &c. must their friendship have been!' p. 66.

'Sidney,' says Dr. Zouch, 'left Venice and came to Padua, June, 1574.' p. 65. 'The celebrated Tasso was then resident at Padua.' p. 66. Now we must inform Dr. Z. that in 1574, Tasso was 'resident' at Ferrara. A meeting took place there between Henry III. then returning to France, and Alphonso, the patron of Tasso; and the poet accompanied the Duke to Venice, July, 1574. There he indulged in the festivities of the place, to the neglect of his 'Jerusalem,' till he was seized with a quartan fever. From Venice he went back to Ferrara, and was confined there all the winter by extreme debility. All this appears in a letter of the poet to the Pronotary Porzia, inserted in Serassi's elaborate and most interesting 'Life of Tasso.'

Tasso was, indeed, at Padua, during the month of March, 1575, consulting the critics of the academy there; and we are inclined to suspect that criticism contributed even more than love, to derange the irritable faculties of this too-feeling poet. Now, Sidney, by the Doctor's own account, p. 82, returned to England, through Germany, passing through various cities, in May, 1575, so that the whole of this rapturous superstructure is overthrown. We are sorry thus to differ from Dr. Zouch; but our duty to the publick will not permit us to see this LITTLE DOUBT, under the sanction of his authority, ranked among the Bayles, the Johnsons, or even the Birches of the day. We are convinced that *Sidney never had an interview with Tasso.* An event so interesting in the life of a poet, he who commemorated characters and events of less importance, had certainly not buried in silence.

We are informed of a fact highly curious and characteristic of the age, that when Sidney conversed with the literati of the church of Rome, his English friends, as well as Languet, suspected that he was becoming a proselyte. The latter conjured him not to go to Rome, that seat of ancient glory, which had inflamed the curiosity of his classic mind. Sidney followed the harsh counsel, and regretted it ever after. Since Rome was forbidden, he projected a journey to Constantinople, in which Languet acquiesced; and probably would have preferred that Sidney should become a Turk, rather than a Papist!

Languet darkens the Italian character. He trembles for the purity of Sidney's morals, 'now whiter than snow,' and describes the subtle craftiness of the Genoese, the dissolving libertinism of the Venetians, and the theological machiavelism of the Romans.

There is no reason to think that the mind of Sidney was ever tainted; he followed his pious father's admonition, 'To be always virtuously employed.'

On his return to England, he became the admiration and delight of the English court. The queen called him 'her Philip.'* Elizabeth, with such ambiguous coquetry, gratified at once her political sagacity and her feminine vanity; all her favourites had some endearing nick-name, or shared in some tender caress of royal courtesy. Sidney made his gratitude picturesque, in a masque of 'The Lady of the May!'

* In opposition, perhaps, to her sister's Philip; for Sidney's father had given him this name to flatter Mary's fondness for her husband.

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In 1576, at an age not much exceeding twenty years, Sidney was appointed ambassador at the court of Vienna; the ostensible purpose was to condole with the emperor Rodolph, on the demise of his father; the concealed one, was more important: It was to unite the Protestant princes in the defence of their common cause against Rome and the overwhelming tyranny of Spain, at this period the terror of Europe.

The choice of young Sidney to fill this situation is the clearest evidence of his distinguished character—and indeed his successful termination of the embassy confirms it.

Dr. Zouch observes 'The Queen's own penetration and discernment had promoted him to this appointment. It is remarked of this Princess, that in the choice of her ambassadors, she had a regard not only to the talents, but even to the figure and person of those to whom she consigned the administration of her affairs abroad.'

Our young ambassador has given a full narrative of his embassy in an official letter to Walsingham, and it will be considered as a splendid testimony of political address and maturity of genius, very far above his years. He extorted unqualified approbation from Burleigh, the jealous rival of his uncle Leicester. After describing his interviews with the emperor, and the rest of the imperial family, he proceeds thus:—

'The rest of the daies that I lay there I informed myself as well as I coold of such particularities as I received in my instructions; as 1 of the Emperor's disposition; and his brethren; 2 by whose advice he is directed; 3 When it is likely he should marry; 4 What Princes in Germany are most affected to him; 5 In what state he is left for revenews; 6 What good agreements there is betwixt him and his brethren. 7 And what partage they have. In these things I shall at my return more largely declare. The Emperor is holy (wholly) by his inclination given to the warres, few of wordes, sullain of disposition, very secrete and resolute, nothing the manners his father had in winninge men in his behaviour, but yet constant in keeping them: and such a one, as, though he promise not much outwardly, but as the Latins say, *aliquid in recessu;* his brother Earnest much lyke him in disposition, but, that he is more franke, and forward, which perchance the necessity of his fortune argues him to be: both extremely *Spaniolated.*' p. 93.

These are some of the mysteries of diplomacy; high matters, which serve to prove (if proof were necessary) that an ambassador in all ages, is, as some one has coarsely said, a privileged spy.

Sidney had not yet attained his twenty-fifth year, when he was

known to the most eminent personages in Europe. William the First, Prince of Orange, emphatically described him 'as one of the ripest and greatest Counsellors of State at that day in Europe.' The correspondence between these two great men turned on the political state of Europe, and we have to regret its loss.

Sidney must indeed have been the extraordinary character which history records; since he could even extort admiration from Don Juan of Austria, the Spanish viceroy in the Netherlands: a man haughty with military fame, and whose banner floated with an inscription of Extermination to the Protestant faith. Dr. Zouch thus gives his character.

'Nothing could be more discordant than this man, and the English ambassador. At first he looked with contempt on his youth, and with all the insolence of national pride, scarcely deemed him worthy of his notice. Yet such are the charms of intrinsic merit; so attractive the beauty of genuine excellence, that we find the haughty and imperious Spaniard struck, as it were, with reverential awe, at the view of pre-eminent goodness, and contributing a just and involuntary applause to the fine talents, and high endowments of our ancient countryman.'

Here, however, we find the fault, which prevails throughout this work; an indistinctness of description, which loses itself, in what we may term, the *volubility of the pen.* Had the author freed himself from some of this redundance of language, he might have found leisure to give us the fact to which he alluded: We recollect what Philip of Spain, no admirer of heretics, declared on the death of Sidney, that 'England had lost in one moment, what she might not produce in an age!'

Sidney distinguished himself as the advocate of his father, against a faction who had drawn up articles of impeachment on his administration in Ireland; his father was reinstated in the Queen's favour. But the fervent spirit of Sidney, in every thing which touched his romantic feelings of honour, had nearly involved him in an open quarrel with the Earl of Ormond. He chose to be sullenly silent when the Earl addressed him. But the Earl conducted himself more nobly, by saying, 'he would accept no quarrel from a gentleman, who is bound by nature to defend his father's cause, and who is furnished with so many virtues as he knows Mr. Philip to be.'

When Elizabeth's proposed marriage with the Duke of Anjou divided the nation into two parties, Sidney was foremost among the strenuous opposers of that mischievous design. He addressed a letter to her Majesty, which Hume has justly characterised for its

its elegance, and its forcible reasoning. The head of the French faction (for even in better times, France found a faction among the dissolute and the desperate part of the nation) was the Earl of Oxford, a man of ruined fortune, and blasted reputation. Some altercation ensued, in which the Earl scornfully called Sidney 'a puppy!' A challenge passed between them, but the Queen interposed. Her argument must have mortified the haughty spirit of Sidney—it turned on 'the difference in degree between *Earls* and *Gentlemen*;' and 'how the *Gentleman's* neglect of the *Nobility* taught the *Peasant* to insult both.' Sidney, with adroit flattery, converted the argument of her Majesty to its own confutation, by appealing to her, who 'had willed that her Sovereignty should be guided by the same laws, as her people.—The Earl of Oxford was a great lord, yet he was no lord over him.—and therefore the difference of degrees between *Freemen*, could not challenge any other homage, than precedency." The Queen was not displeased with this elevated strain from her knight—Sidney, however, incapable of submission, retired from Court. Some of these particulars may be found in the narrative of Fulke Greville; they are not detailed in Dr. Zouch.

In his retreat at Wilton, the seat of his brother in law, the Earl of Pembroke, he planned his 'Arcadia,' and on the pannels of one of the apartments several of its scenes were painted. 'The Defence of Poetry' was the more perfect fruit of those happy and contemplative days.

Languet had often seriously exhorted his young friend not to imitate his royal mistress in her preference of a life of celibacy. In 1583, Sidney married the daughter of Walsingham, whom Jonson congratulates in one of his Epigrams. He was also knighted, an honour which like all others, the Queen 'bestowed with frugality and choice.'

Sidney had not yet obtained, what he seems to have long desired—some splendid occasion to manifest his heroic disposition. When Sir Francis Drake returned from his first expedition, the novelty of his discoveries, and perhaps the treasures he poured into the Queen's coffers, inflamed the nation. Foreigners, indeed, considered Drake as the greatest pirate that ever infested the seas; but in England, he was admired as a new Columbus. Shakespeare alludes to this temporary passion of the times:

> "Some to the wars to try their fortune there;
> "Some to discover Islands far away."
>
> *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

Weary of inaction, and inspired by a romantic fancy of founding a new empire of his own, of which Sir Fulke Greville has given a most extraordinary account, Sidney secretly planned with Drake, to join him in his second expedition. Dr. Zouch tells but half his tale; Sir Fulke Greville has supplied many curious particulars. After giving a sketch of this wild design, he details the shrewd inventions which Sidney condescended to practise, to reach Plymouth, 'overshooting Walsingham in his own bow;' and his bold contrivance to intercept the Queen's messenger, by employing two Soldiers in disguise, to take his letters from him; nor would he leave Plymouth till the Queen dispatched a Peer to command his immediate return. These and other facts, which Dr. Zouch seems purposely to conceal in his perpetual panegyric, are surely of importance; they let us a little into the character of Sidney—his sullen conduct to the Earl of Ormond; his letter to his father's steward, threatening his life, on a rash supposition that he betrayed his correspondence; his virulent defence of his uncle; all these were the sins of his youth: his infirmity was rashness and impetuosity of temper.

An honour, less ambiguous than a West India expedition, was reserved for Sidney. His friends abroad named him as a competitor for the elective Crown of Poland, in 1585. That character must approach to excellence, which could create a party among distant foreigners, uninfluenced by corruption, to offer a crown to an English knight!

The Queen, however, one historian writes, was 'jealous of losing the jewel of her times,' and another, that 'she was jealous that any of her subjects should be kings.' I will not allow, said Elizabeth, that my sheep shall be marked with a stranger's mark; nor that they follow the whistle of a foreign shepherd!

The Queen opened a fairer field of honour in appointing Sidney to the government of Flushing, having resolved to assist the Protestant inhabitants of the Netherlands against Spanish oppression. His uncle Leicester, who afterwards disappointed England and her allies, by his want of wisdom and military skill, followed, with an army. On this intercourse of the English with the Flemish, Dr. Zouch appositely observes from Camden, that "The English, which of all the northern nations had been the least drinkers, learned by these *Netherland Wars*, to drown themselves with immoderate drinking, and by drinking to other's health, to impair their own." A philosophical antiquary may discover, in our continental wars, the origin of many of our worst customs, and not a few of our vices.

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In this first, and last campaign, of the young hero, he marked his short career, by enterprize and invention — combining these ardent military qualities with that penetration and prudence which form a great general. Before he entered into action, he warmed his soldiers by a patriotic address; he revived the ancient discipline of order and silence in his march; and when he was treacherously invited to take Gravelin, he only ventured a small detachment of his army, by which means, the rest were saved. He was the soldiers' friend, and remunerated them, in proportion to their merits, out of his private fortune.

In the hope, but scarcely having yet attained to the pride, of military fame, fell the Marcellus of his country and his age! In a skirmish before Zutphen, 'so impetuous that it became a proverbial expression among the Belgian soldiers to denote a most severe and ardent conflict,' Sidney, having one horse shot under him, and mounting a second, rushed forward to recover Lord Willoughby, surrounded by the enemy. He succeeded, and continued the fight till he was wounded by a bullet in the left knee.

The most beautiful event in his life, was his death; from the moment he was wounded, and thirsty with excess of bleeding, when he turned away the water from his own lips, to give it to a dying soldier, with these words, 'Thy necessity is still greater than mine!' to his last hour, he marked the grandeur, and the tenderness of his nature.

Dr. Zouch informs us that "an ode which was composed by him on the nature of his wound, discovered a mind perfectly serene and calm." We wish our author had been satisfied with having informed us of this fact; but he proceeds with a strange and superfluous apology for a dying poet composing an ode.

'These efforts of his expiring muse will not surely *subject* him to *censure* and *reproach*. It is *impossible* to *suggest* that they were disfigured by any sentiments of *rashness* and *impiety*. They were exercised on a subject of the most serious nature, on a wound which was likely to terminate in death.'

This paragraph is a fair specimen of the literary merits of this work; the author is never satisfied with telling all he knows—for he seems oppressed by a flux of phrases. It is a ridiculous anxiety, to be alarmed for the *piety* of his hero, in writing a death-bed ode. Were not the odes of David composed by the same feelings, under the influence of the most trying occasions?

Other

Other particulars are recorded of his death, which give a most interesting picture of his heroism, his philosophy, and his religion.

The night before he died, leaning upon a pillow in his bed, he wrote a short, but pathetic, note to a physician; and an epistle to a divine, in elegant latin, which for 'its pithiness of matter,' was presented to the queen.—He conversed on the immortality of the soul, and compared the conjectures of the pagan philosophy with the truths of revelation. On the day he died, he affixed a codicil to his will; and called for music, and particularly for the ode which has made Dr. Zouch so uneasy, 'to procure repose to his disordered frame.' With the same dignified composure he bade adieu to his brother; and exhorted him to cherish his friends; 'their faith to me may assure you that they are honest.' He made an extempore prayer before his death—a circumstance which renews the Doctor's uneasiness. He conjures up a question, which he cannot lay, concerning 'public worship led by a layman.' 'We are *not hence to conclude*,' he writes, 'that Sidney professed a religion peculiar to himself; nor that he derived any singular sentiments from Languet; &c.'—by which means, we are furnished with a page of articles that we are not to conclude about.

Of the interminable narrative of Sidney's death, written by Mr. George Giffard, a preacher of the times, we should have been thankful to Dr. Zouch had he taken the pains to have read and not printed it: but to the eyes of an antiquary, there is something magical in a MS.

We regret to find that the last moments of Sidney were disturbed by the mis-directed piety of this Mr. Giffard, who never ceased 'proving to him by testimonies and infallible reasons out of the scriptures' every thing that came into his head. When Sidney was in the last agony, (says the MS.) and all natural heat and life were almost utterly gone out of him; that his understanding had failed, and that it was *to no purpose to speak any more to him*—'then it was that the aforesaid Mr. Giffard made a long speech, and required the expiring Sidney "to hold up his hand," which we thought *he could scarce have moved*.' Documents of this kind are more fanatic than historical; and more tedious than fanatic.

The manes of Sidney received every honour, public and private, domestic and foreign. Never died an Englishman so universally lamented. All the world remembered him but his own family—and no monument was raised to his name. Men like Sidney,

Sidney, indeed, build their own monuments; yet we cannot admit that considerations of this nature furnish a legitimate plea for the parsimony of their heirs.

Such was Sir Philip Sidney. But was this singular character exempt from the frailties of human nature? If we rely on Dr. Zouch, we shall not discover any; if we trust to Lord Orford, we shall perceive little else. The truth is, that had Sidney lived, he might have grown up to that ideal greatness which the world adored in him; but he died early—not without some errors of youth. His fame was more mature than his life, which, indeed, was but the preparation for a splendid one. We discern that future greatness (if we may use the expression) in the noble termination of his early career, rather than in the race which he actually ran. The life of Sidney would have been a finer subject for the panegyric of a Pliny, than for the biography of a Plutarch; his fame was sufficient for the one, while his actions were too few for the other.

It may be useful to notice some of the aspersions of Lord Orford on our favourite character.

'He died with the rashness of a Volunteer,' says he, 'after having lived to write with the *sang-froid*, and prolixity of Mademoiselle Scudery,' and he quotes the observation of Queen Elizabeth on Essex—'We shall have him knock'd o' the head, like that rash fellow Sidney.' On the day Sidney received his fatal wound, it appears that observing the marshal of the camp lightly armed, he threw off his cuisses, merely, according to Sir Fulke Greville's account, 'to venture without any inequalitie.' p. 143. Dr. Zouch has not given the occasion of this act, which we see was a mere heroic bravado, which sober critics like ourselves do not presume to comprehend. Dr. Zouch has made an ingenious observation on the defect of our military institutions in the sixteenth century, at page 336, but he has not defended his hero from this accusation of rashness. Yet this may still be done; for the valour of Sidney was founded on *fatalism*, like that of many other eminent military characters. William III. used to say, that every bullet had its billet; and that this was the opinion of Sidney, appears by what he affirmed after he had received his wound, 'that God did send the bullet, and commanded it to stryke him.' The system of *fatalism* must not be discouraged among our heroes; and it will sufficiently defend Sidney, from 'the rashness' attributed to him by one who was no hero himself.

When Lord Orford apologised in his second edition for having past by Sidney's 'Defence of Poetry,' he acknowledged 'that

'that he had forgotten it; a proof,' he adds, 'that I at least did not think it sufficient foundation for so high a character as he acquired.' This is mere malignity. Sidney had diligently read the best Latin and Italian commentaries on Aristotle's Poetics, and these he has illustrated with the most correct taste and the most beautiful imagery. It is a work of love; and the luminous order of criticism is embellished by all the graces of poetry.

The Arcadia is a posthumous and unfinished work, and was composed, as he himself tells his sister, 'in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest by sheets sent unto you, as fast as they were don.' 'For severer eyes,' he adds, 'it is not; being but a trifle, and triflingly handled.' It was his earnest request on his death-bed, that the Arcadia should be destroyed. The Countess of Pembroke collected and published the fugitive leaves, and with a sisterly fondness, called them "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." Such is the history of a work, which the gallantry of criticism should have spared.

Of this romance Dr. Zouch has given a curious and copious account; it was read with avidity and delight in an age when pageants and pastorals were familiar to the eye and the ear; even in the present times, congenial fancy can kindle over Arcadian scenery; and a poet never dies, while there lives another poet of his nation.

Art. VIII. *The Credibility of the Jewish Exodus, defended against some Remarks of Edward Gibbon, Esq. and the Edinburgh Reviewers.* By the Rev. W. Cockburn, A.M. Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, late Fellow of St. John's College, and Morning Preacher at Woburn Chapel. pp. 93. cr. 8vo. London. Hatchard, 1809.

WE shall be always ready to defend the cause of Revelation ourselves, and to encourage the defence of it by others. We shall not however permit every raw recruit to place himself in the ranks at pleasure, much less to lead others into battle. The theological combatant must have other requisites besides his own 'dira cupido.' It is the sensible advice of St. Paul, to 'take to ourselves the whole armour of God.' We would therefore advise Mr. Cockburn to get his 'helmet,' 'sword,' and 'shield' from

from the proper armoury, before he ventures to sustain the 'fiery darts' of the enemy of the faith.

Mr. C. undertakes to refute an insinuation of Gibbon against the truth of the Mosaick History; and at the same time, to satisfy the doubts of the Edinburgh Reviewers, who are said to have adopted the objection of the Historian, and added to its force by stating it anew in terms of their own.

'The contemporaries of Moses and Joshua,' says Mr. Gibbon, had beheld with careless indifference the most amazing miracles: under the pressure of every calamity the belief of those miracles has preserved the Jews of a later period from the universal contagion of idolatry; and in contradiction to every known principle of the human mind, that singular people seems to have yielded a stronger, and more ready assent to the traditions of their remote ancestors than to the evidence of their own senses.'

But how has Mr. C. performed his task? Unluckily he has written an introductory chapter, and laid down certain preliminary principles which he wishes us to regard as necessary to the due investigation of the main question. His principles however are at war with the subject, as he states it himself from the Old Testament. What is more extraordinary, he does not seem to be aware of the contradiction, but insists alternately on the one and the other, till the reader is bewildered together with the writer.

Who could imagine that the advocate for the truth of the miracles recorded in the Mosaick History, would begin with such observations as these,—that the Exodus took place, 'if at all,' a long while ago,—that men were then very ignorant in comparison with the fortunate and enlightened cognoscenti who flourish in the nineteenth century,—that therefore they were inadequate judges of physical events, and that the common ebbing and flowing of the tide might be regarded by the Israelites as a miraculous event, &c. &c. Having thus degraded the people whose history he undertakes to defend, his next step is to degrade the Divine Wisdom. The followers of Moses were, it seems, so devoid of modern science (indeed it does not appear that they were at any time furnished with Institutions and Lecturers in Natural Philosophy) that even real miracles might have no more effect upon them than common physical occurrences. 'Something miraculous *appears* to have been done; but we are so little capable of judging, and so liable to be deceived, that we cannot determine whether it were so or not.' p. 8. And from this sort of

of reasoning it would appear, that the miracles attending the deliverance from Egypt were of little or no use:—they made scarcely any impression upon the mind, and were therefore wasted upon a people who wanted capacity to judge of them. Hence Providence is represented as making absurd demonstrations of wisdom and power, as offending even against an Hebrew Proverb, and casting pearls before swine.

It is fortunate that Mr. C. now ends his reflections, and takes up the Exodus, as it is related by Moses. Here at length he is correct. Indeed he cannot be otherwise: for such is the inherent and invincible truth of the History, that while he follows it chapter by chapter, and verse by verse, he is compelled to be right. Now then we find, not only that the miracles were real, but that they were known and acknowledged to be such. 'Moses exhibits *stupendous proofs* of supernatural power,' and the people, struck with awe, 'implicitly obey every minute command issued by this favoured oracle of heaven.' p. 12. He adduces a number of instances to prove the point at issue, and justly infers from them that 'the miracles were not beheld with careless indifference.' p. 13. On the contrary, they were witnessed with humiliation, and amazement; and the consequence was immediate obedience to the servant of God. But amidst this conclusion, what becomes of Mr. C.'s preliminary principles? While he refutes G. he unawares refutes himself; for assuredly, they who could not distinguish natural from miraculous events, were not precisely the people upon whom miracles can be supposed to have had the striking effects which he describes.

It would have been well if Mr. C. had contented himself with extracting the plain truth from the scriptures; but no part of his book is safe from the intrusion of his spruce philosophy. He ought to have rested in the conclusion which the History so strongly supports, that the offences committed by the Israelites, fully confessed as they are, and occurring through a considerable space of time, are not numerous; and that occasional relapses into idolatry might naturally be expected from a people bred in Egypt, the sink of polytheism, notwithstanding the miracles displayed before their eyes, and acknowledged by themselves, at the moment, as proofs of divine power. But, fearing lest he should have conceded too much, he shews a great inclination to demonstrate that the idolatry of the Israelites was not idolatry, but an innocent, civil sort of thing, meant perhaps as a compliment to the true God!

These strange sentiments occur in his relation of the behaviour of

of the Israelites while Moses continued in the Mount. They made the 'molten calf,' ascribed to it their deliverance from Egypt, and incurred the guilt of idolatry,—a guilt repeatedly charged on them by Moses and the succeeding prophets. But Mr. C. imagines that the 'God of Moses' was still the object of their reverence: and to make this good, he widens his position, and informs us, that neither in this nor any other instance of image worship, does it appear 'that the Israelites, *or any other adorers of images*, intended to pay homage to the particular piece of mechanism, but to some invisible Deity whom they conceived to delight in such a residence.' p. 22. With this contrivance he covers the present image worship of the Romish church. 'We cannot call this idolatry among the Roman Catholics.'—p. 25. Is Mr. C. serious? He may quote some Encyclopedia in his favour, (and we are sorry to see him relying upon such authority) but it would have been better if he had remembered the homilies of his church. Our reformers spoke another language. On the worship of images they have bestowed the same appellation, which we find in the Prophets. The philosophy of Mr. C. may be shocked; but they have called it downright idolatry.

We could point out other instances of the same crude and injudicious mode of interpretation—but we have said enough. Less than this however we could not say. It is indeed no trivial matter. Mr. C. chuses to write on the Bible in his character of 'Christian Advocate' in one of our universities; and we must take the liberty of reminding him of the consequences which may arise from hasty and unsound publications like the present. Some young reader will probably feel a want of conviction from his reasoning, and attribute to the scriptures a deficiency which belongs only to Mr. C. Those indeed who are acquainted with the minds of youth, well know how quick they are in detecting failures, and how incompetent to form sound conclusions for themselves.

We would advise him too (nor is this an unimportant point to a person in Mr. C.'s situation) to look with more caution to his stile. He is fond of words better adapted to poetry than prose. His sentences are harsh and rugged, and his notion of sustaining a metaphor is not the most correct. 'If when the Old Serpent, the foe of man pricks them to iniquity, and bites them to blaspheme, instead of yielding themselves a willing prey to death, they would turn, like the Israelites, their penitent eyes on him who was lifted up on high, like the brazen serpent in the wilderness,' &c.

One word yet remains on that part of Mr. C.'s tract which relates

relates to the Edinburgh Reviewers. He begins with protesting that he 'sincerely believes them to be Christians.' They have scarcely made their bow in acknowledgment of so unexpected a compliment, when he turns round, and charges them with the 'light manner in which they sometimes treat sacred subjects.' He applies this to the point in question, and quotes the support which they have given to the 'dangerous and improper paragraph of Mr. Gibbon.' We are informed too, that they have left the objection without one word in reply, or in diminution of the difficulty; that they have given an increased currency to this piece of sceptiscism, weakened perhaps the religion of some, and 'raised doubts to the prejudice of revelation which did not previously exist.' p. 93. Is Mr. C. in his senses? Or does he suppose his readers blind to his self-contradictions? Can he conscientiously affirm of those to whom he attributes so marked an hostility to revelation, that he 'sincerely believes them to be Christians?' No; let Mr. C. chuse his ground, and maintain it, if he can: but let him not trim between two parties. Let him retract his charge, or his compliment. It may indeed be convenient to him to parry, in this double manner, the blow which his terror makes formidable: but the world will know what to think of a man who inveighs against infidelity, in support of his own character and station, and who is ready to sooth literary wrath at the expence of the cause of which he steps forth as the advocate.

Art. IX. *Speeches of the Right Honourable John Philpot Curran, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, on the late very Interesting State Trials.* pp. 475. 8vo. Dublin, J. Stockdale and Sons. London, Mawman, 1808.

THE title of this volume does not convey an accurate idea of its contents. There are but six speeches of Mr. Curran on trials for state crimes, the remainder of the volume being occupied with his speeches on various cases, which, though of a different description, attracted much of the public attention; and with some of his most celebrated speeches in the Irish House of Commons. It is offered to the public without the sanction of his authority; but we are disposed to consider it, with some important exceptions, as a report, on the general accuracy of which it is not unsafe to rely. The editor is probably a member of the same learned profession with Mr. Curran: if

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we may judge from the preface, he is a man of some literary attainments; and his esteem of his hero, his admiration of his talents, and the attachment which he professes to his political opinions, all of which feelings border on the excessive, must have prompted him to every exertion in the construction of the monument he has attempted to raise to his fame.

The Parliamentary speeches, though by no means deficient in passages which the admirers of Mr. Curran will delight to quote as happy instances of the peculiarities of his manner, seem to be the least correct; in preparing for the press his addresses in the Courts of Law, a greater degree of industry has evidently been exerted. We think it right to take the earliest opportunity of making our readers acquainted with a work that has obtained, as might be expected, a very extensive circulation, and acquired much celebrity, among a large portion of our fellow subjects.

We entertain the greatest possible doubt of the prudence of this publication, whether regarded in its consequences to the reputation of Mr. Curran, or to that of the literature and good taste of the country which considers him as one of its most distinguished ornaments: and are very strongly inclined to think that the editor would have acted more wisely in taking a hint from the *modesty of the Orator's genius* (Preface iii) *which, undervaluing its own productions, prevented him from revising and correcting the work*, and risking his character, in the eyes of posterity, on the popularity and applause he has acquired from his contemporaries; than in submitting the justness of his claims to those honours, to the cool discussion of the closet, and to an unavoidable comparison with those rules and examples, by which the judgment of his fellow subjects in this island must necessarily be influenced. The wreath which many a melting congregation has bound round the brows of an admired pulpit orator, has often been untwined by the rude and vulgar hand of his own printer.

In every great convulsion which agitates a free nation, they who espouse the cause inimical to that of the existing government, are furnished with a variety of expedients for acquiring the shouts and huzzas of the multitude; but when the fury of the moment has past away, and some enemy, or some friend more cruel than the fiercest enemy, attempts to record the *verba fugacia*, by which this tempest appeared to be excited, an appeal is made to a tribunal, of which the decrees are by no means so likely to be favourable to the permanency of their reputation, as the opinions of those who listened to their eloquence, or esti-

mated its merits from its temporary effects. We are anxious not to be misunderstood. Far be it from us to say, that nothing will be found in this volume to justify Mr. Curran's pretensions to the high reputation which he has earned: it contains enough to satisfy every candid and intelligent mind that his endowments are of no ordinary degree; but comparing our own impressions, after perusing it, with those we entertained when we judged of him only by the space which he fills in the eyes of his countrymen, we should deal unfairly by the public, were we not to repeat our conviction that it will not contribute to exalt his own individual character, or convey a very flattering opinion of the refinement and literary taste of his native country.

Whatever defects may be found in the effusions of Mr. Curran's eloquence, nature, it is evident, is chargeable with few of them. She has liberally fulfilled her part. She has gifted him with a mind rapid, ingenious, and full of resources, ever awake, and ever active; equally capable of comprehending and exhausting the subject to which its powers may be directed: his genius enables him to enforce by argument, his memory to illustrate and adorn, and the glowing language, of which he is an eminent master, either to conceal the weakness, or to encrease the strength of the topic under his discussion.

We were much pleased with the ingenuity, and tone of proud and calm indignation in his speech for Mr. Hevey, in an action for an assault and false imprisonment, against Major Sirr. His allusion to the distinction betwixt a representation of general indiscriminate sorrow, and a tale in which our sympathy is concentrated in the miseries of one individual victim, we suspect to be borrowed from the 110th paper of the Adventurer. The passage, which will be found at pp. 354, &c. is too long for our purpose; but we cannot avoid noticing a circumstance quite unintelligible to us, that, aided by the eloquence of Mr. Curran, never more powerfully exerted, and exhibiting an outrage which no English heart can think of without horror, the Plaintiff obtained, from the Jury, a verdict only for £150.

The following passage in his speech for Mr. Hamilton Rowan, who was tried and convicted for a libel, is no unfavourable specimen of Mr. Curran's impressive stile of eloquence. The sentiment, we premise, is from Cowper, as is also some part of the language; and, indeed, it strikes us that the ground work of Mr. Curran's most impassioned passages is frequently laid by other writers, though he certainly has the merit of amplifying and adorning what he condescends to adopt.

'Do

'Do you think it wise or humane at this moment to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths; do you think, that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure? to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving "Universal Emancipation!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of Slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the God sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible Genius of Universal Emancipation.

We think that the application of the image in the concluding sentence of the same speech has been borrowed, though we cannot say from whom: it has considerable merit.

'I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period of his sufferings; and, however mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family, and the wishes of his country. But if, which heaven forbid, it hath still been unfortunately determined, that because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace; I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration.'

This tribute we willingly pay to the genius of Mr. Curran; and here our praises must terminate: the effects of all these gifts are in our opinion clearly lessened, and many of their most striking beauties debased, by deformities nearly as prominent as his talents themselves.

We must, in the first place, profess our inability to imagine that he ever should have attained the rank of an impressive speaker in Parliament; in our House of Commons we are certain he never could. We have already said that his Parliamentary speeches have been published with less care than his addresses and arguments in Courts of Law; but the reports of them to be found in this compilation, imperfect though they be, bear out the opinion we have expressed. The *English Whig*, and *Irish Patriot* (preface x) never rises in his place without the wig and band of the pleader. He does not, with the eagle eye of a statesman, take in the whole bearing of a difficult problem of legislation, and pursue it through its remotest ramifications; but contemplating it as a mere party man, and confining his views to the ambition of triumphing in that individual debate, he considers it as a text on which he may display his own dexterity, or gall, and vex, and harrass his political opponents; with little success we should imagine, unless their nerves were composed of materials of the most inconvenient irritability. This is not the portion of his public life on which this ingenious orator can be disposed to look back with peculiar complacency. He is always anxious to be either indignant or witty; but his resentment is nothing more than the peevish irritation of disappointed ambition, and his wit evaporates, or is lost, in the mass of hyperbolical language with which it is encumbered. The following passage, it is likely, is not set down as it was delivered by Mr. Curran; but no beauty of diction or manner could have made the idea it contains *tolerable* in the mouth of a leading Member of the English House of Commons. Our readers will observe that he is treating of the well known Commercial Resolutions between this country and Ireland, proposed during Mr. Pitt's long administration.

'I will suppose then, sir, that an old friend that you loved, just recovering from a disease in which he had been wasted almost to death, should prevail upon you to take the trouble of buying him a horse for the establishment of his health; and I the more freely presume to represent you for a moment in an office so little corresponding with the dignity of your station, from a consciousness that my fancy cannot put you in any place to which you will not be followed by my utmost respect. I will, therefore, suppose that you send for an horse-jockey, who does not come himself, but sends his foreman:

'Says the foreman, "sir, I know what you want; my master has an horse that will exactly match your friend; he has descended from Rabelais' famous Johannes Caballus, that got a doctor of physic's degree from the college of Rheims; but your friend must pay his price.

price. My master knows he has no money at present, and will therefore accept his note for the amount of what he shall be able to earn while he lives, allowing him, however, such moderate subsistence as may prevent him from perishing. If you are satisfied I will step for the horse and bring him instantly, with the bridle and saddle, which you shall have into the bargain." But, friend, say you, are you sure that you are authorised to make this bargain? "What, sir," cries the foreman, "would you doubt my honour? Sir, I can find three hundred gentlemen who never saw me before, and yet have gone bail for me at the first view of my face. Besides, sir, you have a greater pledge; my honour, sir, my renown is at stake." Well, sir, you agree, the note is passed; the foreman leaves you, and returns without the horse. What, sir! where is the horse? "Why, in truth, sir," answers he, "I am sorry for this little disappointment, but my mistress has taken a fancy to the horse, so your friend cannot have him. But we have a nice little mare that will match him better; as to the saddle he must do without that, for little master insists on keeping it; however, your friend has been so poor a fellow that he must have too thick a skin to be much fretted by riding bare-backed; besides the mare is so low that his feet will reach the ground when he rides her; and still further to accommodate him, my master insists on having a chain locked to her feet, of which lock my master is to have a key to lock or unlock as he pleases, and your friend shall also have a key so formed that he cannot unlock the chain, but with which he may double-lock it if he thinks fit."

What, sirrah, do you think I'll betray my old friend to such a fraud? "Why really, sir, you are impertinent, and your friend is too peevish; 'twas only the other day that he charged my master with having stolen his cloak, and grew angry, and got a ferrule and spike to his staff. Why, sir, you see how good-humouredly my master gave back the cloak. Sir, my master scorns to break his word, and so do I; sir, my character is your security. Now, as to the mare, you are too hasty in objecting to her, for I am not sure that you can get her; all I ask of you now is to wait a few hours here in the street, that I may try if something may not be done; but let me say one word to you in confidence:

I am to get two guineas if I can bring your friend to be satisfied with what we can do for him; now if you assist me in this, you shall have half the money; for to tell you the truth, if I fail in my undertaking, I shall either be discharged entirely, or degraded to my former place of helper in the stable."

Throughout the whole work we were struck with the prodigious inferiority of Mr. Curran's judgment and good sense, when contrasted with the brilliancy of his fancy: the disappointments we experienced in the most splendid passages of his legal pleadings, are all to be traced to his *taste*, which is vitiated and false to an excess, of which the cold blooded cri-

tics, in this part of the empire, will find it difficult to form a conception. The prevailing passion of his mind is a love of the ambitious and extravagant in sentiment, and imagery, and language. His is not the prowess of a serious combatant, but the venality of a prize fighter. Forgetting the precept of Quinctilian, *sententiarum in senatu, et concionum, et privatorum conciliorum servabit discrimina; vitam ex differentia personarum, locorum temporumque mutabit; alias ad docendum, alias ad movendum adhibebit artes*; his oratory is invariably the same: whether analysing the provisions of an Act of Parliament, or defending his Client against a prosecution for High Treason; whether addressing himself to a court composed of a small number of well educated men, or to a Jury of Irish rustics in the hearing of an Irish auditory, Mr. Curran is still a declaimer. What would be thought, for example, of the sanity of an English Counsel, who should commence an argument in our Court of Exchequer, on a mere question, as to the interpretation of a clause in a statute in the following words? He remarks 'the dead silence into which the public is frowned, by authority, on this sad occasion;'—that is, of inquiring whether a certain warrant was sanctioned by the enactment of the statute! and he then proceeds thus:

'I am glad of this factitious dumbness; for if murmurs dared to become audible, my voice would be too feeble to drown them; but when all is hushed—when nature sleeps—

Cum quies mortalibus ægris,

the weakest voice is heard—the shepherd's whistle shoots across the listening darkness of the interminable heath, and gives notice that the wolf is upon his walk, and the same gloom and stillness that tempt the monster to come abroad, facilitate the communication of the warning to beware. Yes, through that silence the voice shall be heard; yes, through that silence the shepherd shall be put upon his guard: yes, through that silence shall the felon savage be chaced into the toil. Yes, my lords, I feel myself cheered and impressed by the composed and dignified attention with which I see you are disposed to hear me on the most important question that has ever been subjected to your consideration; the most important to the dearest rights of the human being; the most deeply interesting and animating that can beat in his heart, or burn upon his tongue—Oh! how recreating is it to feel that occasions may arise in which the soul of man may reassume her pretensions; in which she hears the voice of nature whisper to her, *os homini sublime dedi cœlumque tueri;* in which even I can look *up* with calm security to the court, and down with the most profound contempt upon the reptile I mean to tread upon! I say, reptile; because, when the proudest man in society becomes

so

so the dupe of his childish malice, as to wish to inflict on the object of his vengeance the poison of his sting, to do a reptile's work he must shrink into a reptile's dimension; and so shrunk, the only way to assail him is to tread upon him.'

The following ebullition, when it is remembered that it forms part of what professes to be a legal argument to the Court, in arrest of Judgement, founded on certain supposed nullities in the verdict, is equally out of place.

'You,' meaning my Lords the Judges, 'are standing on the scanty isthmus that divides the great ocean of duration; on one side of the past, on the other of the future: a ground, that while you yet hear me, is washed from beneath our feet. Let me remind you, my lords, while your determination is yet in your power, *dum versatur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ*, that on that ocean of future you must set your judgment afloat. And future ages will assume the same authority, which you have assumed; posterity feel the same emotions which you have felt, when your little hearts have beaten, and your infant eyes have overflowed, at reading the sad history of the sufferings of a Russel or a Sidney.'

[The conclusion of Mr. Curran's speech was marked by another burst of applause, similar to those which accompanied his former exertions in this cause.]

Had such a *tirade* been delivered in Westminster Hall, we think it more than probable that the learned Counsel would have been recommended to the care of his *prochein ami*, and his admirers to the parental charge of the Marshal.

If it be one of the first praises of an orator that the figures he uses are never sought after, but always rise from the subject, it cannot be bestowed on Mr. Curran, nor will it probably be claimed by him. He does not consider an image as an auxiliary or ornament to the subject he is examining; in his estimation his argument, whatever it be, is only a niche in which the picture may conveniently be placed. He never resists the temptation of a glaring figure however remote and fantastic the resemblance to the subject with which it is destined to be assimilated, and however it may disturb the current of the sentiments naturally suggested to the mind of his auditors or his own. As soon as it appears, he is ready to begin the pursuit, and is evidently more delighted with the boisterous applauses of the grooms and jockies who witness the dexterity of his chace after this bewitching phantom which leads him from himself, than by the sober approbation of the knight* who remains at the goal. The evils of

* *Satis est equitem mihi plaudere.*

this are incalculable both to the cause and the pleader. Our attention is irresistibly withdrawn from the cause we are called upon to decide, and fixed on an object foreign to its merits. From the same unhappy propensity, his images, even when they chance to be natural and suitable, are almost always pushed to extremes. Mr. Curran never states an argument in its great and leading points, or sketches a picture by its characteristic features, leaving the mind of his auditor to supply the deficiencies, if he thinks it worth his while to supply them. Following the example of the painter at Antwerp, so much admired by Pallet, who in depicting a beggar thought it necessary faithfully to represent one of his most disgusting *insignia*, Mr. Curran without mercy brings directly to the eye every circumstance however minute and disgusting.

'The concluding years of the last of the Stewarts he describes as that memorable period when the devoted benches of public justice were filled by some of those foundlings of fortune, who, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies, while soundness or sanity remained in them; but at length, becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination.'

On this image, from which every eye recoils with disgust and abhorrence, Mr. Curran has a distempered pleasure to dwell. He again therefore presents it to us in a passage, evidently meant to be eloquent and irresistible, but which to us appears the perfection of fustian and extravagance.

'I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants who avowed upon their oaths that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows, that the mild and wholesome councils of this government are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human

human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent;—there was an antidote —a juror's oath—but even that adamantine chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.'

The following exhortation to the jury in the case of Finny approaches so nearly to mere raving, that it would be idle to attempt to increase its absurdity by reminding our readers that Mr. Curran is commenting on the truth of the evidence *emitted* by the tremendous witness, whom, by the force of such conjurations, he wishes to prevent being *examined*.

'I have heard of assassination by sword, by pistol, and by dagger, but here is a wretch who would dip the evangelists in blood—if he thinks he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear, without mercy and without end; but oh! do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath; the arm of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the Gospel; if he will swear, let it be on the knife, the proper symbol of his profession.

In support of our opinion we shall only cite an additional passage in his speech on Catholic Emancipation, distinguished we think by the intemperate love of metaphor, and intolerable grossness and vulgarity. Speaking of the ascendancy of an English school over an Irish university, he says—

'An ascendancy of that form raises to my mind a little greasy emblem of stall-fed theology, imported from some foreign land, with the graces of a lady's maid, the dignity of a side-table, the temperance of a larder, its sobriety the dregs of a patron's bottle, and its wisdom the dregs of a patron's understanding, brought hither to devour, to degrade, and to defame.'

One deficiency in the pleadings upon the cases of treason, we cannot but record with mingled feelings of deep regret and indignation. It is well known how deservedly high Mr. Curran's legal abilities stand in the eyes of his countrymen. Even the deduded banditti, who in the year 1796 formed the Society of United Irishmen in Belfast, had heard of his fame, and commissioned

sioned their agent 'to get a license for Counsellor Curran to be concerned for the prisoners charged as United Irishmen'—'to get Curran down on as cheap terms as possible, but to get him down at all events.'—And accordingly the said agent in his accounts to the respectable persons by whom he was employed, takes credit at the Lent Assizes for 50*l.* paid to Mr. Curran as a retaining fee, and about 200*l.* paid for licenses to the same gentleman*. Far be it from us to impute this predilection as a crime to Mr. Curran. But we will say that the standing counsel of the United Irishmen had a double duty to discharge. He owed much to his clients, but he owed yet more to the law of the country by which he lived. We expected therefore to have found some disavowal, however general, of the principles under which these misguided men were associated; some expression of attachment to those laws which afford a fair trial even to the blackest traitors; some distinction laid down between the exculpation of the individual and the vindication of the crime charged; something in short which might have served as a beacon and warning to the crouds who were hanging upon the periods of the orator, and sympathising with every sentiment which he uttered. For this we have sought in vain through these pleadings. The eloquence of the council is levelled, in all its fervour, against the informers by whose evidence the hopeful revolution was blighted in embryo; but not a word to express horror at a plan of civil war to be waged against his fellow subjects with all the treachery and cruelty of a second Irish Massacre. Who could have painted more forcibly than Mr. Curran the terrors of the impending scene, which the wounded conscience or the avarice of Reynolds the approver, was the providential means of averting? Did the industrious collector of these pleadings omit such an interesting passage? Or was Mr. Curran, like certain worthy patriots of England, satisfied that the objects of Messrs. Oliver, Bond, O'Connor, &c. were as harmless and constitutional as his own? Or must we be reduced to suppose that the learned counsel in his description of an approver, remembered the saying of Guy Fawkes, 'that God would have concealed the plot, but the devil discovered it?' Certain it is, that he could not have been more tender of the credit of the conspiracy, had he thought it, like the editor of the Dublin Press, 'a conspiracy of truth against falsehood—a conspiracy of peace and liberty against war and slavery—a conspi-

* Report of Secret Committee, Appendix.

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racy of love and national wisdom against hatred and civil destruction—a conspiracy of reason, justice and virtue against cruel oppression, inhumanity and vice." We trust that Mr. Curran did not think so, but we find no evidence to the contrary, though honour, loyalty, and regard for the ignorant and misguided populace who were present, alike demanded a testimony of the faith that was in him.

Upon the whole, we are persuaded that the reception which this publication is likely to experience in England, must disappoint the hopes of Mr. Curran's numerous admirers in his own country. His eloquence is not of that chastened and temperate description to which alone in the advanced state of our national taste we can reconcile ourselves; its beauties are too frequently debased by vulgarity, and its sublimity too prone to descend into the kindred regions of turgidity and rant. The whole of his speeches are framed on the model of the German school, where nature is pushed beyond herself. His sentences, though often striking, are seldom natural. They have always a propensity to find their termination in a clinch, a point, or antithesis; in something calculated to excite that species of wonder which has no manner of alliance with pleasure.

ART. X. *Théorie de l'Action Capillaire; par M. Laplace; Supplément au dixieme livre du Traité de Mécanique Céleste.* pp. 65. 4to. Paris. 1806. Supplément. pp. 80. 1807.

THE paucity of the continental publications which have of late found their way into Great Britain, and the well earned celebrity of the author of this essay, will afford us a sufficient apology, for devoting to it a larger share of our attention, than a work of so abstruse a nature would otherwise have required. It is not our object to present our readers with a full account of every improvement which may be made in science; we shall be more anxious to give a true representation of the tone and spirit of the works which we may notice, and of the merits and demerits of the authors, as compared with those of their predecessors and contemporaries: and in these respects we apprehend that the essay before us may be considered as affording an unexceptionable specimen of the most refined labours of a man, who appears to be placed, by the suffrages of a majority of the literary world, at the

the head of all the science of his country, and perhaps even of his age.

The first impression, produced by a cursory perusal of Mr. Laplace's works, is that of an admiration of their profoundness, and a consciousness of the difficulty of sufficiently appreciating them. But with a laudable condescension for the want of ability, or of leisure, in such of his readers as are willing to be satisfied with a superficial view of his subject, Mr. Laplace has generally recapitulated, in language sufficiently familiar, and often peculiarly elegant, the final results of his sublime researches. This recapitulation has facilitated the labour, not only of partially studying, but also of abridging and reviewing him. We have seen analyses published by his countrymen, and criticisms by our own, which have born evident marks of the touches of his own masterly hand: it has been found much easier to take Mr. Laplace's own account of his discoveries, than to examine the proofs of those discoveries themselves; and praise, when there was so little danger of its being considered as extravagant, has been wisely lavished without reserve, in order to obviate any suspicion that might be entertained of a general backwardness to bestow approbation.

We do not believe that ten persons in the universe have read Laplace's Mécanique Céleste as it ought to be read. What may be the number of mathematicians in this country who are capable of such a study, we shall not undertake to determine: but we will venture to assert, from our knowledge of the comparative state of the cultivation of the sciences in different countries, that there are as many individuals in Great Britain, who, at a certain time of their lives, could enter into it without difficulty, as in all the world besides. The country of Newton, of Cotes, of Maclaurin, and of Waring has not exhausted itself. There will be occasional fluctuations in the scientific pursuits of its inhabitants: at one time they will be the first in mathematics, at another in chemistry, at a third in optics, and at a fourth in practical astronomy; but in the true ground-work of all natural philosophy, they will perhaps always remain unrivalled; that is, in the manner of instituting and conducting their researches, whether experimental or simply theoretical: they will view their objects in the truest light; they will grasp them by the right handle: they will touch the secret spring, by which the door of truth will be unbarred, while others will exert all the powers of machinery in order to force it open by direct violence. The algebra of invention, which Dr. Hooke proposed to form into a science, has been tacitly studied

studied by his successors; and it has enabled them not only to keep pace, at a small expense of labour, with the complicated efforts of their contemporaries in other countries, but in many important instances completely to anticipate them.

An ostentatious parade of deep investigation, which leads almost to nothing, has too often filled the works of the mathematicians of the continent; and we are sorry to be obliged to include Mr. Laplace in the number of those, who appear to have been more influenced on some occasions, by the desire of commanding admiration, than of communicating knowledge. The habit of affecting an unnecessary abstraction, may in part have arisen from the nature of the symbols, in which fashion has determined that the reasoning of modern mathematicians should be enveloped. We have sometimes been amused, in the perusal of this essay, with observing, that after an expression had travelled, with considerable fatigue, through several pages of Greek, Roman, and Italic characters, it was transformed, by proper substitution, into an equation belonging simply to a circle, from which it would have been just as easy to have set out at once: that a complicated fluxion, when its fluent had been determined, produced a much simpler theorem, which was a necessary consequence of the mere mechanical laws of the decomposition of force; and what is of much more importance, we have discovered that an equation, involving a complete absurdity, has been left in its algebraical dress, when a translation into common language would have shewn that it implied an impossibility, and that the premises, from which it was derived, were therefore inadmissible. In short, almost the only novelty of any consquence contained in the whole essay, is a formula for determining the depression of a fluid like mercury in a very wide tube, deduced from an approximation which appears to be very ingenious, but which is in great measure arbitrary. We should have hoped, from Mr. Laplace's powers of calculation, for at least an approximate, if not a correct, solution of the general problem relating to the form of the surface of a cohesive fluid: we have no reason to think such an approximation impossible; we even conjecture that there must be a certain method of obtaining it, although a very laborious one. The point, on which Mr. Laplace seems to rest the most material part of his claim to originality, is the deduction of all the phenomena of capillary action from the simple consideration of molecular attraction. To us it does not appear, that the fundamental principle, from which he sets out, is at all a necessary consequence of the established properties of matter; and we conceive that his mode of

of stating that principle is but partially justified, by the coincidence of the results derived from it with experiment, since he has not demonstrated that a similar coincidence might not be obtained by proceeding on totally different grounds.

The first part of the work, when compared with the second, presents us with a happy specimen of a power of accommodating observations to opinions previously formed. MM. Haüy and Trémery, at the request of the author, made some experiments on the ascent of fluids in capillary tubes, and between plates of gluss; and these experiments very satisfactorily confirmed the measures somewhat hastily set down by Newton in one of his queries. But before the publication of the second part, Mr. Laplace had read a later essay on the same subject, in which the measures were made exactly twice as great as those of Newton: his obliging and accurate friend Mr. Gay Lussac then furnished him with a new series of experiments, considerably diversified, which even went a little beyond the last result. We entertain no doubt of Mr. Gay Lussac's correctness; and we also acquit Mr. Haüy of any intention to deceive; because we know that certain precautions are necessary to the experiments, which he probably omitted: but it would have been better if Mr. Laplace had begun by consulting a greater number of authors, and considering whether Mr. Haüy's measures agreed sufficiently well with the majority of them, to deserve publication.

We are far from wishing to undervalue any of Mr. Laplace's labours. We readily allow a very high degree of merit to a variety of improvements which he has made in several departments of natural philosophy; but we have reason to believe, that, like another Hercules, he has often been enriched at the expense of a multitude of his predecessors: nor can we endure that the track, which he has followed, should be pointed out as the royal road to eminence, while its characteristic marks are often difficulty, obscurity, and perplexity. His works discourage, at the same time that they astonish a student: and we are persuaded, from experience, that it is often much easier to find out a new and a straighter path to the point at which he has arrived, than to retrace the same footsteps which he has already trodden. It is observed of Archimedes, by his philosophical biographer, that although we might labour long without success, in endeavouring to demonstrate from our own invention, the truth of his propositions; yet so smooth, and so direct, is the way by which he leads us, that when we have once travelled it, we fancy that we could readily have found it without assistance: since either his natural

natural genius, or his indefatigable application, has given to every thing that he attempted the appearance of having been performed with ease. Had Archimedes lived in modern France, how different would have been the manner in which he must have courted the approbation of his countrymen and his critics!

Mr. Laplace is not the only mathematician who has sometimes been led aside by a predilection for the algebraical modes of notation. One of the most eminent of his colleagues, whose name ought perhaps to stand at least on a level with his own, has employed a vast profusion of calculation, on a partial solution of a problem relating to the strength of columns, when no one of the circumstances on which his determination is founded can possibly occur in practical cases; while the solution itself, from its length and intricacy, appears to have been rendered but too liable to accidental inaccuracy. We have known more than one author of celebrity in our own country applaud himself on the happy adoption of appropriate symbols, at the very moment that he was quoting erroneously, and reasoning inconclusively. Even the clear and explicit language of the simple and natural Smeaton, when translated by force into algebraical characters, has been converted into absolute nonsense. We have seen an ingenious attempt to deduce, from very intricate considerations of a fluxional nature, the same conclusions, respecting another case in practical mechanics, as may confessedly be derived, in the most simple manner, from a geometrical construction: and such has been the multiplicity of the steps which have been required for the purpose, that the author, although one of our best mathematicians, has by some accident taken a wrong turning, and presented an erroneous result. We confess that there are many calculations, in which the introduction of algebraical symbols, at a certain stage, is, practically speaking, absolutely indispensable; but we have always observed that the further the verbal reasoning, or the geometrical representation could be carried, the more simple, elegant, and satisfactory was the solution: and on the other hand, that the unnecessary adoption of literal characters has almost uniformly tended to divert the mind from the true state of the inquiry, and to suspend the exercise of the judgment, while the eye and the memory only were occupied in the mechanical process of manufacturing a work of science. We do not, however, wish to have it understood, that we consider an acquaintance with the refinements of modern analysis as by any means superfluous in the pursuit of natural philosophy: we are persuaded, on the contrary, that those, who enter with ardour

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on a life of science, could not pursue a more eligible path, than to proceed, with the assistance of modern elementary treatises, from the academical study of the great British mathematicians, to the profound and masterly works of Euler, which stand, in our opinion, immediately next to those of Newton, with respect to mathematical elegance and address, however inferior they may be in philosophical solidity. With this preparation, if they should fortunately escape the contagion of a rage for abstraction and prolixity, their road through the works of the modern astronomers, opticians, and mechanicians, in the very first class of which we willingly rank the Mécanique Céleste of Laplace, would lie almost on a uniform declivity. After such a course of study, their further labours, in any one department of science which they might select, could not fail of being highly honourable to themselves and ornamental to their country.

Art. XI. *An Essay on Medals; or an Introduction to the Knowledge of Ancient and Modern Coins and Medals, especially those of Greece, Rome, and Britain.* By John Pinkerton, the third edition, with corrections and additions. pp. 887. Two volumes, 8vo. London, Cadell and Davies. 1808.

MR. Pinkerton's Essay has been known to the public as long as from the year 1784, when it first appeared in one small volume, without the author's name, under the concise and simple title of 'An Essay on Medals.' A second edition followed in 1789, with an additional volume, a lengthened title, a dedication, a large appendix, and some very neat engravings of coins and medals. The third edition is formed upon the model of its immediate predecessor, and excels it chiefly in its more fashionable type and paper, besides some few emendations which were anxiously desired. It should be observed, that the table of contents, even in this third edition, differs but very minutely from that of the first, and were Mr. Pinkerton's work produced by mere intellectual labour, we conceive that he would be in the same situation with Sir J. Reynolds, who confessed that he was rather mortified than flattered, by a comparison of his most capital performances, with his earliest and most unskilful attempts. The knowledge of medals which he possessed twenty-four years ago, has not been so much increased as to afford any triumphant or exulting

exulting reflections, excepting on one or two occasions, which we shall notice in their proper place.

Mr. Pinkerton treats his subjects with less pedantic formality, than is often found in writers who are fond of their subject, and who dwell upon every minute charm, with a tedious and laboured eloquence. His preface indeed so clearly exposes the faults of all his predecessors, that he could not fail to observe and shun this disgusting error so common with former numismatic authors. This preface too is cleared of a great deal of gross and abusive language, which disgraced its former appearance. The censures were violent, and had an air of peevishness and contempt, which weakened the force of criticism, while it added nothing to our good opinion of the author's taste and judgment. More indeed might yet be done; and we could wish that a promise which Mr. Pinkerton gives us when just about to enter on a discussion concerning Greek and Roman money, had been more deeply fixed in his remembrance, and, for that purpose, placed in the very title page of his book.

'In this little Essay the words and phrases *certainly, surely, no one can controvert, it is beyond a shadow of doubt*, and the like, shall be regarded as unknown to the language, and the terms *perhaps, it is probable, it would seem, we may suppose*, substituted in their room.' Vol. I. page 75.—Yet there are to be found in some parts of the work, expressions rather different from what such a moderate temper, as is here indicated, would seem to dictate.

The first section, which details the rise and progress of the study of medals, a pursuit, we are told, 'such as never engaged the attention of a bad man,' is interesting so far as it goes to prove the notice which persons entitled to our reverence and respect have taken of it. Camden, Lord Burghley, and Archbishop Laud, were some of the earliest collectors in England. Politian, (whom Mr. Pinkerton calls Agnolo Poliziano) was the first who made a real use of ancient medals by ascertaining from them some points of orthography, and elucidating some passages of ancient authors, which related to particular customs. The celebrated work of Budæus 'De Asse' was written in 1512, and from that time to the present, books on the subject have often appeared at intervals, and the science (as these gentlemen teach us to call it) has constantly been in a state of cultivation and improvement. In the middle of the fifteenth century, there were in the Low Countries 200 Cabinets, in Germany 175, in Italy

380, and in France 200. It was not however before the middle of the seventeenth century, that some very extensive and complete collections were accumulated. At present this country abounds with cabinets of all sizes; Mr. Pinkerton has given us a list of some of the most celebrated, which is lamentably incorrect, especially in stating some eminent medallists of thirty years ago, to be still living. Mr. Southgate, Mr. Cracherode, and Mr. Tyssen, may serve for examples of this negligence.

Indeed we cannot but remark that throughout the whole of this work, great carelessness is shewn on the part of the author, in not correcting those passages which were merely temporary, and whose date is now passed. For, instance we have the following note, Vol. II. p. 27, which is transcribed verbatim from the edition of 1782, and consequently contains a palpable absurdity. 'The coins of the barons, towns, bishops, &c. of France, are collected in a work by the celebrated Tobiesen Duby, *now printing* at the Louvre, with 120 plates. His work on the coins of France is also expected *to be soon published*." Similar anachronisms are frequent.

The second section of this work 'On the Utility of the Study of Medals,' might, we think, with equal or greater propriety have stood at the commencement of the first volume. An unlearned reader would sooner have been enabled to satisfy his conscience, if Mr. Pinkerton's arguments are powerful enough to convince him, that his time would not be thrown away in the pursuit of this amusement. It is to the knowledge of history that he considers medals of eminent importance, and our readers will not be displeased to view in a narrow compass, all that a professed and skilful medallist can urge in favour of the importance of his science, as subservient to that of history, which he considers as the most valuable production of human genius.

'The very basis of history is truth, without which the causes of human action, nay the actions themselves, are disguised, and the instruction arising from the narration totally lost, or converted into an empty chimera. Now the sole evidence we can have of the veracity of a historian consists in such collateral documents as are palpable to all, and can admit of no falsification. Such in modern times, are public memoirs, instructions to ambassadors, letters of state, and the like vouchers: which every person allows to be irrefragable. But as these proofs are subject to innumerable accidents, mutilations, and utter loss, their evidence cannot be presumed to extend to very distant ages. Add to this that, as such vouchers most commonly remain in the country whose actions they import, they cannot

cannot be satisfactory to the world at large, without a degree of faith, which to the severe eye of philosophy, will appear too large. Hence monuments of longer duration are required to evince the veracity of ancient history. Such indeed are public buildings, statues, and inscriptions. But the evidence of these testimonies, though it extends to remote ages, does not extend to remote countries, if we except a very few instances of the two last articles. The reader must have, ere now, recollected, from this deduction, that medals alone remain as the principal proof of historic truth, their evidence reaching at once to the most remote ages, and the most remote countries. The vast utility of this study is therefore clear, because it serves as a support to the most important of all human sciences.' —Vol. i. p. 16.

The examples of the importance here alleged, given by former medallic writers, are truly ludicrous, from the consequence attached to the discovery of events, by medals, without which we should have remained in perfect ignorance of them. Such is the birth of Marcus Annius Valerius Antoninus, who is known only by a medal that bears his name. But Mr. Pinkerton has made a more judicious display of the advantages to be gained with relation to history, and he has ingeniously pointed out a distinction between the Tribunitia Potestas given to the Roman Emperors, and their supreme authority: The former being sometimes confided to them before they acceded to the throne, as in the case of Tiberius, who enjoyed the Tribunitia Potestas, sixteen years before the death of Augustus. We have examples also of the utility to be drawn from medals regarding the sciences of Geography and Natural History, the illustration of ancient authors, the fine arts, and that general and elegant kind of knowledge which constitutes a connoisseur.

Mr. Addison esteems the portraits which are to be found on medals, as one of the chief sources of pleasure and amusement to be derived from them, and places it first in his enumeration of their attractions. Mr. Pinkerton appears to think the beauty of design and workmanship which may be observed in ancient medals, more deserving of the first rank, though he assigns an honourable post to the other. We are rather inclined to adopt the opinion of Addison, since a love for portraits of illustrious persons, is so natural and so general, that we conceive (with any but connoisseurs) it is the first passion we seek to gratify in the contemplation of pictures and statues. Admiration of fine workmanship implies a previous acquaintance with that which is inferior, and we doubt not that our rudest English pennies, than which no production of

art can be more hideous, were looked upon with no small wonder and delight, by the good people of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. From very early times there have been, at least, attempts at portraits on coins, and it would be difficult to find any very substantial reason, but that of ancient usage, for continuing on current money the portraits and names of sovereigns, whose office only is permanent, while the coinage on every demise of the crown is to be renewed, in order to receive the *vera effigies* of the new monarch. In earlier times they did not always wait for this alteration, and there are some coins of Edward the Sixth while a mere boy, who is represented with the jolly figure of his bloated and corpulent father.

It is not however only from the medals which contain the real portraits of princes, that this kind of amusement may be derived. Mr. Pinkerton has suggested (and we think with a great shew of probability) that the ideal representations of deities on the ancient medals, may perhaps be copies of the works of eminent painters and sculptors. It certainly appears very likely, that the figure of a Jupiter or a Mars once executed by Praxiteles, would be considered as the acknowledged image of the god, and consequently would be closely imitated by other artists. This hypothesis receives great support from the exquisite beauty displayed on medals, in the portraits of these imaginary personages.

In this part of his work, our author indulges in some severe strokes upon an unhappy class of people whom he calls *Antiquists*, an expression made for the occasion, and intended to describe those characters against whom 'the ridicule of Scriblerus is particularly shot.' He bitterly reproaches our men of talents, with their neglect of studies most important to their country; and contrasts our English *Antiquists*, with the *Antiquaries* of foreign nations, amongst whom, he tells us, the name implies 'a man who illustrates their ancient laws, manners, poetry, but especially their ancient history.' Our species of the animal on the contrary, takes delight in any 'rusty commodity,' but above all in defaced medals, none of which afford him any pleasure, if their portrait, reverse, and legend, be not totally obliterated. His appetite is depraved, his curiosity is childish, and 'mingled with caprice and hypochondriacism.' Such is the true English *Antiquist*, whose breed, according to Mr. Pinkerton, is confined to this country, where it prevails to the exclusion of the historian, of whom he denies that we possess a single specimen, while the continent abounds in all the varieties of them.

As Mr. Pinkerton has told us, a little above, that of all the productions

productions of human genius, history is of most importance and utility to mankind, it is not a little afflicting to find ourselves so grievously deficient in a point of so much consequence. We confess that we were in the habits of reading the works of certain natives of this land, with a persuasion that they were really very excellent histories, and we did feel some little national pride, when we reflected on what had been done towards the illustration of our ancient laws, manners, and history. But the opinion of Mr. Pinkerton is announced with so much authority, with such oracular dignity, that we fear to draw the thunder upon our heads, by acknowledging the idols of our former worship.—No! Never shall Mr. Pinkerton reproach our audacity in boasting that England has produced antiquaries as formidable as Muratori, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and Du Bos, whom to our utter confusion he draws up as in defiance of all the force we can assemble.

The fifth section of the Essay relates to the metals which at different times have been used in coinage; and the respective purity of various standards is amply discussed. Our present money of gold continues at the standard which was fixed by Charles II. at the introduction of guineas. It contains two parts in twenty-four of alloy, or in the language of goldsmiths and medallists, the guinea consists of gold twenty-two carats fine, to two carats alloy; and this is the utmost degree of purity at which gold is ever found in its natural state. The earliest Grecian and Roman money was of a much purer standard, and this might have contributed to the uncommon delicacy of workmanship displayed by the ancient artists, since gold is malleable in proportion to its fineness.

The most interesting part of this section perhaps is that which confutes those Antiquaries, who pretended to discover medals of the celebrated Corinthian brass. Mr. Pinkerton clearly demonstrates the absurdity of this error, in his remark that this metal is only found in the imperial Sestertii and the Dupondiarii, that these coins were in currency worth about a penny and twopence, while they are of considerable weight, so that had there been even a small proportion of gold or silver, they must have been of great value. The deception appears to have been caused by a mixture of zinc with the copper, which gives several different hues in proportion to the relative quantity of either metal. The most beautiful is that of the composition now called prince's metal, which is the identical Corinthian brass of the early medallists. Upon the whole we think Mr. Pinkerton has clearly established, that

the real Corinthian brass was never used for the purposes of coinage.

Hitherto, our author tells us, he has considered Greek and Roman coins only as medals; he is now to regard them as money, and to assume the language of commerce in exclusion to that of taste. A knowledge of this subject is unquestionably to be regarded as of use to the reader of ancient authors, but we can hardly consent to Mr. Pinkerton's proposal of ranking it with the sciences of geography and chronology. To be in perfect ignorance of the relative value of ancient monies, would certainly envelope most ancient authors in obscurity; but every school-boy has a general notion of the talent, the as, and the sesterce, and this is about as much as is requisite for all but medallists to possess. It is indeed with very great difficulty that we can attain to a profound acquaintance with this subject, and all its minute parts. Controversies without end have increased its intricacy and perplexity, and every fresh author makes it his first care to attack and expose his predecessors; while none are capable of establishing a system perfectly beyond the reach of critical objection. It is curious to observe the pains, which writers on ancient money have taken, to torture the meaning of authors when it interfered with their own favourite hypothesis. Gronovius for instance maintained that the sestertius was always of silver. A passage of Pliny expressly declares it to be brass. The Commentator exclaims 'Urit me, fateor, hic locus,' but he is far from giving up his opinion. With similar pertinacity several authors have asserted the tortoise to be a symbol peculiar to Peloponnesus. In consequence they have attributed a great deal of the earliest Grecian silver, which bears the tortoise, and AIΓI, to Ægium, a small town of Achaia, while it is evident that they were the coins of Ægina, an island to which the badge of a tortoise was as appropriate as to Peloponnesus.

Both these errors are refuted by Mr. Pinkerton, who in despite of Gronovius has established, with every appearance of probability, that the sestertius was latterly a brass coin. Yet he has stated this matter with so little perspicuity and arrangement, that it is extremely difficult to discover what it is that his quotations are intended to prove. To a very peculiar stile, he has added the embarrassments which arise from a total want of order, method, and closeness of argument. In one instance he has given us a mathematical demonstration—and we heartily recommend to him an assiduous perusal of Euclid, as well as a servile imitation of his

his stile, until he has formed one of more elegance, and of equal convenience to his readers. At present few will be inclined to undergo the labour necessary to arrive at his recondite meaning.

We do not see any necessity for adopting Mr. Pinkerton's objections to the computations of Arbuthnot, against whom he urges no very important authorities. Nor can we immediately subscribe to his notions, respecting the reducing of all Asiatic, African, Grecian, and Sicilian coins, to three standards. Perhaps we differ from him, because he will not allow himself to be clearly understood; but he is so sparing of proofs for the foundation of his new doctrines, that we must still consider ourselves as entitled to retain our former opinions. We should, for instance, wish to be instructed why Mr. Pinkerton supposes the Eubœic talent to be so called from 'Eubœa, one of the quarters of the city of Argos.' We desire to have some good reason for estimating the Attic drachma at ninepence English, which, Mr. Pinkerton simply tells us, is 'the best medium value.' He consequently reckons the lesser Attic talent at 225 pounds sterling, while Spanheim would teach us to regard it as worth only 187*l.* 10*s.* 0*d.* sterling. And we do not exactly concur with his supposition that the Roman sesterce is to be valued at 8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* which former writers, and especially Spanheim, would appear to reckon worth only 7*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* These may perhaps be thought trifling variations, but with medallists, a very minute error often occasions a very fierce controversy.

We heartily sympathise with our author in the feelings which he expresses in his good-humoured conclusion of this division of his work.

'So much for this dry, but necessary subject; which is so dull that one might go to sleep over it, were it not at the same time so embarrassed as to keep one awake from pure vexation. However, I hope it is, that by removing many embarrassments, I have at least contributed to procure my reader a sounder nap, than some former writers on these matters have done.' vol. 1. p. 199.—We must certainly give Mr. Pinkerton credit for understanding his subject well. But at the same time we regret that he has not adopted a sort of language which would more readily enable his readers to participate in his knowledge.

Respecting the 'Conservation of Medals,' people are apt to believe that modern antiquaries cherish a strange affection for dirt and rust, which formerly had peculiar charms for the connoisseurs. Our author exposes this vulgar error, when he assures us that a coin must at least be in *good* preservation to secure the attention

of the present race of collectors. He also shews us that the celebrated rust of ancient coins is really of considerable beauty, and of some use; and we shall be glad to lay before our readers the following very accurate description of it.

'This fine rust, which is, indeed, a natural varnish not imitable by any effort of human art, is sometimes a delicate blue, like that of a turquoise; sometimes of a bronze brown, equal to that observable in ancient statues of bronze, and so highly prized; and sometimes of an exquisite green, a little on the azure hue, which last is the most beautiful of all. It is also found of a fine purple, of olive, and of a cream-colour, or pale yellow; which last is exquisite, and shews the impression to as much advantage, as paper of cream-colour, used in all great foreign presses, does copper-plates and printing. The Neapolitan patina is of a light green; and when free from excrescence or blemish, is very beautiful. Sometimes the purple patina gleams through an upper coat of another colour, with as fine effect as a variegated silk or gem. In a few instances a rust of deeper green is found; and it is sometimes spotted with the red or bronze shade, which gives it quite the appearance of the East Indian stone called blood-stone. These rusts are all, when the real product of time, as hard as the metal itself, and preserve it much better than any artificial varnish would have done; concealing at the same time not the most minute particle of the impression of the coin.'—Vol. I. p. 203.

The portraits to be found on coins, and the reverses, form two brief sections. They might well have been enlarged, and we could wish to see them illustrated with plates. In both points the Grecian workmanship claims a decided pre-eminence. The earliest portraits are those of the kings of Macedon, which are distinguished for grandeur of design and boldness of execution, not less than for their antiquity. The symbols which decorate the ancient reverses have often been described before, and particularly by Mr. Spence in his Polymetis; for the common attributes of gods, heroes, &c. appear nearly the same in larger works of art, as on medals. It is by the legends chiefly that we derive exclusively from medals several curious particulars, and this subject Mr. Pinkerton has treated more at length: In his appendix too he has given us tables of abbreviations that occur in Grecian and Roman legends, which may be of considerable use to those who are inclined to indulge in conjecture at the meaning of letters, and who are apt to be guided by fancy rather than judgment.

We next arrive at a chapter concerning Medallions and Medalets. The former term includes all those productions of the ancient

ancient moneyers, which are of a size beyond that of any current coin. *Medalet* is a word from Mr. Pinkerton's own mint. He acutely remarks that we have such words as *ringlet* and *bracelet*, and therefore why not *medalet?* Nay, in another part of his work (vol. ii. p. 152) the little sovereigns of Ireland are termed *kinglets*. In short, medalet means a little medal, as bracelet, we suppose, means a little brace. Medallions are very rare and extravagantly valuable in the eyes of a collector. The late royal cabinet of France (which Mr. Pinkerton with his usual inaccuracy speaks of as now extant) contained nearly twelve hundred,—a number far surpassing that of any other collection. There are medallions both of Greece and Rome, the former of which are most rare when of an age prior to the Roman empire. Under *medalets*, our author classes the *missilia* and various sorts of tickets. Upon the whole they appear to be a series, little deserving the deep attention of a connoisseur, though in a few instances there may be found some interesting specimens. The contorniati are nearly similar. Mr. Pinkerton supposes them to be tickets for places at public exhibitions. There is certainly every reason for adopting this conjecture, and less credit is due to its author, than he appears to claim; for it would seem obvious to every intelligent medallist, though it may not have occurred to some of the dullest whom he quotes. These pieces abound in types which evidently relate to the theatres, and those few which exhibit any legends at all, most clearly demonstrate the purpose for which they were used. One mentioned by Mr. Pinkerton presents an actor declaiming, with the legend 'Petroni placeas.'—the design cannot be mistaken.

We have now two sections, wherein the Greek and Roman coins are considered simply as medals. The first contains a discussion concerning the origin of coinage, which Mr. Pinkerton is willing to ascribe to the Lydians upon the authority of Herodotus. He seems to have omitted to observe, that according to Herodotus, the Lydians first coined 'money of gold and silver' 'νομισμα χρυσου και αργυρου, which expression perhaps may imply the previous use of some other metal. The author himself tells us that the earliest coins of the north of Europe were of copper. Britain in the time of Cæsar used brass and iron. The first Roman coins (those of Servius Tullus) were large masses of brass, and it seems that the least precious metals were generally the first made use of as a medium of exchange. Mr. Pinkerton has repeated several times over his ideas about the first coins, but this observation seems to have escaped him.—These two sections, and the following

following, upon other ancient medals, contain much information, but it is of a miscellaneous nature, and the subjects are so ill arranged, that we can hardly pretend to state with much precision, what it is that the author proposes to teach us. There are some attempts at ascertaining the relative antiquity of coins by their types, and the objects they represent; but it would be very difficult to form any regular system, because coins had been used long before any figures existed on them. But this is a subject which the Abbé Barthelemi has discussed at greater length; and Mr. Pinkerton has only given us an abridgement of his treatise.

There is nothing in this Essay on Medals more disgusting to those who take pleasure in order and regularity, than the confusion in expression which pervades the whole book. Throughout the first part of it, the author very absurdly uses the terms coin and medal as synonymous. At the commencement of the sixth section, he tells us that he is about to consider coins as coins for a short time, but that afterwards he will again confound them with medals; and this he contrives to do so effectually, that he is actually obliged to usurp the word medallion, and invent the word medalet, in order to express what every clear-headed antiquary would have simply called medal. He now tells us that having happily got rid of his discourse on money, he begs leave to consider Greek and Roman coins 'merely as medals in a cabinet.' The sestertius is again denominated 'a medal,' and we suppose that he would apply the same term to the iron rings which the British, according to Cæsar, coined instead of sesterces—pro nummis. We now began to hope that Mr. Pinkerton would rest quiet in the enjoyment of the chaos he had created, and that we should only have the trouble of finding out whether he was speaking of coins or of medals. But lamentably were we deceived. The second volume commences with the stale remark, that till now coins and medals have been regarded as synonymous, (which is not true) but that henceforth 'the word coin only is used in speaking of common cash; and that of medal *supplies the place of the term medallion.*' So that after three hundred and seventy-one pages of confusion he at length discovers, that coins and medals are not in fact the same things, and that a term of which he was pleased to pervert the meaning, was equal to conveying all the ideas which it was intended to represent, and to 'supplying the place' of what he had substituted in its room.

This point being, we hope, finally settled, we enter upon the second volume of the essay, which is devoted to modern coins and medals, especially those of Great Britain, their rarity, prices, &c.

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and an appendix, consisting of three separate parts. With the ninth century, or the empire of Charlemagne, commences the series of modern coins, but previously to the beginning of the sixteenth century, we find in them little to admire in point of elegance, though we may sometimes observe designs of moderate ingenuity. In execution, there is more to surprise than charm us. The gold penny of Henry the third is really the performance of an artist tolerably skilful: yet the silver coins of the same sovereign present us with a portrait of such rudeness, that it is far inferior to the heptarchic pennies. The same remark may be applied to the English and Anglo-Gallic gold of Edward the third, when compared with the execrable workmanship of his groats and pennies. For these inconsistencies it would be difficult to account: Mr. Pinkerton has not assisted us with a single conjecture, for he has not noticed the subject.

In the beginning of the second volume, however, the author offers some remarks respecting the valuation of ancient money. He observes that the Saxon penny does not weigh three of our modern silver pennies, and that according to several authors, a penny under the heptarchy was equivalent to five shillings at present: yet the penny was the only coin, and it can hardly be conceived that even if it were cut in four parts, people would not have required a smaller coin for the common purposes of traffic. We may judge of the inconvenience by imagining a piece of 1*s.* 3*d.* to be the lowest piece of money now current. Our author supposes the value of the Saxon penny to have encreased little more than threefold; but on this topic he is much too concise, and we regret that he has looked upon the matter as foreign to his design; and has accordingly proceeded to the consideration of all modern coins in every quarter of the globe, but still merely in the light of 'medals in a cabinet,' in which point of view the modern coin of foreign nations has very little claim to interest us. The Roman denarius has apparently been the model, upon which the early coins of most countries in Europe were formed. In France and Spain, however, gold seems to have been the first metal adopted, and the *solidus* and *tremissis* were the objects of imitation. Nevertheless we shall scarcely find any European language that does not possess some corruption of the word *denarius*. The French *denier*, and the Spanish *dinero* (which now means money in general) are sufficient to prove the use of it even in those countries where gold had been the first production of the mint. In the time of St. Louis, *denier* had become a term common to all sorts of coin in France, as *penny* was in England, so that a gold piece of

of that sovereign which bore the image of the Agnus Dei, was called *Denier à l'Aignel.*

Mr. Pinkerton has divided this section into two articles, in the second of which he treats of modern medals properly so called. We are rather surprised at the ease with which he is satisfied respecting the gold nobles of David II. of Scotland, being in fact medals. It seems to us very improbable that gold medals should be struck of a king while a captive in England, by English artists, above a century before any other medals were struck in Europe, and of a metal but just then introduced into England for the purposes of coinage. We are well inclined to believe that these pieces are not actually mentioned in any act or proclamation: but from this, we think, can only be inferred that they were not used as current money. From the essay before us we derive one brief hint towards the unfolding of this mystery. Mr. Pinkerton mentions in his appendix, No. IV. p. 439, the following two statutes.

'David II. 1347. c. 35. Ordaining English money to be received in Scotland, as (at) its value in England.

'1365. c. 38. Ordering a new coinage, equal to the English in weight and fineness; with a *notable sign* upon it, to distinguish it from all other money.'

Now if the Scotch Coin was really to be made in every respect equal to the English, which these words seem to imply, it does not appear to us at all extraordinary that it should have been the intention of David to imitate the noble of Edward III. Allowing this, it is probable that pattern pieces would be struck, even in this early age, for though we know of no pattern pieces of such antiquity in England, it is because the English coin was original: but this in Scotland being merely an imitation of Edward the third's money, the artist would perhaps be required to give a specimen of his abilities in copying workmanship superior to his own. It is we think by no means surprising that the coinage, of which these pieces are patterns, should not have been completed. A thousand causes may be assigned for the Scottish monarch laying aside his intention of introducing the noble, and perhaps the poverty of his kingdom at the time might have been the most powerful objection. If Mr. Pinkerton's plate of David's noble be correctly engraved, we have to inform him that there is a very evident and essential difference between the two specimens of it which he mentions, so that they could not have been the production of the same mintage. If this remark has any consequence

consequence at all, we are of opinion that it rather goes to corroborate the notion which we have ventured to adopt in opposition to Mr. Pinkerton. We have said so much upon the subject, because we thought the question, whether such a kingdom as Scotland, under such a reign as that of David, was to have the credit of inventing medals a century before any other country in Europe, might be of as much interest and importance as most topics which form the subject of antiquarian discussion.

Mr. Pinkerton proceeds to mention the most celebrated medals of different countries, and gives some remarks upon them, their comparative ingenuity, beauty, &c. from the work of Luckius, which he informs us has become very scarce. It were to be wished that he had pointed out the precise observations taken from that book, for it seems that in some instances it is Mr. Pinkerton's opinion that is submitted to us instead of that of Luckius. We are sorry to find him again differing from Addison regarding the propriety of poetical legends on medals, such as that upon the victory over the French fleet in 1693. 'Non illi imperium pelagi.' Our author's principal objection to such legends is, that no examples of them are to be found on ancient medals. But the case is not parallel. We do not quote contemporary poets, which must have been the case, with the ancients, had a victory of Augustus been commemorated on medals by a quotation from the Æneid. As to the other classes of medals which Mr. Pinkerton (after Dr. Coningham) censures, viz. the impious, the jingling, the intricate, and the abusive, it is almost needless to say that we perfectly agree with him.

British coins are justly considered by our author as most interesting to his readers: there are, however, so many works concerning them which treat the subject more correctly, and at greater length, that we do not feel any necessity for enlarging upon this part of Mr. Pinkerton's Essay. One or two observations we are compelled to offer. He tells us, vol. ii, p. 82, that 'It is a vulgar error to suppose Egbert either first king, or really king of all England, yet he and his descendants were chief monarchs:' this is rather obscure, and we suspect that Mr. Pinkerton means to say, that he was not the only person who had the title of king, i. e. that Egbert allowed to the petty sovereigns of Northumbria, Mercia, and East Anglia, the privileges of calling themselves kings, and being tributary to him. We cannot, however, discover why this should invalidate Egbert's title.

P. 86. Edward the third is said to have first coined the groat. We did not suspect the author of so much negligence. Every writer

writer on the subject mentions the well-known groats of Edward the first, and there can be no question of their authenticity.

Testoon he tells us is derived from *tête* or *teste*, because it has the head of the Sovereign. We could wish to be informed whether Henry the seventh, who invented testoons, ever coined any silver money which had not his head.

P. 104. The town pieces of Charles the first's reign are 'recommended to the supreme scorn of the reader' very unjustly. They were long the current coin, and the only copper coin, of the realm, and the meanest of them is more interesting than any of the *Contorniati*, to which a section of this essay is devoted.

The twenty-shilling pieces in silver of Charles the first are not siege-pieces, as Mr. Pinkerton calls them. p. 109. They are of fine workmanship, and are totally distinct from any obsidional money. He can tell us, perhaps, at what siege they were struck: since all the real siege pieces bear the name of their place of mintage.

The account here given of the coins of Scotland and Ireland is more valuable than that of the English, because on these topics there is a greater deficiency of books. Mr. Pinkerton's history of them is sufficiently exact, and as copious as the design of his work would allow.

The ensuing section on the progress of British coinage relates chiefly to the workmanship of it, on which our author has found more to say than we expected, and of a different nature: for after numerous observations on the coinage of different ages, he favours us with some proposals of his own, which we shall present to our readers after some remarks which we are obliged to make upon certain parts of the treatise.

P. 161. The revival of the use of the mill in France, an. 1645, is ascribed to 'the taste for medals instilled into Louis XIV.' In 1645, Louis XIV. was but seven years old.

P. 172. The author supposes that the largest gold coins of Oliver Cromwell, which are called fifty-shilling pieces, were only patterns 'struck in large,' for forty shillings. He ought to have observed that these coins are of the same diameter as the pound piece, and that it is their thickness which adds the value of thirty shillings, that thickness, however, being only so much as to allow of the legend on the edge. So that whatever is their value it could not have been diminished had they been brought into circulation.

P. 174. The author has satisfactorily proved that the money of Oliver Cromwell was at least intended for currency, though from

from its great beauty it might often have been judged fitter for the cabinet than the purse. He has also observed that from the great plenty of commonwealth money, there was little occasion for that of Oliver to be in general use. We cannot, however, fail to express our surprise that he has no-where noticed the eighteen and nine-penny pieces of the protector, which certainly have strong claims on the attention of a medallist, because excepting in the obsidional coinage of Charles the first, we have no pieces of similar value.

We have next a detail of the process of coining as it is now practised in most European mints, and which (though at the Tower it is made a great secret) is related in the Encyclopedie, whence our author takes it, and in many English books. It is not within our limits or design to compare this method with that of Mr. Boulton, and there is perhaps no other point of view in which it would be interesting to our readers. Still less are we inclined to enlarge upon the ridicule which Mr. Pinkerton casts on the coinage of our present Sovereign, and on the proposed improvements of Lord Stanhope. The gross and disgusting faults of both are evident to the most unskilful observer, and though we must heartily desire a reformation of our money, we will for the present forbear to expose 'the nakedness of the land.' The rest of Europe is at this period not much superior to us, yet no Englishman can compare the coins of George the third, and Charles the second, without a blush for our national genius. The emendations of Mr. Pinkerton, however, are not such as we would wish to see adopted. We agree with him that the attiring of his Majesty in Roman armour and a laurel crown is absurd. He should appear, on his coin, in that costume in which he performs the most august functions of royalty, and we could wish to behold on modern money that 'Sovereign Type' with which his hallowed predecessor, Edward the Confessor, first ennobled the coin of his realm. For the remainder of Mr. Pinkerton's suggestions, we will faithfully submit them to our readers, with an idea that at least they cannot fail to be *amusing*, if they should not be found to merit the applause and admiration of the public.

'Supposing, for the sake of a reverie, an alteration in the British coin upon these principles, the obverse might throughout, as at present, contain the king's portrait, but without armour, or laurel crown, till he wears them. Around would run the illustrious title, GEORGE III. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. The other titles, of which the initials cut so awkward a figure upon the reverse of our gold

gold and silver, might be left out of the coin without inconvenience. But the reverses, if historical events are not allowed, in imitation of the Roman, should be varied, in every species, something in this way. The guinea might present a figure of liberty, as the most precious of our possessions, and worthy of the analogy of gold: the legend might be, THE GUARDIAN OF BRITAIN. On the half guinea, suppose an image of Fortitude, THE GUARDIAN OF LIBERTY. The crownpiece might bear Liberty, Agriculture, and Commerce, UNITED TO BLESS. The half-crown—the king, a peer, and a commoner, emblematic of our happy constitution, with the legend, UNITED TO PROTECT. The shilling might be charged with a ship of war convoying a merchant vessel, WEALTH AND POWER: the sixpence with an oak in a storm, STRONGER FROM THE TEMPEST. The halfpenny may remain as it is, with regard to the impression, only doubling the size of the coin: the Britannia should hold a trident in her right hand, and let the other recline upon the helm of a ship, instead of holding both aloft, with impertinent articles in each, a posture very absurd, and unknown to the ancients. What is the meaning of her long spear? What of her olive branch, with which she sits, like an old lady in an old picture with a flower in her hand? The farthing, of the size of the present halfpenny, might present an husbandman sowing, with this legend, BY INDUSTRY SMALL THINGS GROW GREAT. But any effectual improvement of our coinage must be left till GOD help us; together with the more important improvements of the police of London, of our waste lands, and of parliamentary representation.' vol. ii. p. 190-192.

The effect of this new coinage would indeed be diverting. We recommend to our readers' attention, the half crown with portraits of the king in his crown, a noble lord in his parliamentary robes, and a trim commoner in his dress coat and Opera hat. For Mr. Pinkerton abhors to see represented 'the thing which is not,' and whatever be the likeness, such must it be delineated on the coin. There would be a curious contrast between the ideal personages of the crown piece, Liberty, Agriculture, and Commerce, and the king, lord, and commoner on the half-crown. But we suppose there is some analogy between them, and we suspect also a sly hint, that lords ought to be farmers, and commoners merchants. How it is that the police of London, waste lands, and parliamentary representation, are connected with an essay on medals, we do not at once perceive: and we will therefore refrain from observations upon them, until Mr. Pinkerton favours us with an essay on these topics, in which we conclude he will intersperse some biting sarcasms on numismatic subjects.

The rarity of all sorts of coins and medals now comes under consideration.

consideration. Mr. Pinkerton gravely tells us that rarity is caused by different circumstances. Sometimes but few pieces were coined, and sometimes they were called in, &c. He also informs us that very rare coins may become comparatively common, if a large quantity of them be discovered, as was the case with Canute's pennies.—These remarks are new. It is not every one that would think of putting them in his book; and we are convinced that our readers would never forgive our passing them in silence. They remind us of an ingenious Spaniard, by name Pedro Grullo, who compiled a series of observations for the benefit of his country, of which not one can admit of the smallest doubt or question, but on the contrary their truth has been known and acknowledged by every man, woman, and child, from the beginning of the world. The rarity of coins is nearly allied to their pecuniary value, and if we could confide implicitly in the prices given in Mr. Pinkerton's Appendix, we should not stand in need of the assistance which his twenty-first section affords us. But these subjects are merely temporary, and since the date of our author's earlier editions, the prices of coins have varied so much, that we do not perceive any use whatever that can be made of his tables of rarity.

Counterfeit medals and the arts of distinguishing them, we fear, require a greater space than our author has allotted to the discussion of them. It would be curious to discover any good reason for the forger of ancient medals being esteemed a man of ingenuity and merit, while his brother artist who gives his imitations of modern money, is regarded as one of the most formidable of villains. For our own part we see little distinction between the two, excepting that the former flies at nobler game, and exercises a more profitable employment: but with great reluctance should we receive a rouleau of unexamined guineas from the imitator of Otho or of Richard the First. Modern collectors are seldom imposed upon by these fabrications. They are now so well acquainted with ancient workmanship and other particulars belonging to every coin, that they easily distinguish any suspicious appearance which to an unskilled observer would be invisible. The author aptly compares this discriminating power, to the facility with which a shepherd discerns any individual member of his flock, which to common eyes presents no sort of difference from the others. We can only observe here that Mr. Pinkerton resolves all counterfeits of ancient medals into six classes, and that his observations are taken from

'La Maniere de discerner les Medailles antiques de celles qui sont contrefaites, par M. de Beauvais.'

Cabinets of medals are we think hardly so subject to strict rules as Mr. Pinkerton supposes, when he divides them into three classes; for most collections are formed according to the caprice of the owner, and there are few who have made any series the exclusive object of their search. Of complete collections (which pretend to contain the coins and medals of every age and country) we know of none in England that nearly attained their end, but those of Dr. Mead, Dr. Hunter, and Mr. Tyssen. And none of those, excepting for the coins of our own islands, were at all worthy to be compared with the royal cabinet of France. There are now in England many collectors of the second and third rate. We are even inclined to think, that of Greek and Roman coins we have more cabinets than all the rest of Europe contains. The coinage of our own country is to a certain degree collected universally: few are without specimens of the money of Queen Elizabeth, and many hundreds treasure up brass counters of Queen Anne which they call farthings, and value at a thousand pounds. The national cabinet in the British Museum, were it the property of any private individual, would be esteemed a distinguished assemblage of rarities, and no opportunity should be neglected of rendering it the depository of all the most remarkable specimens which can be procured by purchase.

A section on the prices of medals concludes this essay. We have consequently another complaint to make of the miserable arrangement of the work. There is a section concerning rarity, and another concerning prices, and both are considered again in the Appendix. We have already hinted our opinion of these valuations, and if we imitated Mr. Pinkerton we might repeat it with little alteration of language. But it is enough to caution our readers against relying implicitly on his accuracy, and to recommend to their perusal any modern catalogues of sales, from which they may easily form more correct notions of the value and usual price of these articles.

The contents of the Appendix have in part been noticed. The three parts relate to Greek, Roman, and Britannic coins. The two former consist of tables of abbreviations, dates, names of colonies, cities, families, and magistrates, with estimates of rarity and prices. The third part contains valuations of English and Scotch coins, with some acts of parliament, &c. The whole Appendix occupies nearly half the second volume.

On

On a general view of Mr. Pinkerton's work, we see much to commend, though in some instances he appears to have done all he could to depreciate his own merit, by errors which are not to be excused in so experienced and prolific a writer. His stile is often uncommon and ambiguous, and, as we have remarked before, his contempt for method and order is perpetually creating obscurity. This is a third and corrected edition, and therefore no allowances need be made for haste, or for inadvertent omissions. Yet we could point out some sentences of the most clumsy construction, and one or two in which poor Priscian is sadly mauled. A general work on coins and medals is as yet a desideratum, nor can we hesitate to express our wish that instead of giving us a new edition, Mr. Pinkerton had expanded and improved the former ones into a more useful shape. The bulk of his work need not have been much enlarged. We would willingly consent to give up the appendix, or at least the greater part of it; and there are two or three sections which, if not wholly omitted, might be reduced to a small portion of their present size.

Of typographical errors we could notice several: but there are none likely to distress or confound the reader, unless it be in vol. 1, p. 202, where *legions* is misprinted for legends. In the whole work there is scarcely one sentence of Greek correctly given.

Before we take leave of our author, we have to congratulate him upon his emancipation from a cruel slavery under which he laboured, when the former editions of his essay appeared. We allude to the affectation of orthography, which induced him to call himself *i* and to spell sundry words in a new mode: with this offence we are no longer molested in the new edition, and he may perhaps apply to us the words of Pistol, 'Why then rejoice therefore.' The knowledge of medals has long been esteemed, but is not yet general; and any work which is likely to influence the public opinion, and direct it towards the cultivation of this branch of taste, ought to be scrupulously divested of every particle of pedantry which may disgust beginners at their outset.

ART. XII. *Public Characters of* 1809-10, 8vo. pp. 684. London. Sherwood and Co. 1809.

FROM an ill-written 'Preface' to this strange production, it appears that the Editor has been, for some years, in the practice of sallying forth on the king's highway, seizing upon numbers of unsuspecting people, under the extraordinary pretence of their being "PUBLIC CHARACTERS," and dressing them up with caps and bells, and other derogatory appendages of folly, for the entertainment of such as chose to lay out a few shillings on so indecorous a spectacle.

The only plea advanced by him for this annual outrage on the peace of society, is, that the victims of it are dizened out in such beautiful colours, that they cannot choose but be delighted with their own appearance. This is adding mockery to injury. The wardrobe of a puppet-show is more magnificent than the frippery thus forced upon them; and the bungling wretches employed to string the tawdry tatters together, must have served their apprenticeship to the furnishers of garden scare-crows.

The first, or, as we rather think, the second person who figures in the groupe of this year, is 'the Reverend William Coxe, M.A. F.R.S. and F.S.A. Archdeacon of Wilts and Rector of Bemarton.' His appearance is not a little comical; and we should endeavour to give our readers some idea of it, did we not consider him as 'a man more sinned against than sinning,' and no less grieved than ashamed at his involuntary degradation.

But though we feel unmixed pity for sufferers of this description, we cannot be so indulgent to those who rush into the circle, *uncaught*, and exhibit their foppery for the gratification of individual vanity. Towards the conclusion of the show, 'Mr. M. P. Andrews, M. P. for Bewdley in Worcestetshire,' steps gaily forward, and, with the air and gait of a morris-dancer, enters upon a ridiculous display of his accomplishments.

He begins with a scrap of bad Italian; after which he informs the audience that he was destined for the counting-house; but that, 'instead of thumbing over the ledger, he became enraptured with the poets of antient days, and wooed the Muses with considerable success.' p. 523.

Of these raptures, and this success, he gives a specimen, in a prologue

prologue of several pages, in which, he adds, 'he is allowed to have displayed peculiar excellence.' p. 525.

> 'Lady Drawcansir came to me last night,
> "O! my dear ma'am, I am in such a fright;
> They've drawn me for a man, and what is worse,
> I am to soldier it, and mount a horse:
> Must wear the breeches!"—Says I, "don't deplore
> What in your husband's life you always wore." &c.

Notwithstanding the radiance shed around him by these, and a hundred other verses, nearly equal to them in glory, Mr. M. P. A. absolutely startles our credulity by affirming, with apparent seriousness, that 'he was not *dazzled* with his good fortune.' p. 529.

He next produces a list of his numerous farces,—farces, of which the very names have perished from all memory but his own,—and, that no possible wish may remain ungratified, in a matter of such moment, he considerately subjoins 'the cast of the characters at Covent Garden.'

A rapid transition is then made from poetry to politics, and we learn that Mr. M. P. A. has 'sat during five successive parliaments, made one speech, and given two votes for the Prince of Wales.' p. 530.

Lastly—but the reader shall have it in his own words: and we must do the speaker the justice to say, that, in every requisite of fine language, what follows is, at least, equal to the very best parts of this curious exhibition of 'Public Characters.'

'But it is chiefly as a member of the Bon Ton that Colonel Andrews'—mark that, the Colonel! 'has rendered himself conspicuous. His house is occasionally thrown open to the first company, and no private gentleman perhaps has ever possessed a more elegant assemblage of Lords and Ladies than have made their appearance at his routes. His noble withdrawing rooms, uniting with the brilliancy of an audience-chamber all the effects of a conservatory, exhibit, amidst the severest rigours of winter, a parterre of blooming dutchesses, marchionesses, countesses, baronesses, &c.: and had he realized his early inclinations, and repaired to the East, his harem, even if he had become a Turkish Bashaw, would have turned pale at the sight of so many fine specimens of British beauty.' p. 532.

ART. XIII. *Chronicle of the* Cid Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, *the Campeador, from the Spanish, by* Robert Southey, pp. 468. 4to. London. Longman, 1808.

THE name of the Cid is best known to us by the celebrated tragedy of Corneille, founded on a circumstance which happened early in the Champion's career, and which the Spanish compilers of his story do not dwell upon with any peculiar emphasis. Those who are deep read in Don Quixote may also recollect, that the Campeador and his great exploits against the Moors was one of the subjects that deranged the brain of the worthy Knight of La Mancha. Few English or French literati know more of a hero as famous in Spain as Bertrand du Guesclin in France, Glendower in Wales, or Wallace in Scotland, yet have his achievements been recorded in the 'letter blake,' and harped in many a hall and bower.

Desde Sevilla a Marchena,
Desde Granada hasta Leja.

Mr. Southey, to whom the fabulous heroes of Spain, her Amadis, and her Palmerin, have such obligations, has undertaken the same generous task in favour of the Cid, the real champion of a history scarcely less romantic than theirs. His work is not to be considered as the precise translation of any of the numerous histories of the Cid, but as a compilation of all that relates to him extracted from those several sources. First, a prose chronicle of the life and achievements of the Cid, printed in 1552 and 1593, which there is some reason to ascribe to Gil Diaz, a converted Moor, one of the Cid's most faithful followers. This is corrected and enlarged from a general chronicle of Spanish history. Secondly, a metrical legend, of which the Cid is the hero. This work, which fluctuates between history and romance, has a considerable degree of poetical merit, is the oldest poem in the Spanish language, and, in Mr. Southey's judgement, decidedly and beyond all comparison the finest. Lastly, the translator has laid under contribution the popular ballads or romances which celebrated the feats of this renowned warrior—and were sung by minstrels, jongleurs, and glee-men, at places of festive resort. Mr. Southey is not inclined to rank very highly either the authority or the antiquity of these songs, and has made little use of them in compiling his Chronicle,

Chronicle. By these lights, however, he has guided the narrative through the following details.

Rodrigo of Bivar, 'a youth strong in arms and of good customs,' destined to protect his country from the Moors, was born at Burgos in the reign of King Ferrando of Castile, and in the year 1026. His father Diego Laynez, chief of the noble house, had received a blow from the Count Don Gomez the Lord of Gormaz. The consequences are described in a picturesque manner and form a good specimen of this singular narrative.

'Now Diego was a man in years, and his strength had passed from him, so that he could not take vengeance, and he retired to his home to dwell there in solitude and lament over his dishonour. And he took no pleasure in his food, neither could he sleep by night, nor would he lift up his eyes from the ground, nor stir out of his house, nor commune with his friends, but turned from them in silence as if the breath of his shame would taint them. Rodrigo was yet but a youth, and the Count was a mighty man in arms, one who gave his voice first in the Cortes, and was held to be the best in the war, and so powerful that he had a thousand friends among the mountains. Howbeit all these things appeared as nothing to Rodrigo when he thought of the wrong done to his father, the first which had ever been offered to the blood of Layn Calvo. He asked nothing but justice of Heaven, and of man he asked only a fair field; and his father seeing of how good heart he was, gave him his sword and his blessing. The sword had been the sword of Mudarra in former times, and when Rodrigo held its cross in his hand, he thought within himself that his arm was not weaker than Mudarra's. And he went out and defied the Count and slew him, and smote off his head and carried it home to his father. The old man was sitting at table, the food lying before him untasted, when Rodrigo returned, and pointing to the head which hung from the horse's collar, dropping blood, he bade him look up, for there was the herb which should restore to him his appetite: the tongue, quoth he, which insulted you, is no longer a tongue, and the hand which wronged you is no longer a hand. And the old man arose and embraced his son and placed him above him at the table, saying, that he who had brought home that head should be the head of the house of Layn Calvo.' p. 3.

This prosperous commencement was followed by a victory which Rodrigo obtained over five of the Moorish petty princes, who had allied themselves to spoil the country of Castile. Their defeat was so complete that they submitted to be in future the vassals of the victor. About the same time Ximena Gomez, daughter of the Count, (the Chimene of Corneille) came be-

fore the king, and having stated that Rodrigo had slain her father, prayed his Majesty to command him to make atonement by taking her to wife, 'for God's service and that she might be enabled to grant him her hearty pardon.' Neither the King nor Rodrigo felt a desire to resist so singular a request, and the marriage was concluded accordingly. We cannot stop to relate how Rodrigo displayed his charity by plucking a foul leper out of a morass and placing him at his own table, and how the leper proved to be no less a person than St. Lazarus, who had thus disguised himself to prove the young warrior's love of God and his neighbour; nor can we narrate his single combat with Martin Gonzales, nor those repeated conquests over the Moors which caused him to be distinguished among the vanquished by the name of *El Cid* or THE LORD, a title which he afterwards made so famous in history. While his fame was rapidly advancing, the kingdom of Castile was convulsed with civil war. The King Don Ferrando had died, leaving three sons and one daughter, among whom, with the usual impolicy of the times, he attempted to divide his dominions. But the Kings of Spain were of the blood of the Goths, which is emphatically said to be a *fierce blood*, and certainly no history, excepting that of the heaven-abandoned Jews, is stained with more murders, conspiracies, and unnatural civil broils. The Cid was among the subjects of Castile, whose fealty descended to the eldest son Don Sancho, and he had no small part in the wars which that monarch made upon his brethren Garcia and Alfonzo. When Sancho had dethroned and imprisoned both his younger brothers, he forced Alfonzo to become a Monk, but he escaped from his convent, and fled to the Moors of Toledo, who received him with great hospitality. Meanwhile Sancho resolved to deprive his sister Urraca of the city and dependencies of Zamora, which the King her father had bequeathed to her. And it was while besieging this city that he was treacherously slain by one of her adherents, who pretended to desert to his party. This gave occasion to one of those scenes which illustrate the singular manners of the age. It was resolved in the camp of the deceased monarch that the town of Zamora should be impeached for the treason committed, and for having received the traitor within her gates after the perpetration of the murder. The task of denouncing it devolved upon Diego Ordonez, a right good and noble warrior, for the Cid, who might otherwise have been expected to be foremost in the revenge of his master's death, had uniformly refused to bear arms against Donna Urraca, because they

they had been brought up together, and he remembered 'the days that were past.' Diego Ordonez came before the walls fully armed; and having summoned to the battlements Arias Gonzalo, who commanded the city for Urraca, he pronounced this celebrated impeachment in the following words:

'The Castillians have lost their Lord; the traitor Vellido slew him, being his vassal, and ye of Zamora have received Vellido and harboured him within your walls. Now therefore I say that he is a traitor who hath a traitor with him, if he knoweth and consenteth unto the treason. And for this I impeach the people of Zamora, the great as well as the little, the living and the dead, they who now are and they who are yet unborn; and I impeach the waters which they drink and the garments which they put on; their bread and their wine, and the very stones in their walls. If there be any one in Zamora to gainsay what I have said, I will do battle with him, and with God's pleasure conquer him, so that the infamy shall remain upon you.' p. 75.

In answer to this defiance, Gonzalo informed the champion, with great composure, that perhaps he was not aware of the law of arms in the case of impeachment of a council; which provided that the accuser should contend not with one only, but with five champions of the community successively, and his accusation was only held true if he retired victorious from this unequal contest. Ordonez, though somewhat disconcerted at this point of military law, which was confirmed by twelve alcaldes, chosen on each side, was under the necessity of maintaining his impeachment. Gonzalo, on the other hand, having first ascertained that none of the people of Zamora had been privy to the treason, resolved, that he himself and his four sons would fight in their behalf. With difficulty he is prevailed upon, by the tears and intreaties of Urraca, to let his sons first try their fortune. One of them enters the lists after his father had armed, instructed, and blessed him. The youth is slain in the conflict; and the victor calls aloud, 'Don Arias, send me another son, for this one will never fulfil your bidding.' He then retires from the lists to change his horse and arms, and to refresh himself with three sops of bread and a draught of wine, agreeably to the rules of combat. The second son of Gonzalo enters the lists, and is also slain. Ordonez then lays his hand on the bar, and exclaims, 'Send me another son, Don Arias, for I have conquered two, thanks be to God!' Rodrigo Arias, the eldest and strongest of the brethren then encounters the challenger, and in the exchange of two desperate blows he receives a mortal wound;

wound; while, at the same time, the horse of Ordonez, also wounded, runs out of the lists with his rider. This was a nice point of the *duello*: for, on the one hand, the challenger had combated and vanquished his enemy; on the other, he had himself, however involuntarily, been forced out of the lists; which was such a mark of absolute defeat that even death was not held so strong. And there is a Spanish story of a duel, in which the defendant slew the challenged party; but the defunct being very corpulent and heavily armed, the victor was unable to heave him over the palisade, and after labouring the whole day to no purpose, was at sunset very rationally held to be convicted of the treason of which he had been accused; because he could not give the necessary and indispensable proof that he had vanquished the accuser. The judges of the field, in the impeachment of Zamora, did not choose positively to decide so nice a dependence. It would be probably doing those worthy alcaldes injustice to suppose, that they were moved with compassion either for the challenger, who had still such an unequal contest before him, or for Don Arias, who having lost three of his children, was to risk his own life with that of his remaining son. But whether from unwonted feelings of pity, or because the case could not be judged, they held the third combat to be a drawn battle, and would not allow Ordonez to proceed in his accusation. Thus Don Arias, at the expence of the lives of his three gallant sons, delivered from impeachment the people of Zamora, born and unborn, living and dead, past, present, and to come, together with their waters, their food, their garments, and the stones of their battlements. It would have been, no doubt, as easy to have delivered up the murderer, whose act both parties agreed in condemning; but it is not the least fantastical part of the story, that he was suffered to elude all punishment, excepting that the Chronicle assures us he could not escape it in hell, 'where he is tormented with Dathan and Abiram, and with Judas the traitor, for ever and ever.'

While this scene was passing before Zamora, Alfonso, the remaining brother of the deceased Sancho, received the news of his murder; and resolved immediately to quit Toledo, where he was the guest of the Moorish monarch, Alimaymon, in order to take possession of the kingdom of Castile, to which he was now sole heir. That monarch had already heard a rumour of Sancho's death, and posted guards in the passage to prevent his guest, now become a hostage of importance, from departing without his leave. But when Alfonso boldly and openly requested

quested his licence to return to Castille, the generous Moslem answered,

'I thank God, Alfonso, that thou hast told me of thy wish to go into thine own country; for in this thou hast dealt loyally by me, and saved me from that which might else have happened, to which the Moors have always importuned me. And hadst thou departed privily thou couldest not have escaped being slain or taken. Now then go and take thy kingdom; and I will give thee whatever thou hast need of to give to thine own people, and win their hearts that they may serve thee.' p. 85.

He then requested him to swear friendship to himself and his sons; but in enumerating them, he 'had a grandson whom he dearly loved, who was not named in the oath, *and therefore Don Alfonso was not bound to keep it towards him.*' And the historian records it as a high instance of generosity, that Alfonso was so far from taking advantage of this omission, that, on a future occasion, when Alimaymon was as much in his power as he had been in Alimaymon's, he compelled the Moor to release him from the oath, but only that he might take it again fully, freely, and with all solemnity. When king Alfonso arrived in his kingdom, he found that many of his nobility, but especially the Cid, nourished a suspicion that he had been in some sort accessory to the murder of his brother Sancho. To purge himself of this guilt, the king, and twelve knights as his compurgatores, made oath of his innocence, upon the Gospels, in the church of St. Gadea, at Burgos. The Cid administered the oath with a rigour which implied the strength of his suspicions; and the following is the account of the manner in which the king was obliged to exculpate himself in the face of his people.

'And the King came forward upon a high stage that all the people might see him, and my Cid came to him to receive the oath; and my Cid took the book of the Gospels and opened it, and laid it upon the altar, and the King laid his hands upon it, and the Cid said unto him, King Don Alfonso, you come here to swear concerning the death of King Don Sancho, your brother, that you neither slew him nor took counsel for his death; say now you, and these hidalgos, if ye swear this. And the King and the hidalgos answered and said, Yea, we swear it. And the Cid said, If ye knew of this thing, or gave command that it should be done, may you die even such a death as your brother the King Don Sancho, by the hand of a villain whom you trust; one who is not a hidalgo, from another land, not a Castillian; and the King and the knights who were with him said Amen. And the King's colour changed; and the Cid repeated the oath unto him a second time, and

and the King and the twelve knights said Amen to it in like manner, and in like manner the countenance of the King was changed again. And my Cid repeated the oath unto him a third time, and the King and the knights said Amen; but the wrath of the King was exceeding great, and he said to the Cid, Ruydiez, why dost thou thus press me, man? To-day thou swearest me, and to-morrow thou wilt kiss my hand. And from that day forward there was no love towards my Cid in the heart of the King.' p. 88.

The Castilian monarch having this offence deeply engraved in his remembrance, took the first occasion which offered, to banish the Cid from his dominions, on pretence of some incursions which he had made on the friendly Moors of Toledo. The Cid then assembled the relations, vassals, and retainers whom his influence or high military reputation had attached to his person, and resolved at their head to leave Castille, and subsist by a predatory war upon the Moors.

'And as he was about to depart he looked back upon his own home, and when he saw his hall deserted, the household chests unfastened, the doors open, no cloaks hanging up, no seats in the porch, no hawks upon the perches, the tears came into his eyes, and he said, my enemies have done this. God be praised for all things. And he turned toward the East, and knelt and said, Holy Mary Mother, and all Saints, pray to God for me, that he may give me strength to destroy all the Pagans, and to win enough from them to requite my friends therewith, and all those who follow and help me.' p. 97.

In passing through Burgos, no one dared to receive him into his house, the king having given strict command to the contrary; and such sorrow had the christian people at obeying these severe injunctions, that they durst not look upon the champion as he rode through the solitary streets of their city. When he came to his *posada*, or hotel, and struck against the door with his foot, none made answer but a little girl of nine years old, who informed him of the king's command. He turned in silence from the door of the Inn, rode to the church of St. Mary, where 'he kneeled down, and prayed with all his heart,' and then encamped with his retinue on the sands near the city. There is something very striking in this picture—the silence with which the Cid receives his unjust sentence—the dignity with which he contemns the mean effort of the king to increase his distress and embarassment;—the desolate state to which the city is reduced by the fear and pity of the inhabitants at his approach—the military train slowly parading its streets, and seeking in vain for hospitality or repose;

repose;—the swelling heart of the leader venting itself in devotion, when he saw every house, but that of God, shut against him, are all beautiful and affecting circumstances. The next scene is of a very different nature, yet equally curious.

The Cid, like other great persons, setting out upon travel, was in great want of money to maintain his followers. And now we venture to supply an incident from the romances, which, though characteristic, Mr. Southey has omitted. We copy it from a slip-shod translation, which we happen to possess, and which may serve for a sample of these ballads.

'When the Cid, the Campeador,
(Of his life may God take care,)
With three hundred pennon'd warriors,
Forth of good Castille would fare;
Nor the champion, nor his lady,
Had of treasure, coin, or rent,
Even a single Maravedi;
All in war and wassail spent.

Then Ximene took off her garland,
Glittering like the stars of heaven,
Deck'd with gems from Eastern far land,
Which the Moorish Kings had given;
"Take then, this, my Roderigo;
Pledged in wealthy merchants hand,
'Twill supply thee gold, while we go
Wanderers far in foreign land."

Sola and her little sister,
Daughters of the noble Cid,
When they saw the chaplet's glister
Taken from their mother's head,
Wept to part with such gay jewel,
Clamour'd loud around Ximene;
"Must such garland, O, how cruel,
From our mother dear be ta'en?"

Mark'd the Cid their childish sorrow,
Heard them murmur in dismay:
"Grief enough may come to-morrow,
Give our babes their boon to-day.
Children weep for toys that glitter,
Kings and Kaisars do the same:
Why their blithest days embitter?
Keep thy garland, gentle dame."

Loud

Loud their hands the children clapping,
As their father's doom they heard,
And their arms around him wrapping,
Kist his cheeks, and strok'd his beard.'

* * *

Mr. Southey omits this curious trait of parental tenderness, which we think peculiarly characteristic of the hero, as those who are bravest and even fiercest in war are often distinguished by unlimited indulgence to the objects of their domestic attachments.

The resource from which the Cid drew his supplies was of a questionable description, and not very dissimilar from the devices of our modern knights of industry. He sent one of his adherents, Martin Antolinez, to two wealthy jews, named Rachael and Vidas, to demand the loan of six hundred marks, upon two chests of treasure, which the Cid meant to deposit in their hands. The sons of Israel lent a willing ear to such a proposal, but when the marks were demanded, they sagaciously observed, that 'their way of business was first to take and then to give.' Antolinez conducted them to the tent of the Campeador, who dazzled their optics with the exhibition of two huge and heavy chests, covered with leather of red and gold, and secured with ribs of iron, but filled in truth with stones and sand. The Jews, forgetting the caution of their tribe, willingly agreed to advance the sum demanded on a deposit of such a promising aspect; and swore at the same time, to keep the chests a full year without opening. So highly delighted were the Israelites with the bargain, that Antolinez contrived to hook out of them thirty marks for agency, to buy himself a pair of hose, a doublet, and a rich cloak. It is not the least curious part of this story, that when the Cid acquired wealth in the Moorish wars, and sent to redeem the chests with a Spanish hyperbole that they contained his honour, which was the richest treasure in the world; 'the people held it for a great wonder; and there was not a place in all Burgos where they did not talk of the gentleness and loyalty of the Cid.' The Jews themselves also expressed such grateful surprise as makes it plain that in the ordinary course of things, they would have been left by way of punishment for looking so indifferently after their own interest in the outset of the bargain, to indemnify themselves by the deposit. Nay, we grieve to say, that some contradictory authorities make it not improbable that the Cid consigned them to the doleful predicament of their kinsman, Shylock, to console themselves with the penalty of the bond.

The

The Cid thus furnished with munition and money sets forth against the Moors, leaving his wife and children in the charge of the Abbot of St. Pedro de Cardena. It is not our intention to trace his military exploits, in which there is frequently vivid description, but which nevertheless, from the similarity of incident, are the dullest part of this volume. The following most excellent and spirited, as well as literal translation from the poem of the Cid, is given in the notes. It is not from the pen of Mr. Southey, but from that of a literary friend, who has caught the true tone of the Spanish Homer. The Cid, with his followers, sallies from the Castle of Alcoçer, where they were besieged by the Moors.

' The gates were then thrown open, and forth at once they rush'd,
The outposts of the Moorish host back to the camp were push'd;
The camp was all in tumult, and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums, as if earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles how they were forming fast;
Horsemen and footmen mixt, a countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward, the battle soon must join,
" My men stand here in order, rang'd upon a line!
" Let not a man move from his rank before I give the sign."
Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not refrain.
He held the banner in his hand, he gave his horse the rein;
" You see yon foremost squadron there, the thickest of the foes,
" Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner goes!
" Let him that serves and honours it shew the duty that he owes."
Earnestly the Cid call'd out, ' For heaven's sake be still!'
Bermuez cried, ' I cannot hold,' so eager was his will.
He spurr'd his horse, and drove him on amid the Moorish rout;
They strove to win the banner, and compast him about.
Had not his armour been so true he had lost either life or limb;
The Cid called out again, ' For heaven's sake succour him!'
Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest levell'd fair and low;
Their banners and their crests waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle bow.
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
" I am Rui Diaz, the Champion of Bivar;
" Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet mercies sake!"
There where Bermuez fought amidst the foe they brake,
Three hundred banner'd knights, it was a gallant show:
Three hundred Moors they kill'd, a man with every blow;
When they wheel'd and turn'd, as many more lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances, and level them again.

There

There you might see the breastplates, how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie scatter'd on the plain.
The pennons that were white mark'd with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.' p. 439.

There are many similar exploits described in the same animated tone; and the successes of the Cid soon led him to form plans of more permanent conquest. The dissentions of the Moors aided his views, and at length, after a tedious siege, in which the city suffered the last degree of distress, and after playing off against each other, almost all the factions within its walls, the fair city of Valencia became the property of the Cid, and the seat of his power. His fame and his untarnished loyalty had by this time reconciled the Campeador to King Alfonso; so the embassy which the Cid sent to him to announce his new conquest, and to demand his wife and daughters, was most favourably received. When the ladies arrived at Valencia, they had a specimen of the manner in which the Cid had acquired, and was forced to defend his possessions. The city was beleagured by an immense army of Moors. The Cid conducted his wife and daughters to the highest turret, from which they might see his exploits against the enemy, cheered their sinking spirits with an exclamation, 'the more Moors the more gain!' sallied out and utterly discomfited the enemy, making such mortality with his own hand, that the blood ran from the wrist to the elbow. He re-entered the town at the head of his knights.

'His wrinkled brow was seen, for he had taken off his helmet, and in this manner he entered, upon Bavieca, sword in hand. Great joy had Dona Ximena and her daughters who were awaiting him, when they saw him come riding in; and he stopt when he came to them, and said, Great honour have I won for you, while you kept Valencia this day! God and the Saints have sent us goodly gain, upon your coming. Look, with a bloody sword, and a horse all sweat, this is the way that we conquer the Moors! Pray God that I may live yet awhile for your sakes, and you shall enter into great honour, and they shall kiss your hands. Then my Cid alighted when he had said this, and the ladies knelt down before him, and kissed his hand, and wished him long life.' p. 233.

The fame of the Cid's wealth led Diego and Ferrando Gonzales the Infantes of Carrion, brethren of great rank and high ancestry, to solicit the hands of his two daughters; and the Cid, at the request of King Alfonso, consented to their union. But these noblemen had ill considered their own dispositions in desiring

desiring such an union. The Cid, indeed, received them with all honour in Valencia, and bestowed on them many rich gifts, and especially his two choice swords, Colada and Tizona. But the Infantes had no taste for killing Moors, which was the principal amusement at the Court of the Campeador; and although the Cid prudently disguised his knowledge of their cowardice, he could not save them from the derision of his military retainers. An unfortunate accident brought matters to a crisis. The Cid, it seems, kept a tame lion, which, one day, finding its den unbarred, walked into the hall of the palace, where the banquet was just ended. The lion had happily dined likewise, so he paced coolly towards the head of the table, where the Cid was asleep in his chair. His captains and knights crouded around him for his defence; but his sons-in-law, holding, with Bottom, that there is not a more fearful wild fowl than your lion living, threw themselves, the one behind the Campeador's chair, the other into a wine-press, where he fell into the lees and defiled himself. The Cid awaking as the lion was close upon him, held up his hand, and said, how's this? and the lion standing still at his voice, he arose, and taking him by the mane, led him back to his den like a tame mastiff. But the Infantes of Carrion, reading their disgrace in the ill-suppressed laughter of the attendants, adopted a suspicion that this strange scene had been contrived on purpose to put them to shame, and formed a cowardly scheme of revenge.

For this purpose, they craved the Cid's permission to return to their own country of Carrion, which he readily granted. On the road they led their wives into a forest, where they stripped them, beat them with the girths of their horses, mangled them with their spurs, and left them for dead upon the spot. Here they were found, and brought back to Valencia; and the Cid, incensed at this deadly affront, demanded justice before the king and the cortes of Castille. The investigation was conducted with great form and solemnity. The Cid sent to the place of meeting, an ivory throne which he had won at Valencia, 'a right noble seat, and of subtle work,' which gave rise to much invidious discussion among the Castillian nobles, until Alfonso decided that the Cid should occupy the ivory seat which he had won like a good knight. He then shaped his demand of satisfaction from the Infantes of Carrion into three counts. In the first place he demanded restitution of the two good swords Colada and Tizona, which being implements they had no great occasion for, were readily resigned. His second demand was for the

treasures he had bestowed on them with his daughter. The Infantes, who had quarrelled with their wives but not with their portions, resisted this strenuously, but were obliged to comply by the sentence of the cortes. This account being cleared with no small difficulty, the Cid a third time demanded justice, and stating the injuries done to his daughters, insisted on personal satisfaction from the Infantes. This was the hardest chapter of all; the Infantes could only alledge that they had unwarily married beneath their rank.

'Then Count Don Garcia rose and said, Come away, Infantes, and let us leave the Cid sitting like a bridegroom in his ivory chair: he lets his beard grow and thinks to frighten us with it! The Campeador put up his hand to his beard, and said, What hast thou to do with my beard, Count? Thanks be to God, it is long because it hath been kept for my pleasure;* never son of woman hath taken me by it; never son of Moor or of Christian hath plucked it, as I did yours in your castle of Cabra, Count, when I took your castle of Cabra, and took you by the beard; there was not a boy of the host but had his pull at it. What I plucked then is not yet methinks grown even!' p. 296.

After a very stormy altercation it is at last settled, that the Infantes of Carrion, together with their uncle and abettor, should 'do battle' against three of the Cid's knights. The Infantes are defeated, and declared guilty of treason. This singular story is given at length, and with all those minute details which place the very circumstance before our eyes. There is also a literal poetical translation from that part of the poem which represents the scene in the cortes and in the lists. It is by the same hand, and in the same spirited style, as the account of the sally which we have already quoted.

The Cid takes leave of the king, and returns to Valencia, where he bestows his daughters on the Infantes of Arragon and Navarre, two princes of higher rank and more estimable qualities than those whom he had punished. At length, when far advanced in years, he is once more besieged in his city of Valencia, by an immense army of Moors, and is warned by a vision that his end approaches, but that God had granted him grace to defeat the Moors even after his decease. Upon this intimation, the Cid

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* *Por esa es luenga que a delicio fue creada.*

Poema del Cid. 3294.

prepares

prepares for death, and calling for a precious balsam with which the Soldan of Persia had presented him, he mingled it with rose-water, and tasted nothing else for seven days, during which, though he grew weaker and weaker, yet his countenance appeared even fairer and fresher than before. He then directed that his family and retainers should leave the city after his death, taking with them his dead body, and return to Castille. Having settled his worldly affairs, and ghostly concerns, 'this noble baron yielded up his soul, which was pure and without spot, to God,' in the year 1099, and the 73d of his life. The body having been washed and embalmed, appeared, by virtue of the balsam on which he had lived, as fresh and fair as if alive. It was supported in an upright state by a thin frame of wood, and the whole being made fast to a right noble saddle, this retinue prepared to leave Valencia.

'When it was midnight they took the body of the Cid, fastened to the saddle as it was, and placed it upon his horse Bavieca, and fastened the saddle well: and the body sate so upright and well that it seemed as if he was alive. And it had on painted hose of black and white, so cunningly painted that no man who saw them would have thought but that they were grieves and cuishes, unless he had laid his hand upon them; and they put on it a surcoat of green sendal, having his arms blazoned thereon, and a helmet of parchment, which was cunningly painted that every one might have believed it to be iron; and his shield was hung round his neck, and they placed the sword Tizona in his hand, and they raised his arm, and fastened it up so subtilly that it was a marvel to see how upright he held the sword. And the bishop Don Hieronymo went on one side of him, and the trusty Gil Diaz on the other, and he led the horse Bavieca, as the Cid had commanded him. And when all this had been made ready, they went out from Valencia at midnight, through the gate of Roseros, which is towards Castille. Pero Bermudez went first with the banner of the Cid, and with him five hundred knights who guarded it, all well appointed. And after these came all the baggage. Then came the body of the Cid with an hundred knights, all chosen men, and behind them Dona Ximena with all her company, and six hundred knights in the rear. All these went out so silently, and with such a measured pace, that it seemed as if there were only a score. And by the time that they had all gone out it was broad day.' p. 336.

Betwixt surprise and miracle, the Moors were completely routed; and the Christians, having spoiled their camp, retired to Castille. But when they proposed to put the body in a coffin, Ximena refused to consent, saying that while his countenance remained

mained so comely, her children and grand children should behold the face of their father. At length it was resolved to set him in his ivory chair on the right hand of the high altar in the cathedral of Toledo, dressed in noble robes, which were regularly changed, and placing in his left hand his sword Tizona in its scabbard, and in the right the strings of his mantle. Ximena retired into the neighbouring monastery, and Gil Diaz, the Cid's secretary, devoted his life to attend upon her and upon the good steed Bavieca. Meanwhile the Cid continued for seven years to sit beside the altar. At the expiration of this period, a false Jew who had hid himself in the church, to have the pleasure of plucking that beard which was never plucked when its owner was living, occasioned the body to change its posture. For the 'circumcised dog' had no sooner advanced his unhallowed fingers to that noble beard, than the Cid, letting go the strings of his mantle, drew his sword a palm's breadth out of the sheath. The natural consequence of this was the conversion of the Jew. After this miracle no one ventured to change his dress, or to attempt to sheathe the sword. At length after sitting ten years in state, without alteration, the *nose* of the champion began to change colour. Whether the noses of the attendants felt any sympathetic affection is not said, but the Cid was removed to a vault before the altar, seated, as before, in his ivory chair, with his sword in his hand, and his shield and banner hung upon the walls.

Whether the ivory chair decayed faster than the Cid, we know not; but the body was taken from it, placed in a stone coffin, and, after some intermediate translations, finally interred in the chapel of the monastery of Cardena, where 'it remains to the present day.'

We have not room to tell of the godly end of his wife Ximena, or the attention bestowed on his horse Bavieca, who, having comported himself with laudable spirit and fidelity through the whole of this history, of which he forms no very inconsiderable part, was never mounted by any one after his master's decease, and was buried before the gate of the monastery with the trusty Gil Diaz, his guardian. But we cannot help observing a curious coincidence between an ancient Irish romance, called the death of Cucholinn, and the remarkable circumstances said to have attended the funeral rites of the Cid. Cucholinn (the Cuthullin of the Pseudo Ossian) was chief of the warriors of the Red Branch, as they were called, and champion of Ulster. He was mortally wounded in a battle, through the wiles of an enchantress

chantress called Meive. Feeling death approach, he thus addresses his foster-brother:—

"But accompany me, Laogh, to yonder rock that I may there die, and make my final departure. Let me be supported by resting my breast against that portion of it which advances from the rest; put this sword into my hand, and tie it fast to my wrist, and place my spear and shield as they ought to be; and when my enemies shall see me in that manner, their fear and dread will be still so great, that they will not venture to come and cut off my head, and Connel Cearnach will arrive in time to prevent that body which I quit from being treated with indignity.' Cucholinn walked afterwards towards the rock, and Laogh durst not offer to support him, or draw nigh him, till he had arrived at the place he had chosen, and rested his breast against that part of the rock which projected as he had remarked; and as he leaned against the rock, he put his hand upon his heart, and uttered a moan, saying, "till this day I vow and swear, by the gods of the elements, that I knew not, but that this heart was of iron or stone; and had I thought it to have been of flesh and blood, perhaps half of the feats of chivalry, and of the noble deeds that I have done, would not have been performed by me! And now Laogh, when thou seest Eirir, tell her that my affection never hath strayed from her, that through my whole life I have loved her alone, nor ever saw that woman I would have exchanged for her. Relate to her, to Conner, to Connel, and to the men of Ulster, my late actions and my past battles; enumerate to them the numbers I have slain, and the days whereon my enemies have fallen, either by my sword or the arrows from my quiver, from the rising up until the setting of the sun."

'Laogh obeyed the orders of Cucholinn and settled him with his face towards the enemy's camp, and placed his spear and shield by his shoulder, and put his sword into his hand as if ready for combat, and as he grasped it, he expired.

'When Meive and her confederates beheld him placed in that manner, they imagined it was some scheme concerted by Cucholinn to draw them into an ambuscade, and they durst not draw nigh unto him. "Where is Babh (or Bava)" cried Meive. The sorceress replied, that she was there to fulfill her commands. She sent her therefore to discover if Cucholinn was alive or dead. Bava took the shape of a crow and flew around him; when having discovered that his spirit was fled, she perched upon his shield; and when the enemy saw this, they came forward; and when they came up to him and found that it was impossible to force his sword out of his hand; "Cut the sinews of his wrist," said Lughy, son of Conrec, "and the sword will fall." It was done; but as it fell down, it cut off the hands of thirty of the sons of their chieftains, who were looking

up to behold that deed done, and this was the last exploit that the arms of that hero performed.'

Leaving it to the antiquaries of Ierne to consider whether there is any connexion between these stories, we hasten to conclude the article with a few short observations on the information which we may derive from this curious work.

The character of the Cid, who is held up as a model of perfection, contains many points which seem inconsistent with the more refined notions of chivalry. We say nothing of the cruelty which the 'Perfect One,' as the author frequently calls him, practised without compunction, especially towards his prisoners, whom he usually tortured to force a discovery of their treasures. And perhaps as the following abominable cruelty was perpetrated on circumcised infidels, it might not be a great blot in his escutcheon. It occurred during the siege of Valencia.

'So he ordered proclamation to be made so loud that all the Moors upon the walls could hear, bidding all who had come out from the town to return into it, or he would burn as many as he should find; and saying also that he would slay all who came out from that time forth. Nevertheless they continued to let themselves down from the walls, and the Christians took them without his knowledge. But as many as he found he burnt alive before the walls, so that the Moors could see them; in one day he burnt eighteen, and cast others alive to the dogs, who tore them in pieces.' p. 194.

This might be all *selon les regles*; but we allude to the whole tenor of his policy with the Moorish chiefs of Valencia, which was of a very indirect and crooked kind, in which his promise was forfeited more than once and to more than one person. This was a breach of honour on the part of the 'Happy one whom God created in a lucky hour,' which seems to derogate from his knightly character. His mode of conducting the charge against the Infantes of Carrion, by which he secured restitution before he demanded revenge for his injured honour, argues a cool and interested mode of reason better becoming an attorney than a warrior. All these are no doubt qualified by his extreme and punctilious loyalty towards the king who had exiled him, his warm affection for his family, and his generosity to his vassals and sometimes to his enemies. Yet upon the whole the Cid Ruy Diaz forms no exception to Froissart's general rule, that the knights of Spain had not attained the highest and most refined chivalry practised in France and England. And his story leaves

us at a loss whether he had most of the fox, the tiger, or the lion in his disposition; for he seems to have been at least as crafty and cruel as he was brave. It is also worthy of remarking that the supreme respect enjoined by the laws of knighthood to the fair sex, does not appear in this romance. The females all act a subordinate part, and that irreconcilable with their being persons of any influence. It may be hardly fair to quote the beating which the sons-in-law of the Cid bestow upon their wives, as a proof of general manners. Yet this castigation, though utterly *extra modum*, was not much wondered at, except in relation to the power and generosity of the Cid, father of the patients. The counts appeal to the whole cortes whether they had not a title to beat maids of low degree with their girths, and tear them with their long rowelled spurs; and issue was joined upon an allegation that the daughters of the Cid were of too high a rank to be subjected to such discipline. Ximena also makes a sorry figure in the tale—she comes before the king to ask the hand of the man who had killed her father, a step which surely argued a degraded state in society, and a want of free will. The daughters of the Cid are with very little ceremony, and without at all consulting their own choice, bestowed on one set of husbands and transferred to another. And lastly, the passion, or even the word love, does not occur in the whole volume. It is highly probable that in this respect the manners of the Spaniards were tinged by those of their Mahommedan conquerors, from whom they had caught the oriental contempt of the female sex. Many other marks of resemblance between those nations might be pointed out; nor indeed, upon the whole, do the Moors appear to have been a more unamiable race than the Castillian Christians. The volume contains many splendid instances of their generosity and good faith, which are sometimes but indifferently requited by the Christians. It is true, the situation of the Spanish Moors was already become degraded; they were a luxurious people broken with domestic factions, split into petty principalities, superior to their Christian foes in the arts of peace, therefore affording a tempting prospect of plunder; inferior to them in the art of war, therefore an easy prey. Accordingly they were considered as the common enemy, the *feræ naturæ*, whom every iron-clad champion had a natural right to hunt down and plunder; while in obeying so tempting an impulse he believed himself to be also doing God service. Yet the constant wars between the Spaniards and the Moors were, from their very continuance, subjected to some degree of rule and moderation. The war was

not directed, as in the crusades, to mutual extermination. The Spanish Christians hated the Moors and spoiled them, but their aspect and dress had not for them that novelty which, in the eyes of other nations, removed the infidels almost out of the class of human beings, and added peculiar zest to the pleasure of killing them. The Cid, when he had fairly got possession of Valencia, administered justice indifferently to Moor and Christian; and leaving his 'paynim' subjects in possession of their property, contented himself with levying a tythe as an acknowledgment of sovereignty. Of the Moorish manners we do not learn much from this curious volume; but the lamentation over the ruin of Valencia (p. 179) is an interesting specimen of Arabian poetry.

It is sufficiently obvious that whether the history of the Cid be real or fictitious, it is exceedingly valuable as a singular picture of manners of which we know little or nothing. The history however of the chief of a band of adventurers, making war on his own account, and becoming the prince of a conquered territory, with all his intermediate acts, is not so interesting as to lead us to investigate its authenticity. That the Cid was a real existing personage distinguished by his exploits against the Moors, cannot be doubted. But although his history does not present a more romantic air than the real chronicles of the age, and has not above a very conscionable proportion of miracles and prodigies, there is reason to believe that it is in many particulars fictitious. The conquest of Valencia seems particularly suspicious. In short, the whole may be dismissed with the account given of the adventures in Montesinos's cave, by the ape of Ginez de Passamente, *que parte de las cosas son falsas y parte verisimiles.*

The faults which we have to notice belong to the style. This is an imitation of that of scripture; it is, we think, sometimes too periphrastical, and sometimes it abounds in unnecessary repetitions. It retains also marks of its derivation from metrical romance in the detail and accumulation of particulars, which, though sometimes striking, at other times degenerate into mere expletives. Thus we have a march described with, 'Who ever saw in Castille so many a precious mule and so many a good-going palfrey, and so many great horses, and so many goodly streamers set up, goodly spears and shields adorned with gold and with silver, and mantles, and skins, and such sandals of Adria.' This is all very well and very animated; but why should we again, only six lines below, have a repetition of 'many a great mule, and many a palfrey, and many a good horse,'

horse,' &c. &c. &c. As Mr. Southey was compiling a history, and not making a literal translation of a single work, he would we think have been justifiable in compressing one of these descriptions. There are besides, sundry odd phrases which we could have wished amended. Thus the pursuers making havoc among a flying army, are said to 'punish them badly;' we have elsewhere 'happy man was his dole' and other expressions more venerable from simplicity than elegance. We dare not proceed too far in these censures, because Mr. Southey has informed us, that reviewers, in censuring his introduction of new words, have only shewn their own ignorance of the English language. Despite of this 'retort churlish,' however, we must say, that if a word be so old that it has become new again, it is unfit, at least generally speaking, for modern use. We have a title to expect payment in the current coin of the day, and may except against that which bears the effigies of king Cnut, as justly as if it had been struck by Mr. Southey himself. It also seems to us that the story would have been improved by abridging some of the Cid's campaigns, if the conscience of the editor had permitted him.

While we are on the subject of faults, we may just remark that Mr. Southey appears to have mistaken the sense of two or three Spanish terms; but his knowledge of the language is so deep and extensive, that we must, in justice to him, attribute the oversight to a momentary lapse of attention.

But in noticing these defects, we offer our sincere gratitude to Mr. Southey for a most entertaining volume, edited with a degree of taste and learning, which few men in England could have displayed. The introduction and notes are full of the most ample and extraordinary details concerning the state of Spain in the middle ages, from works of equal curiosity and scarcity.

ART. XIV. *A Manual of Analytical Mineralogy, &c. &c.* By Frederick Accum, Honorary Member of the Irish Academy; Operative Chemist, &c. pp. 560, 2 vols. 12mo. London, Kearsley, 1808.

BEING as yet novices in the art on which we have entered, and therefore, perhaps, unwilling to substitute our own opinions for those of the author, we shall in the present instance, only aim at literally fulfilling the duties of our office: and having perused the book before us, entitled 'A Manual of Analytical Mineralogy,' &c. present such a sketch of

of its character and contents, as in our humble opinion is calculated to give a discerning public the power of appreciating its merits.

The work consists of two duodecimo volumes containing altogether about 560 pages; but as very nearly 300 of these are copied from the English translation of Klaproth's Analytical Essays, and from similar publications of Mr. Davy, and various chemists and mineralogists, this part of the work may fairly claim an exemption from criticism: since it would be neither just that others should share in our praises of the author; nor that he should have to answer for their errors and imperfections. It is enough for them to know, to use Mr. Accum's emphatical language, that 'he has detailed their respective analyses with as much accuracy and fidelity as his slender abilities could suggest,' p. viii. and it would be unpardonable in us not to bear the most ample testimony to the truth of this assertion. So great, indeed, is his fidelity, in the discharge of this part of his duty, that he is not even tempted to swerve from it by the lure of a grammatical error; as may be seen by the following passage, from p. 376: 'But what concerns the soda, it is no matter of wonder that it has escaped his attention.'—Klaproth's Essays, vol. ii. p. 201. We much question whether Mr. Porson or Mr. Gaisford would have shewn such disinterested abstinence. Equally accurate is he in his translations from the French, &c. What, for instance, can be more closely rendered than 'oligistous iron,' p. 89, for 'fer oligiste;' or than 'Amphigenic lithoidal lavas,' p. 88, for 'Laves lithoides Amphigéniques?' in the last of which instances, if not in both, it may almost be said, that the terms correspond so closely, as to render it difficult to decide which is the translation and which the original.

We believe, that in his whole work one only instance occurs in which he has deviated from his accustomed 'accuracy and fidelity.' It is that in which he makes Mr. Klaproth propose an hypothetical conclusion in the following words, 'which to suppose I am induced *to believe* from the vapours, &c.;' p. 364. in Klaproth's Essays standing thus—'which to suppose I am induced from the vapours,' &c. Klap. Essays, vol. ii. p. 192: But even the severest critic will allow, and indeed it is *visible to be seen* (to imitate Mr. Accum's mode of expression in the present case) that the original has not *lost* any thing by the variation here adopted. The licence however which Mr. Accum has in this instance assumed, is somewhat remarkable, because he himself seems to rejoice not so much in pleonasms as in ellipses; witness the

the following observation on the mineral called sulphate of strontian: 'its colour is most commonly reddish, or sky blue, and sometimes colourless.' p. 465.

But, to quit this digression, the accuracy of our author's mind is equally conspicuous where he distributes his information from his own stores; of which one or two examples will be sufficient for the present purpose. Thus, after having forcibly impressed upon us the necessity that the balances or scales employed in analysis should be as delicate and correct as possible, he proceeds to the consideration of weights, and introduces the subject with the following sensible observation; 'As the utility of analytical research depends greatly upon the determination of the quantities of the ingredients and products, not only *accurate scales* but *accurate weights* are also necessary.' p. 13. Again, speaking of the method of ascertaining the specific gravity of particular bodies, he says, 'The substance in question must be reduced into fine powder, *unless it be already in that shape*, p. 27. The precision of this caution is admirably calculated to prevent the embarrassment of a certain description of philosophers, who in default of direct rules for proceeding are in the habit of adopting that sentiment of Plutarch, το επεχειν εν τοις αδηλοις τε συγκατατιθεσθαι φιλοσοφωτερον; and may be considered as a counterpart of the excellent introduction to the well known receipt for dressing a carp, 'First, catch your carp.'

On another occasion, in treating of the classification of minerals, he concludes with the following *presumption*; which we are sure the greatest sceptic need not be afraid of admitting: 'When the analysis of a mineral has been effected, we *presume* that a similarity of composition will exist in other specimens which agree with it *closely* in their *internal* and *external* characters,' p. 62. But if his caution in drawing his own conclusions is great, his boldness in opposing the unfounded speculations of others is equally great: thus, in the second page of his work, he at once cuts short the philosophical reveries of Dr. Plot; and settles for ever a question of which the learned and unlearned have long doubted, by asserting, quasi ex cathedrâ, that 'Minerals absolutely possess no life.' The passage which follows, is not perhaps strictly connected with the present question; but it is pathetic, and we shall therefore take the liberty of transcribing it. 'Minerals may increase in size,' he says, 'but their growth is exceedingly different from the growth of organic beings; since it does not take place by virtue of nutrition and subsequent expansion of organic matter; is not affected by external functions; and

and produces no advantage to the individual.' p. 2. Accordingly, adverting to this subject in another part of his work, he observes, with just indignation, 'the popular opinion that coals grow like vegetables, so that the mines that are exhausted may be opened again, and worked after a series of years, is too erroneous to need any formal refutation,' p. 529.

Of the language of our author we speak with great diffidence, as of one more addicted to writing than we ourselves have been, or even hope to be. Perhaps however we may venture to suggest that there is a slight degree of affectation in his mode of spelling, particularly in the case of Greek derivatives; as kaupolite, onix, lythomarge, botroydal, &c. for koupholite, onyx, &c.: and, considering that he writes in prose, he seems rather too partial to the latter clause of that convenient licence with respect to letters, which, according to the grammarian Busbeïus, 'duplat vel tollit medias pro *carminis usu*;' as in the words thalite, dialage, alochroite, &c. for thallite, diallage, allochroïte, &c.

He is also very fond of a word, which we presume is delicately discriminative, but which we often found ourselves unable to construe: thus, in speaking of inflammable substances, he says 'they are all insoluble, at least in their *totallity*, in alkohol.' p. 526.

We have not the pleasure of knowing the author's family, but were very happy in seeing a poor *relative* brought forward in a conspicuous point of view in the following sentence; 'the only combustible substance of *what* it will be necessary to speak, are coals;' p. 530, particularly as there are instances in which he seems to want the same charity. Doubtless however he has good grounds for what he does in those instances, and therefore we willingly forego the invidious task of producing the passages which contain them; contenting ourselves with saying that those *as* wish to see them may consult pp. 21 and 523 of the work, and p. viii. of the preface.

Mr. Accum possesses in a remarkable degree the pleasing and useful talent of introducing, incidentally as it were, collateral points of information. Thus, in treating of fuel and the application of heat, he delights those who knew not the facts before, by acquainting them that 'spirit of wine, oil, and *melted tallow* are burnt in lamps of various constructions; and that wood, turf, coal, charcoal, and coke are burnt in grates and furnaces.' p. 48. So again, having alluded to the experiment made by Dr. Maskelyne, on the sides of Schihallien, for the purpose of ascertaining the mean density of the earth; and having paid a flattering compliment

pliment to the skill of that philosopher, he modestly suggests an improvement upon his mode of conducting the experiment; in the course of which he teaches us, by the way, that mountains themselves, which run east and west, may be considered 'as composed of a number of parallel and vertical *slices*, formed by planes, in the direction of the meridian.' p. 54. It is so long since we attended Mr. Walker's lectures on experimental philosophy, that we feel obliged to Mr. Accum for mentioning a circumstance which we confess had almost escaped our recollection; namely, that 'a ship might be made of iron, or copper, or in short of any other substance whose specific gravity far exceeds that of water, and yet it would float as well as a ship which is made of wood in the usual way.' p. 23. But the most interesting examples of his talent for communicating collateral information remain to be noticed: the first of these occurs in that part of the work where having closed an account of the operations of Analysis by a long list of 'instruments of experiment,' and chemical preparations called 're-agents or tests,' he enhances the value of this index to the reader, though more, probably, to himself, by the subjoined notice that all the substances there enumerated 'may be had at the author's laboratory, as a companion to this essay.' p. 42. Other examples may be found in pp. 97, 157, 194, 319, 406, 530, and 555; in which having descanted on the topics before him as far as appeared convenient, he, to the very agreeable surprise of his readers, and with kind solicitude for their future improvement, informs them 'that for a more circumstantial account of the general nature of those subjects they may consult a system of mineralogy and mineralogical chemistry, now in the press, which will be published by him shortly.' Some invidious critics will perhaps suspect that this idea is borrowed from the well known dramatist, 'whose benefit is fixed, &c. &c.' to which we shall only answer, in the words of our author on a different occasion, 'such an opinion does not need any formal refutation.'

The subject of geology, which every competent judge will allow to be both delicate and difficult, and on which so many volumes have been written in vain, is elucidated by Mr. Accum with brevity and perspicuity: and we think it would be an injustice on this occasion to use any other words than his own. 'Different opinions,' he says, 'have been formed concerning the question in what manner our earth was brought into the present distribution of its parts.' p. 54. He then states several theories very briefly, among the most interesting of which are the following

ing:—'Some have conceived the idea of a world perhaps without beginning, but by the action of internal fires, with volcanic orifices, continually lacerated, undermined and subverted, with the constant rise of a new earth, the residue and product from those fires by which the former was demolished.' pp. 55 and 56.

'Others, again, have fancied a continual *flitting* of the ocean around the globe; by which that which was lately land becomes now the bottom of the sea, and that which is now covered by the sea is again to become land.' p. 56. Perhaps he may be thought by some to be too severe in his strictures on the authors of these very ingenious theories, when he says 'These fanciful opinions, to say nothing of the impious nature of some of them, have generally rather resembled philosophical dreams, than the conceptions of waking and sober reason.' p. 56. Severity, however is not his characteristic; and accordingly he hastens to acquaint us that 'amidst all the *splendid rubbish* with which this department of natural history has been incumbered, some precious treasures have been brought to light:' and 'amidst the speculations which have *darkened counsel*, large additions have been made to our knowledge of this important subject.' p. 56 and 57. In another part of his work he says, 'In vain have philosophers endeavoured to form perfect theories of this subject. If it were permitted to man to follow, during several ages, the various changes which are produced on the surface of our globe, by the numerous agents that alter it, we might perhaps be in possession at this moment of the most valuable information respecting this subject; but thrown as we are upon a small point of this vast theatre of observation, we can only fix our attention for a minute, to reason upon subjects which have employed the works of nature for ages, and disappear ourselves at the moment wherein we have proceeded so far as to collect a few facts.' p. 318. And here again he mitigates the severity of his former censures, by observing 'It must nevertheless be acknowledged that those men, who, by the mere efforts of their imagination, have endeavoured to form ideas respecting the construction and the great phenomena of this subject, have numerous claims to our indulgence.' p. 318. Surely the hardest hearted stoic will not refuse them this; especially when their cause is so eloquently pleaded as in the following sentences: 'In their proceedings we behold the efforts of genius tormented with the desire of acquiring knowledge, and irritated at the prospect of the scanty means which nature has put in its power. They have endeavoured to embellish their hypotheses with every ornament which imagination and eloquence can furnish,

nish, either as instruments of illusion or entertainment: we ought to consider ourselves highly indebted to them.' p. 318 and 319. With respect to the subject of geology we cannot exactly ascertain whether Mr. Accum patronizes the Neptunian or the Plutonian theory: we suspect, the former; because, after having insisted on the existence of every physical and moral proof in support of it, he concludes with great naïveté, 'accordingly it is very remarkable that a great majority of modern theorists have embraced this doctrine.' p. 60.

We very much regret not having had earlier information of a circumstance stated in p. 527, 'that coals are found on the mountains, in strata from a few inches to some feet in thickness:' for we happen to live in a hilly district, where but for our ignorance we might have obtained good store of that useful commodity in the late severe weather, at a very cheap rate; whereas the dishonest dealer who sold them to us at an enormous price, justified himself by a plausible story that they were dug at a vast expence and trouble many feet below the level of the earth. By the way, the author's theory of the origin of coals is ingenious: 'with respect to the origin of coals' he says, 'the most probable supposition is this; that they originate from vegetables: but a few forests being buried in the earth are not sufficient to form the *mountains* of coal which exist in its bowels,' p. 528. This position we presume will be granted. Mr. Accum then observes 'a greater cause more proportioned to the magnitude of the effect is required; and we find it only in that prodigious quantity of vegetables which grow in the sea, and is increased by the immense mass of those which are carried down by rivers.' p. 528 and 529. The latter part of this hypothesis has been we fear illustrated by many distressing instances during the recent floods: and as it is to be hoped that this part of the supply at least will be in future withheld, government would do well perhaps in offering a premium to scullery maids, for the greatest quantity of cabbage leaves, potatoe parings, &c. which they are in the habit of reserving for the pigs or for the dunghill, and which it now appears may be applied to a much more important purpose; for Mr. Accum says that 'these vegetables carried away by the currents, are agitated, heaped together, and broken by the waves; and afterwards become covered with strata of argillaceous earth, or sand; they undergo a gradual decomposition, and form so many strata of coal, placed alternately with strata of clay and sand.' p. 529. They who are fond of investigating the links which, insensibly as it were, unite the different kingdoms of nature with each

each other, will be agreeably surprised to find in one part of the foregoing theory that the 'vegetable origin' of coals 'is fairly inferred' among other proofs, 'from the impressions of animals' contained within their substance.

It is a good old practice for reviewers to produce specimens of their author's style: this has been already done in part, and we shall therefore only select one more passage. It comprehends the two first pages of the preface, and begins thus:

'In the lines prefixed to the first edition of this book the reader is informed that the work was not originally drawn up for public inspection, but that it was intended to serve as a text book for my pupils, to render more useful the series of lectures I deliver on the subject of which it treats. By the repeated desire of others, whose judgment and advice I respect, it was afterwards re-published in the manner it was originally composed.

'The unexpected public and private approbations which the work met with, amongst a scientific public, are flattering proofs that my labours were considered as not altogether useless. And the rapid sale of an uncommonly large edition, which was disposed of in less than eighteen months after its publication, gives me reason to think that the votaries of the science are numerous. Indeed there is no extravagance in saying that there never was a time in which the science of mineralogy was cultivated in Great Britain with more ardour and success than at present; and in which it has contributed more strikingly to the improvement of our arts and the extension of our commerce. The foreign mining establishments and manufactures are overwhelmed and greatly ruined by the dreadful political storms in which they have been, and still are, engaged; whereas the British miner can carry on his subterraneous workings without molestation, and with success. The smelter is not driven from his furnace, nor the potter from his lathe, by political commotions; and the theatre of the war which we wage with foreign enemies is, and, whatever they may desperately attempt, will continue to be remote.'

The assurance in the concluding paragraph of the foregoing passage, to say nothing of its eloquence, is truly *comfortable;* and has quieted in our minds a thousand patriotic fears and apprehensions which had arisen from the melancholy forebodings of some of our brethren, whose authority in politics we consider 'tantum non' as high as that immediately before us.

With respect to Mr. Accum's 'method of communicating knowledge to others,' though we perfectly agree with the Philosophical Magazine (quoted by our author on the opposite side of the title page of his manual) that it is 'engaging;' yet we think that it is occasionally too esoteric: as when, in entering upon the history

history of metallic substances, he says, 'all metals are combustible,' p. 93, and again when he endeavours to point out to 'the unlearned farmer,' the easiest method of chemically examining marls! p. 392. The 'students' and 'beginners' also, for whom he has expressly written this essay, will perhaps not admire his determination of 'seldom entering into explanatory discussions' of the processes. (Preface, p. ix.) But these are matters of opinion, which we propose, not without hesitation; and with respect to those few errors which we here and there met with, as in the mode of estimating the quantity of iron contained in a mineral, p. 102, and of copper, p. 107, we consider them as oversights which the author will correct in his third edition; and at all events, of too little consequence to deserve any severe censure.

Thus far in perfect good humour, and without the least intention of injuring or offending one of whom we neither know nor suspect any harm. Mr. Accum indeed seems to be an active, industrious, and acute man in his sphere of life; and as such, we cannot wonder at, and can scarcely blame, him for converting the follies of his neighbours to his own advantage. Yet, if he will listen to a word of advice offered with a friendly intention, we cannot help thinking that neither himself nor others will suffer by adopting it. If then, omitting all philosophical discussions, and leaving the details of such experienced chemists as Klaproth for the use of those who have passed the threshold of the science, he would frame a set of simple directions to be observed in the analysis of minerals; if, disregarding for the present the more rare and costly varieties, he would detail the processes necessary for the analysis of common limestones, of marls and clays, and of those metallic ores which are frequently found in this island—pointing out the appearances that are most likely to embarrass a beginner, and the errors into which in various instances he is most likely to fall;—we think, that in this case he would render a real benefit to a branch of science which is neither useless nor inelegant; and would at the same time secure to himself an equal degree of profit and fame, better adapted to his situation in life, than he can possibly reap from his present labours.

ART. XV. *An Essay on the earlier part of the Life of Swift, by the Rev. John Barrett, D. D. and Vice Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. To which are subjoined various pieces ascribed to Swift, Two of his original Letters, and Extracts from his Remarks on Bishop Burnett's History.* pp. 232. 8vo. London. Johnson, 1808.

THE biography of literary men is often obscure during the earlier period of their lives. The youthful poet or philosopher is probably a man of low birth, unmarked by his companions, unless for whimsical, or perhaps unamiable peculiarities, imperceptible to those whose notice confers temporary distinction; while his growing talents are noticed only by the teacher under whom he studies, or a friend or two of congenial disposition, as obscure as himself. Of such it may be said with more truth than of the potent house to whom the similies were applied, that 'you must mark the greatness in the stream which you cannot trace to the source; you must mark the dignity in the full grown oak which you can never derive from the sapling.' The author, in his full blown fame, becomes the general object of investigation and remark; his story may be found in the criticisms of his rivals, and in the panegyrics of his admirers; in the malevolent records of the satirists, or the good humoured gossippings of the Boswells of the day.

There is no writer to whom this applies more closely than to Swift. Of his life, before he became the literary assistant of Sir William Temple, we know little or nothing. Even during this space of comparative notoriety, we find no anecdotes, which any one thought it worth his while to preserve, of an ignoble dependant. The crouds that surrounded Temple, and, while they were really dazzled by his rank and station, affected to be solely attracted by respect for his literary character, could not discover in the humble chaplain, or reader, a greater than him whom they had come forth to admire. Even his patron, himself a man of genius, was more repelled by the peculiarities of Swift's manners, than conciliated by his unremitted services and attentions; and although Temple, in his declining years, was incapable of living without Swift, yet he appears to have felt as little concern for the state of poverty and dependence into which he was likely to fall at his death, as he probably did for the posthumous fate of the pair of old crutches, without which, when alive, he could not have stirred a step. It was not until the 'Remarks

on

on the contests and dissentions between Athens and Rome,' introduced Swift to the notice of Somers, that he was considered as 'a fellow of mark and likelihood.' When he once shot above the ground, however, his growth was uncommonly rapid. As he attached himself to Harley and St. John, with all the zeal of a new convert, and as they were both men highly capable of appreciating his talents, Swift soon became indispensable to their counsels. The world, as the higher classes call themselves, saw with astonishment an Irish Vicar scarcely known, but by a suspicion of having written a book* which he durst not avow, rise at once, and without passing through the subordinate forms, into the independent and familiar counsellor of those who ruled the nation; and, with its customary acquiescence, after staring at such a phenomenon for the usual space, gave Swift credit for all the talent necessary to justify this sudden promotion. Neither he nor his admirers were then desirous to look back; and a slight wish to ascertain the heraldic coat of his forefathers, is the only circumstance in his curious and minute journal to Stella, which, in this halcyon period, intimates a wish to refer to his birth, or to the earlier part of his life. His enemies might not have been so remiss—but although it was understood that his passage through the University had not been with uninterrupted honour, yet as that University was Trinity College, Dublin, the occurrences of his youth were almost as inaccessible to the London politicians, as if he had been educated at Padua or Gottingen. In the latter, but more glorious part of his career, when the Dean of St. Patrick's shone forth upon Ireland 'her first and almost her last patriot,' when, to continue the expressive words of an animated writer, 'he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents, and exalted her by his fame,' when he was the darling of her oppressed natives, and the dread of her oppressive rulers; where was the man who dared to drag from the records of his College, anecdotes which might cloud his earlier history, or tarnish by reflection the well-earned fame of his later years?

The time at length arrived when gratitude ceased to be reverential, and political or personal enmity to be active and malignant. The spirit of literary gossipping, without a better or worse motive than mere curiosity, began to investigate those parts of Swift's early life, which afforded foundation for private anecdote,

* The Tale of a Tub.

that 'sweet poison for the age's tooth.' It was in the first place discovered that Swift had received his bachelor's degree *ex speciali gratia*, which does not mean, as one would suppose, a reward confered for distinguished success, but è contra, that the party would have been set aside for insufficiency, had not the College given that out of mere favour, which could not be claimed from merit. A report was next circulated by Mr. Richardson, in a letter to Lady Braidshaigh, 22d April, 1752.

'I am very well warranted by the son of an eminent divine, a prelate who was for three years what is called his chum, in the following account of that fact. Dr. Swift made as great a progress in his learning at the University of Dublin in his youth, as any of his cotemporaries; but was so very ill-natured and troublesome, that he was made Terræ Filius,—on purpose to have a pretence to expel him. He raked up all the scandal against the Heads of that University, that a severe inquirer, and a still severer temper, could get together into his harangue. He was expelled in consequence of his abuse; and having his *discessit*, afterwards got admitted at Oxford to his degree.'

The present tract of Dr. Barrett, though stiled generally an essay on the *earlier part* of the life of Swift, refers entirely to the truth of this anecdote, and ought rather to have been termed an essay on his conduct while in Trinity College. It bears sufficient testimony to the very laborious and industrious character of the investigator, and presents some facts which the admirers of Swift will deem highly acceptable. But unfortunately Dr. Barrett is not gifted with the power of explicit argument, or distinct arrangement; and as the question is in itself puzzled by the technicalities of buttery books, similarity of names, and crabbed abbreviations of College records, it would require a very accurate and practised reasoner to draw a result from the evidence. We are sensible of Dr. Barrett's toil, we are confident of his integrity, we give him thanks for investigations which probably he alone would have had patience to make; but the whole resolves into the exclamation of one of Foote's characters to his wife: 'Hold, hold! we shall never understand all these he's and she's; this may be all very true, but, as I hope to be saved, thou art the worst teller of a story'——There are *two* buttery books in the records of Trinity College, called the senior books, and there was or should have been a third, called a junior buttery book, which, to Dr. Barrett's great discomfiture, is missing. We really cannot sympathise with his regret; on the contrary, such confusion do the two existing records make in his argument, that a third

a third must, we think, have destroyed it utterly. Still more to perplex the skein which the learned Vice Provost has undertaken to unravel, there were two Swifts at College at the same time, the celebrated Jonathan, and Thomas his cousin. As the devil would have it, these cousins entered College on the same day. The ingenuity of the keeper of one register, indeed, distinguished them by the titles of Swift senior and junior, though not by those names which their godfathers had bestowed; and Dr. Barrett successfully establishes that the future Dean of St. Patrick was Swift junior. This distinction is again confounded by the keeper of the 2d senior book omitting Thomas's title of *senior;* and again the identity of his person is, in our author's apprehension, ascertained, because, according to the College rules, the name of Swift the younger ought not to be found in that book at all. It also unluckily happened that both the Swifts, at least after they took their degrees, were extremely unruly, guilty of town-haunting, and negligence of various academical duties, as well as repeated contumacy. They were also associated with one John Jones, Warren, Web, Bredy, and others, all lads of dissipated habits. The various penalties on these offenders are all on the record, which is sedulously explored by Dr. Barrett, for the purpose of extracting some special offence and punishment undergone by Swift, to justify the current report that he had fallen under a severe academical censure in Ireland. In other words

> ——— Among this crew of drunkards,
> Is he to fix on Jonathan some action,
> That might offend the University.

Of lesser faults he has discovered an abundant store, though there may be some doubt how far they should all be laid to the door of Jonathan, as Thomas probably had his share of them. The record bears,

'Mr. Warren, Sir Swift senior, Sir Swift junior, Web, Bredy, Serles, and Johnson the pensioner, for notorious neglect of duties and frequenting the town, were admonished.'

'And note also, that one of the above (Bredy) was expelled, 19th September, 1687, "for writing and publishing a scandalous libel on some ladies of quality."

'Let us next inquire and see what account the Buttery Books give of Swift's attendance on duties. From them we learn, that the duties to which students were then liable, were these:

'Chapel—hall—surplice—catechism—lectures in Greek, Hebrew, mathematics, as also morning lecture; also disputations and declamations. Of these the first four were in force all the year: the lec-

tures, only in term. And I further find, that between the periods of 14 November, 1685, and 8 October, 1687, (being the time comprized in the first and only Junior Book I could get) he had punishments on him, whether confirmed or taken off, upwards of seventy weeks: that after he had received the above-mentioned punishments, he appears both out of commons and unpunished, for ten weeks and upwards; whence, (as I do not believe the censure wrought any reformation in him) I am inclined to believe that he spent the three or four months subsequent to his censure, in the country, his high spirit being unable to brook the disgrace. During other periods he was frequently out of commons; thus, previously to 20 March, 1685-6; also from May 1 to 18, 1686; and from 28 August to 16 October, 1686; and from 27 November, 1686, to January 8, 1686-7; but he has punishments confirmed on him, in those times; whence I conclude that he was then in college, notwithstanding he was out of commons. Most of his punishments are for non-attendance in chapel; the amount is 1*l.* 19*s.* 4*d.* confirmed, and 19*s.* 10*d.* taken off.—For surplice (that is, for non-attendance in chapel at those times when surplices are required to be worn) 11*s.* 4*d.* confirmed: and 6*s.* 6*d.* taken off.—Of his other punishments, those for lectures appear all confirmed; and are, for catechism 3*s.* Greek lecture 9*d.* Hebrew lecture 8*d.* mathematic lecture 1*s.* 10*d.*; and those for missing night-rolls, or town-haunting (that is, for halls*) amount to 3*l.* 4*s.*; but are all taken off, the admonition being substituted in their place.' p. 10-12.

These various delinquencies were, however, succeeded by one of greater enormity, and the punishment attached to it alienated Swift's affections for ever from his Alma Mater. The record is in these words, 1688, November 30.

'Nemini obscurum, &c. &c. Constat vero Dom. Web, Dom. Sergeant, Dom. Swift, Maynard, Spencer, et Fisher, huic legi contravenisse, tam seditiones sive dissensiones domesticas excitando, quam juniorem decanum ejusque monita contemnendo, eundemque minacibus verbis contemptus et contumaciæ plenis lacessendo, unde gravissimas pœnas commeriti sunt, &c. Placuit Dom. Web, Dom. Swift, et Dom. Sergeant, omni gradu suspendendos tam suscepto quam suscipiendo, &c. Ast verò Dom. Swift et Dom. Sergeant, quoniam cæteris adhuc intolerabilius se gesserunt, ab eodem decano publicè in Aulâ flexis genubus secundum præscriptam formulam die tertio Decembris proximè futuri, horâ nonâ antemeridianâ veniam petere.'

'1688-9, January the 8th. The persons suspended by the decree of November 30, were restored.' p. 14.

* The names of the students are called over in the college hall every night at nine o'clock.

Hence

Hence it appears that Swift was compelled, on his knees, to crave pardon in the public hall for his academic offences, and insolence to his superiors; and this, it would seem, was the most severe penalty which he sustained at College. Richardson is therefore incorrect in supposing that Swift was expelled for having written a Tripos, when Terræ Filius.* But Dr. Barrett farther proves that the offending Terræ Filius was personated, and the offensive Tripos written, by a John Jones, who in July, 1688, was degraded from his degree, for the false and scandalous aspersions thrown out by him upon that occasion. So far, therefore, we have sailed before the wind, and made out three points, subversive of the story delivered to Richardson. For 1st. Swift was not expelled at all; 2d. the punishment or penance imposed on him, had no relation to the affair of the Tripos. 3dly. He was not even Terræ Filius; and a Mr. Jones was punished as the author of that Diatribe. It was with some surprise, therefore, that we found Dr. Barrett, after proceeding thus far in disproving the allegation in question, suddenly change his note, and argue in the very teeth of his own evidence, that Swift *was* the author of the piece for which Jones was punished. He enters on this venturous task, with shewing that Jones was the friend of Swift—or rather that a certain John Jones, who appears to be the same person with Jones the Terræ Filius, was a school-master in Dublin about the end of the seventeenth century. This is not very clearly proved. But, supposing this identity made out, Dr. Barrett next shews that all Swift's relations, admitted into College while this Jones taught a school, were educated at the said school. And upon these '*facts*,' Dr. Barrett assumes a great intimacy between Swift and Jones, which he says will not permit us to doubt that they were well acquainted when members of the same College. Besides, the Dean, in a letter to William Tisdall, desires to be remembered to 'Ryves, Delly, *Jones*, and other friends.' On this important piece of evidence there rests unfortunately some doubt: for previous editors have supposed that one Dean Jones, distinct from Jones the school-master, is the person for whom this remembrance is in-

* It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to observe, that in former times, during the licence of a public act at an university, it was usual to introduce an orator called a Terræ Filius, who delivered a discourse, in which, with as much satire as he could muster, he ridiculed the heads and fellows of the institution—a Saturnalian liberty, which should have either not been permitted at all, or not, as was frequently the case, afterwards punished.

tended. The external evidence amounts therefore to this. Swift was a class-fellow of one John Jones, degraded from his degree for false and scandalous reflections in a Tripos. But this John Jones is supposed to have been the same with a person who taught a school at Dublin, and educated certain pupils connected with Swift's family. Moreover, it is shrewdly suspected that Swift once sent his compliments to him—Ergo, there was such friendship and intimacy between Swift and Jones, as to warrant a belief that the former wrote the libel for which the latter was degraded. This is what Dr. Barrett calls external proof!

For internal proof we are referred to the Tripos itself, published in this volume, which has scarcely a few tolerable jests to qualify a mass of scurrilous and obscene ribaldry, for which *Sir Jones* deserved not only degradation from his academical knighthood, but to be tossed in a blanket by the college bedmakers. We are unwilling to stain our paper by extracts from a satire at once dull, fulsome, and pedantic. The following summary may be perused, however, without offence, and is at least as witty as any part of the filth through which we have been compelled to wade.

'And now belike I have made a fair afternoon's work on't: I have not left myself one friend of the Mammon of Unrighteousness. If I go to the kitchen, the Steward will be my enemy as long as he breathes; if to the cellar, the Butler will dash my ale with water; and the clerk of the buttery will score up my offences five-fold. If I betake myself to the library, Ridley's ghost will haunt me, for scandalizing him with the name of Freemason. If I fly to the Divines for succour, Dean Manby and Archdeacon Baynard will pervert me; Dr. King will break my head because I am a Priscian: and Dr. Foy is so full of spleen, he'll worry me. Mrs. Horncastle and Sir Maddison will talk with me. Mother Jenkinson won't furnish me with cale and bacon on Christmas-day, and Dr. Loftus will bite me. The virtuosi will set their brains a-work, for gimcracks to pull my eyes out. The Freemasons will banish me their lodge, and bar me the happiness of kissing long Laurence. And the Astronomers won't allow me one good star, nor inform me when the sun will be totally eclipsed, that I may provide myself with candles. Mr. Loftus and Mr. Lloyd will nose me; Mr. Allen will eat me without salt; Dr. Acton too, I fear, will *fall* on me. Nay, the very Provost will shake his head at me, and scour away from me: but that which makes my calamity most insupportable, and me weary of your company, is, that in all my tribulation, you do nothing but laugh at me; and therefore I take my leave.'

The

The following note, exquisite in simplicity, is subjoined by the editor.

'From this passage it appears, that the author of this performance had no malicious intentions towards the persons whom he censured; but only wished to indulge a little pleasantry, which, he conceived, the usual practice on such occasions warranted.'

This inference would be undeniable, if an audience never laughed at any jests but what were good humoured and inoffensive.

The internal evidence for depriving Jones of the credit of this precious composition, and ascribing it to Swift, is classed under different heads. 1. In the Tripos, abstract science and deep points of divinity are held in little estimation. Logic is declared to be as dull as a "Trinity-day sermon." Now Swift himself wrote a Trinity-day sermon, in which he treated enquiry into abstruse points of doctrine as superfluous. 2. The Terræ Filius lashes freemasonry; and Swift has written a letter on that very subject. 3. The Tripos calls Colonel Hewson 'the blind cobler,' which tallies with the zeal of Swift against innovators in church and state. 4. The piece is utterly beastly, and exceeds in loathsomeness all but the dirtiest of the Dean's acknowledged compositions. 5. Resemblances may be found between passages in the Tripos and others taken from Swift's works, too marked to be merely accidental. Thus, in the Tale of a Tub, a father bequeaths three coats to his three sons; and in the Tripos Mrs. Mary Hewetson bequeaths to different members of the college, her brains, her tongue, her teeth, her hair, her coloured silk petticoat, her looking-glass, night-rail, tooth pick and patch-box. *Item.* In the Tale of a Tub, it is remarked that a monkey delights in hunting and devouring 'certain beasts familiar to man;' and in the Tripos a monkey devours a pair of old leather breeches. 6. Swift took pleasure in Macaronic Latin, in which the satire is partly written. 7. Lloyd, whom Swift thoroughly hated, is abused in the satire, (and the Dr. might have added, so is St. George Ashe, his very intimate friend, whom he entirely loved.) 8. The poetical part breathes the very spirit of Swift.—Gentle reader, to this we demur: judge thou between us.

> There's scarce a well-drest coxcomb, but will own
> Tommy's the prettiest spark about the town.
> This all the tribe of fringe and feather say,
> Because he nicely moves by Algebra;

And

And does with method tie his cravat string,
Takes snuff with art, and shows his sparkling ring:
Can set his foretop, manage well his wig,
Can act a proverb, and can dance a jig;
Does sing French songs; can rhyme, and furnish chat
To inquisitive Miss, from Letter or Gazette;
Knows the affair of cockpit and the race,
And who were conquerors at either place:
If Crop or Trotter took the prize away,
And who a fortune gain'd the other day.
He swings fring'd gloves, sees plays, writes billet-doux,
Fill'd up with beauty, love, oaths, lies, and vows;
Does scent his eyebrows, perfum'd comfits eat,
And smells like phœnix' nest, or civet cat;
Does shave with pumice stone, compose his face,
And rolls his stockings by a looking-glass.
Accomplish'd thus, Tommy, you'll grant, I hope,
A pretty spark at least, if not a fop.

Who will venture to say of these lines with their flatness and their expletives, that they ascertain their parentage, and are *aut* Erasmi aut Diaboli? The last argument adduced by Dr. Barrett is of so singular a texture, and illustrates so happily the peculiarities of his logic, that we must quote the very words lest we be suspected of having sophisticated the record.

" My hate, whose lash just Heaven has long decreed,
" Shall on a day make Sin and Folly bleed."

Mr. Sheridan, struck with the thought contained in these lines, supposes them to prognosticate his future exertions against Sin and Folly: but I am much inclined to think that they rather point to something past, than prophesy any thing future. For I reason thus: These lines plainly imply a consciousness of Swift, of his own great powers to make Sin and Folly bleed. Now whence did he acquire this consciousness, or how came he to know that he possessed these powers? The natural answer will be, Because he had made trial of them, and succeeded in lashing Vice in the person of Doyle, and Folly in that of Weaver: in short, because he had composed the Tripos, and was well acquainted with the effects which it produced.'

This argument is too conclusive to admit of reply, yet it may lead to some singular alterations in the law of evidence; as it will become necessary for uniformity's sake, to hold that a resolution to set out for Ireland next month, is proof positive that the party has been in Ireland the month preceding, for whence could he derive a certainty that it was possible for him to travel

to

to that country, if not from the experience of a journey already made to it.

Upon the whole, although Dr. Barrett's reasons are as two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff, we do not mean to deny that Swift may have contributed, in some degree, to the invective delivered by the Terræ Filius. There are a few passages, though but a few, that indicate some power of humour in the author; and as a satire of this kind is probably rehearsed among the students, and altered and augmented before delivery, we can readily believe that Swift, who, about that time, appears to have been a contumacious disorderly youth, and whose talents for ridicule were so exquisite, may have been of counsel and assistance to Sir Jones the Terræ Filius. It is difficult otherwise to account for the rise of the report mentioned by Richardson. But if Swift's accession be admitted, it seems probable that the memory of his college companion had confused a number of facts happening near the same period, and had stated that Swift was made Terræ Filius on purpose that his indulgence of a well-known satirical vein might give a pretence for his expulsion; instead of saying, that as the aid he had given to Jones, the real Terræ Filius, could not be ascertained and punished, the first occasion was taken which his subsequent conduct afforded, to inflict upon him a severe penance. Accordingly the punishment imposed on Swift followed within a month or two of the delivery of the Tripos. But whether this be the case, or whether the reporter had altogether confounded the incident of Swift's punishment with that of Jones, we cannot but think that the writer of the Odes to the Athenian Society, might by perseverance have attained the giddy elevation of Pindar, if, being the author of the Tripos, he afterwards rose to be the first satirist in our language.

There is a singular commentary by Dr. Barrett, on an obscure passage in the Tale of a Tub, wherein Camelion and Moulinavent are mentioned as sworn enemies of the sect of Æolists. These have been interpreted to mean Churchmen and Infidels; but Dr. Barrett conceives they mean the Church and State, and thus he argues:

'MOULINAVENT has four arms; these are the four sceptres (of England, Scotland, France and Ireland), issuing from the centre of the coin, and including the arms of those kingdoms. A windmill (which is what the word *moulin à vent* means) is a proper image of the State or Monarchy, whose condition is subject to much alteration and many vicissitudes.—As for the Camelion, it is an animal that

that lives upon air, and refunds no part of it by eructation. This is an image of the Church of England; whose articles acknowledge the inspiration of Holy Scripture, whilst its members make no pretences to supernatural powers, or to the possession of inspiration in themselves, but have an established Liturgy and set form of prayer, and do not make use of extemporaneous praying and preaching, here called Eructations. This Church, Dryden had represented under the image of a panther; and Swift (in imitation of him I suppose) compares it to a camelion. But further: the camelion lives upon air, and varies his colours according as the objects that surround him vary: and will not this be a just representation of those ecclesiastics (if there be any such) who exist on the promises of the great, and rise to power by complying with their variable humours?'

We submit to the judgment of the candid reader, whether these arguments be not borrowed from the reasoning by which Lord Peter proved a loaf of bread to be a shoulder of mutton.

The poetical pieces which follow the essay have different degrees of merit. They are chiefly extracted from a miscellaneous manuscript in the library of Trinity College, called the Whimsical Medley. Most of them ascertain their paternity at once, as, for example, a parody on the Blessington address to her Majesty, beginning thus:

> From a town that consists of a church and a steeple,
> With three or four houses, and as many people,
> There went an Address in great form and good order,
> Composed, as 'tis said, by Will Crowe, their Recorder.
> And thus it began to an excellent tune:
> Forgive us, good Madam, that we did not, as soon
> As the rest of the cities and towns of this Nation,
> Wish your Majesty joy on this glorious occasion.
> Not that we're less hearty or loyal than others,
> But having a great many sisters and brothers,
> Our borough in riches and years far exceeding,
> We let them speak first, to show our good breeding.'

The same stile of sarcasm marks a satire, entitled the 'Conference between Sir H. P—ce's Chariot, and Mrs. D. St—d's Chair.' It has some of Swift's coarseness, but a great deal of his humour, and therefore lays claim to a place in his works, with a better grace than the Tripos, which has enough of the first, with very little of what alone tempts us to endure it. The lady, whose sedan chair is introduced as a party in the dialogue, is distinguished by Swift in his journal to Stella, as that owl Countess Doll of Meath, with her feathers and her foppery.

And

And his dislike survived the grave; for he celebrated her death, and that of her second husband, General Georges, in a satirical elegy on Dicky and Dolly. Most of the other pieces in the collection we readily acknowledge as Swift's composition; but hesitate as to one or two. 'The Swan Tripe Club, in Dublin,' may certainly be his, although written in a style and manner distinct from his subsequent publications. It is a satire upon the Tory Clergy of England, those whom Swift, during the greater part of his life, considered as the only valuable part of the clerical order. Its authenticity rests with Tonson, who published it in 1706, as written by the author of the 'Tale of a Tub.' That piece Swift never owned; and indeed it was repeatedly ascribed both to his cousin Thomas Swift, and to Dr. King; the latter of whom was publicly named as the author. The authority of title pages in those days was, as we learn from the complaints of Pope, very slender; and no bookseller was deemed to have committed felony without benefit of his clergy, in filching the good name of some well-known author to place in the front of his book. If we judge from internal evidence, we own ourselves uncertain. On the one hand, Swift was, at the time of publication, a whig in secular politics; but on the other, he was always a high churchman where the church was concerned; and it is difficult to reconcile his opposition to the repeal of the Test Act, which was serious and obstinate even when he enjoyed the friendship of Lord Somers, with the low church or moderate sentiments which the poem displays and enforces. It is also remarkable, that amid the numerous charges with which Swift was assailed, that of clerical apostacy was never objected to him, although the present poem, if generally believed to be his, would have afforded good ground for such an accusation. In point of style, it differs, as we have already said, from his subsequent productions, and exhibits an ambitious imitation of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel, rather than the short terse measure in which he latterly exerted his strength. Yet the piece, though very unequal, bears marks of satirical powers, and may have been written by him before he had formed and adopted his own very peculiar vein of poetry. The following short character will give the reader some idea of the whole.

> 'Immortal Crab stands firmly to the truth,
> And with sage nod commands the list'ning youth;
> In whom rank spleen has all its vigour shewn,
> And blended all its curses into one;
>
> O'er-flowing

O'er-flowing gall has chang'd the crimson flood,
And turn'd to vinegar the wretch's blood.
Nightly on bended knees the musty put
Still saints the spigot, and adores the butt;
With fervent zeal the flowing liquor plies,
But damns the moderate bottle for its size.
His liquid vows cut swiftly thro' the air,
When glorious red has whetted him to prayer;
Thrifty of time, and frugal of his ways,
Tippling he rails, and as he rails he prays.'

We have no hesitation in adopting as Swift's the parody on Baron Lovell's Address to a Grand Jury; and very little in rejecting as apocryphal two poems, called Orpheus Burlesqued, and Acteon, or the origin of Horn Fair. These last-mentioned pieces resemble the stile of Dr. King much more than that of the Dean; and, as they are found in the "Whimsical Medley," we cannot help thinking that they may have been among those with which he solaced his retirement at Mountown, in the neighbourhood of Dublin.

There follow several of those pieces which passed between Sheridan, Jackson, Delany, and other of the Dean's familiar friends, who accommodated themselves to his humour, and diverted the growing evils of his constitution. The fastidious taste of many critics has rejected these as trifling and puerile. To us, whom experience has rendered glad to measure excellence rather by its approach to the mark which was levelled at by the author, than by considering whether he might not have taken a more distant and more ambitious aim; who feel no way affronted at being made of the Dean's family party, and diverted without the ceremony paid to strangers, and who hold a good riddle better than twenty indifferent epic poems; the additions to Swift's collection of whimsicalities are not unacceptable. Lord Orrery is welcome, with aristocratic complacency, to point out to his son the superior respect and delicacies which Swift threw into the poems addressed, as his Lordship thinks proper to style it, to those 'more exalted friends, whose stations and character did him honour:' and some of whom are now only known to us, because he did *them* the honour so to address them. Our plebeian disposition renders us quite as well contented with his more familiar effusions. We should have been glad, no doubt, to see Scipio's deportment to consuls and prætors; but, as far as our own amusement is concerned, we would rather have requested admission to his parties with Lælius, when the chief

chief object was gathering cockle-shells. We, therefore, receive with gratitude these additions to the *Swiftiana*, and could point out many passages in which they are absolutely necessary to explain those formerly published. Thus, in the admirable epistle from Swift's cook-maid to Sheridan, she charges him with an offence towards the Dean, not hitherto to be traced in their poetical correspondence:

'You said you would eat grass on his grave?—A Christian eat grass!
Whereby you show that you are either a goose or an ass.'

In one of the poems here printed for the first time, we find the couplet supposed to have excited the damsel's indignation: Sheridan, upbraided as the bird of the capitol, answers

I'll write while I have half an eye in my head;
I'll write while I live, and I'll write when you're dead;
Though you call me a goose, you pitiful slave!
I'll feed on the grass that grows on your grave.

This publication also contains two original letters from the Dean, both highly valuable and characteristic. In the first, addressed to Dr. Jenny, he vindicates himself from the absurd and invidious accusation that the incomparable piece of humour, called Hamilton's Bawn, was a libel on Sir Arthur Acheson, and his lady. In the second letter, addressed to the Reverend Mr. Brandreth, the Dean gives a picture of Ireland, such as he alone could draw, and even he but in the very spring-tide of his misanthropy.

'If you are not an excellent philosopher, I allow you personate one perfectly well; and if you believe yourself, I heartily envy you; for I never yet saw in Ireland a spot of earth two feet wide, that had not in it something to displease. I think I once was in your county, Tipperary, which is like the rest of the whole kingdom, a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations: filthy cabins, miserable, tattered, half starved creatures, scarce in human shape; one insolent, ignorant, oppressive squire to be found in twenty miles riding; a parish-church to be found only in a summer day's journey, in comparison of which an English farmer's barn is a cathedral; a bog of fifteen miles round; every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, and marsh; and every male and female, from the farmer inclusive to the day-labourer, infallibly a thief, and consequently a beggar, which in this island are terms convertible. The Shannon is rather a lake than a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London Bridge. There is not an acre of land in Ireland turned to half its advantage; yet it is better improved

proved than the people: and all these evils are effects of English tyranny; so your sons and grandchildren will find to their sorrow. Cork indeed was a place of trade; but for some years past is gone to decay; and the wretched merchants, instead of being dealers, are dwindled into pedlars and cheats. I desire you will not write such accounts to your friends in England. Did you ever see one cheerful countenance among our country vulgar? unless once a year at a fair or on a holiday, when some poor rogue happened to get drunk, and starved the whole week after. You will give a very different account of your winter campaign, when you can't walk five yards from your door without being mired to your knees, nor ride half a mile without being in slough to your saddle-skirts; when your landlord must send twenty miles for yeast, before he can brew or bake; and the neighbours for six miles round must club to kill a mutton. Pray take care of damps, and when you leave your bedchamber, let a fire be made, to last till night; and after all, if a stocking happens to fall off a chair, you may wring it next morning. —*I nunc, et tecum versus meditare canoros.*'

These letters are added by Mr. Malone to Dr. Barrett's collection.

It only remains to notice the concluding pages, which are filled by the Dean's remarks on Burnet's History of his own Times. Swift's decided hatred to the Bishop of Sarum had already displayed itself in his poignant ironical preface to the Introduction of his third volume on the Reformation. Nor is his pen more merciful upon the former occasion, while, recording on the margin, the Bishop's slips in style, facts, and politics. Burnet has now nearly found his level. And though his clumsy and slovenly language, his extreme personal vanity, his gross and inconsistent credulity, will prevent his ever laying claim to the title of an historian; yet, as a writer of memoirs, his spirit of honesty and of liberty, his intimate acquaintance with the great men and important transactions of his time, place his work above the desultory criticism even of Swift. The wrath of the Dean is chiefly excited by the passages in which the high church clergy are assailed, or the low churchmen exalted, or the sectaries apologized for. It usually vents itself in the pithy annotations of 'Ah, rogue! dog! a Scotch dog! partial dog!' and so forth. In a few places the remarks are curious, and corroborate or contradict, on authority, the facts in the text. In most they are sarcastic, as for example: Burnet having stated that Paradise Lost 'was esteemed the beautifulest and perfectest poem that ever was writ, at least in *our* language.' Swift adds, 'A mistake—for it is in *English*.' Again, the Bishop

Bishop having said, that Charles II. never treated Nell Gwynn 'with the decencies of a mistress,' the shrewd and malicious commentator asks, 'Pray what *decencies* are these?' And Burnet having stated that the French released 25000 Dutch prisoners for 50,000 crowns, Swift exclaims, 'What ten shillings a piece! By much too dear for a Dutchman'. These may serve as a specimen of the remarks. But by far the most witty sarcasm refers to the Earl of Argyle, described by Burnet as 'a solemn sort of man, grave, sober, and free of all scandalous vices:' *Swift,* 'as a man is free of a corporation, he means.'

Upon the whole we dismiss this volume with warm approbation of Dr. Barrett's zeal in the cause which he has undertaken. It gives us sincere pleasure to see those labouring in the cause of literature, whose academical situation and offices afford them leisure and opportunity to ply effectually their honourable task. We cannot, it is true, extend our unlimited approbation to all parts of the learned editor's essay; but he knows well '*non cuivis,*' &c. and if the plummet of our understanding be not altogether equal to sound the depth of his logic, we readily acknowledge that he is not bound to find us both argument and comprehension. In short, we request him to believe, that we have read with attention the rules for conducting literary controversy, which the learned Mr. Bickerstaff insists upon in his letter to Partridge, are sensible that the cause of useful knowledge cannot be advanced if men of public spirit are superciliously treated for their ingenious attempts, and only differ from him after the modest manner that becomes a philosopher, and *pace tanti viri.*

The work is published separately; but it is also incorporated with the new edition of Swift's works, published by Mr. John Nicholls.

ART. XVI. *Caledonian Sketches, or a Tour through Scotland in* 1807. *To which is prefixed an Explanatory Address to the Public upon a recent Trial. By* Sir John Carr, pp. 541, 4to. London, Matthews and Leigh, 1809.

THE advice of the Giant Moulineau to a reciter, *Je vous prie, Belier mon ami, commençez par le commencement,* is too often neglected. We, however, admonished by a recent event,* new in our high office, and anxious to discharge its duties with unexampled fidelity, actually read the explanatory address prefixed to this volume, before we proceeded on the Caledonian sketches. It is, in sooth, a piece of very tragical mirth, in which we hardly knew whether to sympathise with the wounded feelings of a good-natured, well-meaning man, or to laugh at the ambiguous expressions in which he couches his sorrow and indignation upon a very foolish subject. The trial, in which Sir John Carr sued the editor of a satiric work, called 'My Pocket Book', for damages, as a libel on his literary fame, must be fresh in the memory of every reader. The Address displays great anxiety to ascertain the precise grounds upon which the action was commenced; but there is no little embarrassment and confusion in bottoming the case, as will appear from the opening of the subject.

'Had this attack been announced as a travesty, the Public would have regarded it as a burlesque, and I should have been as much disposed as any one to have smiled at what humour it might have possessed. Indeed I should have deemed it, in some measure, an honour; for, as the nature of travesty is laughable deformity, the original must at least possess some symmetry, before it could be twisted into deformity. Nay, I should have felt myself flattered to have been placed in the same line of attack in which many illustrious literary characters have been assailed, although immeasurably removed from them in literary reputation. I should also have reflected that the Public would not be interested in the travesty of an unknown author. But many, who have never read the Tour in Ireland, have considered the quotations as authentic, and the comment as fair and candid. I am placed before a mirror that distorts, and the mirror is thought to represent me faithfully.' p. 4.

* See p. 50.

We

We suspect that the author of this passage remained a little too long in the 'southern and western parts of Ireland, to be an absolute stranger to the national mode of ratiocination. If a work be announced as a *burlesque* it must undoubtedly be regarded as a *travesty*, which is pretty much the same thing. But although it be not announced as a *burlesque*, it by no means follows that an action lies against the author, because the public insist upon mistaking for grave matter of fact what was intended for raillery. The readers are then to be blamed more than the satirist; and indeed, so dull was our apprehension in this very case, that having dipped into 'My Pocket Book', and afterwards heard of a suit at law, we could not but conclude that Sir John had commenced it not on the score of libel, but on that of piracy: for whatever the author may have intended, the imitation had all the merit of being as prosing as the original, with the sole advantage (certainly no inconsiderable one) of being much shorter.

But Sir John does not rest his case here. He proceeds to state that the 'frontispiece of this publication attempted personally to degrade him in a point of view which had no reference to his travels.' And again,

'In my work I have mentioned, that the cruel custom of yoking the plough to the tail of the drawing horse, which once existed in the uncivilized parts of Ireland, has for some time past been discontinued; yet, in this print, I am represented in the attitude of making a drawing of this barbarous usage; and, if such print be admitted to be fair criticism, I am made by the artist's pencil to assert that the custom still endures. In fact I am assured that I have already incurred the displeasure of some of the Irish, who have not perused my work, and who have been misled by this print, for having, as they thought, in this instance thrown an odium upon the character of their peasantry. To return to the action, the frontispiece caricature, and the explanation, constituted the sole ground of my legal complaint.' p. 6.

This ground of complaint appears to us still more fantastical than that which he stated for the purpose of abandoning it. For an author has certainly some right in equity, if not at common law, to complain of the *maladresse* of a satirical satellite, who shaped his irony so awkwardly that all men took it for sober truth. But that any human being upon either side of St. George's Channel could seriously draw a conclusion, as matter of fact, from a caricature print, is one of the most whimsical inuendos which a declaration ever attached to a libel. There are twenty

prints in the windows of St. James's Street, representing the highest characters in the most absurd attitudes and employments: by each of which, no doubt, a certain inference is intended, but we suppose something very different from the emblem offered to the eye. If a groupe of forlorn statesmen were to be presented in the shape of pigs possessed with an evil spirit, and precipitating themselves into the sea; would an action lie at their instance against the caricaturist, not because they were ridiculed for a noble abandonment of their places, but because he might mean to infer that the 'nine-farrow' had literally jumped from Dover Cliffs, in order to take the shortest road to Calais!

While Sir John Carr is thus puzzled to shape a legal ground for his action, we cannot but feel some sympathy in his distress; for although he may have done very ill to go to law, it is possible he may do very well to be angry; and it is some suspicion that his resentment is neither unprovoked nor unjustifiable, that restrains our inclination to smile at the legal distinctions which he makes concerning it. *As 'My Pocket Book' is a burlesque, it pleaseth him well, but in respect it is a satire, it is naught; in regard it is criticism, it may be the "palladium of literature," but in respect it was actively dispersed, it is a very vile work; as it is a book, look you, it fits his humour well, but in regard it hath an engraved frontispiece, it goeth much against his stomach!*

But Sir John hath a fellow sufferer in this matter, whom it is not meet to pass without notice.

'I have only one observation more to make, which I owe in justice to myself, and my late publisher, Sir Richard Phillips, who has been accused of having, from objects of personal feeling, prompted me to bring the action to which I have adverted. I can most solemnly declare that he never excited me to such a measure.'

This is a subject not to be proceeded upon rashly—let us look for a precedent. When a gentleman-like person, swinging his switch, and pointing his toes, happens, in bestriding a kennel in snowy weather, to slip down upon his central part, he is greeted by the shouts of all the children in the street. But if the alderman of the ward, *vir pietate ac meritis gravis*, hath lent his arm in the perilous pass, and shared the disgraceful tumble, the elder 'prentice boys (who

(who probably formed the slippery trap) rush to condole with his worship, and fall to rubbing his coat; while the younger fry suppress their grinning, and emulously join in upraising and comforting his companion. Even so, we, novices in criticism, are taught compassion by our elder brethren of Edinburgh, whom we lately beheld with edification, consoling the senior knight, moved by the reverence due to the shrieval furs, or to a misfortune deep enough to affect even the soldiers of the dire Ulysses.

It becomes our duty, therefore, to comfort the neglected sufferer—to tell him that Pope, like himself, had to complain of

> 'The libelled person, and the pictured shape.'

That Dryden affirms more libels had been written on him than on any man alive in that libellous age; that in our own time, the wittiest, and worthiest of the nation have had the same fate. Had Sir John eaten his posset with the composure which Page recommends to his namesake, he might have laughed at those who now laugh at him. A wise man, who in ambling his hobby along the highway, has the dirt thrown in his face by some mischievous varlet splashing past him, will wipe off the mark of dishonour, and escape at the expence of a stifled titter among grooms and hackney coachmen. But if he gives the reins to his resentment, and pursue the offender with whip uplifted, he excites a general interest in the cause; it becomes an eventful matter, a skirmish or race: and at a skirmish, were it only between two dunghill cocks; at a race, were it only between a pair of donkies, the dogs will bark, the children scream, and the blackguards shout. And now, Knight,

> 'Unbuckle wide your mail,
> 'And to the full requite us tale for tale.'

What news from the land of cakes and whiskey, from the region of mist and snow? 'Stands Scotland where it did?' Do her critics still brandish their scalping knives, her bards still tune their bagpipes, their sackbuts, their dulcimers, and their psalteries? Do her lawyers still wrangle about politics, her clergy about patronage, her professors about heat and cold, her philosophers about the cosmogony of the world, (which has puzzled the Royal Society of Edinburgh, as much as ever it did Sanconiathon and Berosus,) and last, and fiercest of all, her physicians, about —the Lord knows what? Alas! these questions have offence in them,

them, and our knight, the gentlest that ever prick'd upon a plain, refuseth the information which 'an if he would' he could doubtless communicate. His details are entirely confined to a short description of the exterior of the country, a few trite anecdotes of ancient history and manners, and an account of local customs and laws neither remarkable for value nor accuracy.

It would, perhaps, be somewhat difficult to bring us news from Scotland. Formerly indeed, we knew Scots, and, as we thought, to our cost; but we knew little of Scotland; and most plain London citizens would have made their wills before they ventured into a country where the fair sex dispensed with the use of shoes and stockings, and the males with that of a still more necessary integument. But that time is gone by. We no longer wonder at the hardihood of those who, to give us information, (and take two guineas for the book which contains it) plunge into these hyperborean regions, are absent from home about six weeks, and return after having seen Johnnie Groat's house. Since the continent has been shut against us, Edinburgh is as much visited by every dashing citizen who pretends to fashion, as Margate or Tunbridge. Then for 'tender youth and weary age,' the information which they cannot seek in person, may be found in a hundred volumes. There is Johnson's Philosophic Tour, Pennant's Descriptive Tour, Gilpin's Picturesque Tour, Stoddart's Sketching Tour, Garnet's Medical Tour, Mrs. Murray's Familiar Tour, Newte's Nautical Tour, Mawman's Bookselling Tour, Campbell's Crazy Tour, Lithie's Insipid Tour, and Boswell's fantastic Tour, with the Humours of the Bear and the Monkey. From collating these, the curious may learn, without stirring from the sound of Bow bell, the depth of the supposed unfathomable Loch-Ness, the four wonders of Loch Lomond, the heighth of Fingal's cave, and all those Caledonian Memorabilia which the more desperate visit in person, at the expence of being obliged to drink whisky, and eat *Scattan agus braddan agus spuntat*.* Now it will presently be seen that Sir John Carr, although himself of the more adventurous class who demand ocular evidence of the existence of these wonders, has not disregarded the labours of his predecessor so far as to disdain to incorporate them with his own. On the contrary, so much of this quarto may be traced to Pennant and his numerous successors,

* Dried salmon, oat cakes, and potatoes; these words (which we spell from the too well remembered sound) form the usual list of refreshments at an Highland alehouse.

that

that we are really of opinion it might have been compiled without the author taking the trouble to stir from No. 2, Garden-court, Temple; and that the mountains being thus brought to Mahomet, in the shape of quartos and octavos, Mahomet might have dispensed with his personal attendance on the mountains. Sir John may no doubt reply that, in describing the same scenes, it is impossible to avoid recalling the descriptions of those forerunners, whom perhaps, in his heart, he accuses, as the Frenchman did the ancients, of having stolen all his fine things. But this unavoidable consequence arises, first from his choice of a hackneyed subject, and secondly, from his treating it in a most hackneyed manner. For although it is true, that Scotland in her outward features presents nothing to the traveller which she did not offer to former tourists, the inhabitants are at present in the act of undergoing some important changes, which call for attention both from the philosopher and the politician. A gentleman educated to the English bar, might be expected to have offered some remarks upon the alterations which the wisdom of the legislature has deemed necessary in Scottish jurisprudence, and upon the policy and possibility of assimilating the laws of the united kingdoms. The subject, however, though it has agitated Scotland to the very centre, and divided the soundest of her lawyers and statesmen, is scarcely hinted at in the following passage:

'In the Court of Session the judges are also the jury. Most of the proceedings are carried on in printed pleadings, in which refined logic and noble specimens of composition are frequently displayed. Sometimes a hearing in presence is ordered, when barristers argue, *viva voce*, the pleas of their clients. As the judges have a double duty to perform, for want of a separate jury, they take peculiar pains with their decisions, which renders procrastination inevitable; but justice is in general fairly and satisfactorily administered, and their decisions are not very often reversed upon an appeal to the British parliament. The number of the judges has been much objected to, on account of their being likely to be unduly swayed in favour of their patrons, in matters coming judicially before them, where their interests may clash with those of other individuals before the court; of the difficulty of procuring so many persons adequately learned in the laws; and, finally, of the occasional warmth and irritability with which they, in open court, defend their respective opinions when they differ from each other, in a manner sometimes derogatory to the dignity of the judicial character.' p. 126.

We know not where nor with whom Sir John found any ap-

prehension of the judges being unduly swayed in favour of their patrons; and no plan, that ever we heard of, proposed to diminish their number, but only to divide them into two separate courts or chambers of the same court, as has been lately done by act of parliament; a remedy which could not apply to the imaginary subject of complaint. We understand that by this subdivision, each of the two chambers of the court of session has singly been enabled to discharge more business than would have overwhelmed the old court, and that the long arrear of causes which hung in dependance, are now nearly decided. It remains to prove how far, by the introduction of jury trial in cases proper for that mode of decision, it may be possible to compel parties to come to a more special issue upon disputed facts, than has of late been the custom in the court of session.—But we crave Sir John Carr's pardon for going out of the record. Although the storm raged around the traveller, and every lawyer's tongue in Edinburgh was unloosed to censure, or vindicate, the ancient course of justice, we may address Sir John in the words of the poet:

> 'Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis
> Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.'

A yet more important subject of discussion was open to our traveller, on the state of the Highlanders.

The emigrations are slightly touched, and without any pretence of giving a decided opinion upon them; but we read the best and only possible cure for this unfortunate drain of a population invaluable for hardihood and military spirit, in the improvements of Ranald Macdonald of Staffa, a young gentleman possessed of a large estate in the Western Isles, which he improves with the prudence and wisdom of a Scottish farmer, combined with that love of his people, and desire to render them happy, which was the finest feature in the character of an ancient Celtic chief. We are happy to find an opportunity to give Sir John Carr our sincere thanks for such valuable information as is contained in chapter VI.

The process of making kelp in which the lower classes of Hebridian population are now every season engaged, is described with accuracy, and the following remarks on the cultivation of the isles, are well worthy of preservation.

'The soil and climate of most parts of the islands and west coast of Scotland, and the shelter which they afford, are better adapted to grazing than cropping. There is no calculating the extent of cultivation

tivation into which these islands may be brought, from the almost primeval state in which they still continue. The average price of land in Mull and Ulva is still very low, compared with the price which is given for land in the neighbouring districts of Lorn, Khnapdale, the Duke of Gordon's, and Mr. Cameron of Lochiel's, property, &c. &c. Although there are several fields in Ulva, consisting of twelve to fifteen acres each, which are annually enclosed and laid carefully down in grass seeds, and in good heart, for which 1ls. 10s. and 2l. per acre have been frequently offered for the grass alone, still it was found by the proprietor to be more beneficial and productive to keep it in his own hands, for pasturing black cattle.

'I was informed, by a gentleman who had long resided in the Hebrides, and knew their local advantages well, that the population of the islands would be by no means too great if some of the large estates were put in a proper train of management, and the land distributed amongst the lower classes upon a different plan and principle from those now followed. Not that the number of tacksmen of capital and enterprise should be diminished, for the purpose of giving their farms exclusively to small tenants, for that indeed would be ruinous to a large estate, but that the extent of the moor and hill pastures of the larger tenements, which are possessed by the gentlemen tacksmen, should be increased, and part of the better, or arable, soil, divided among the small tenants, but in smaller quantities than formerly, and on such terms and for such a duration of lease as to induce them to improve their respective lots, and toll the land off by inclosures for hay, corn, and green crops and pasture. Upon this mode, he assured me, the economy and sound policy of Highland management principally turn.

The right of primogeniture exists all over Scotland amongst the higher classes, and most generally amongst the lower orders also. Staffa thinks it good policy to encourage it amongst his tenantry, being of opinion that it is a valuable remnant of the feudal system. As an instance, he has upon his property at present some tenants, who are the fifth and sixth generations, in regular descent, upon the same piece of ground, and who would refuse exchanging it for twice its size upon English ground.' pp. 493, 494, 495.

The following account of the tenantry, of Staffa (so Mr. Macdonald is properly distinguished), is highly honourable to their worthy and patriarchal landlord; whose achievements, we doubt not, will be sung to the oars of the men of Ulva, not only when those of Fingal, but even of Sir John Carr, shall have faded from the memory.

'Notwithstanding the occasional vexations which those who chiefly live by the fisheries endure in consequence of the salt-laws, the natives of Ulva, and, it is believed, of the other islands, have an opportunity of living in great comfort and happiness. Their food consists of fish, of which they have upwards of twenty different species,

species, within a few hundred yards of the shore, all around the island and along the coast; of mutton, lamb, and beef, of which they, of late years, consume a good deal; of geese, ducks, hens, chickens, &c. &c. Indeed, at certain seasons of the year, they consume a considerable quantity of poultry; eggs and milk they have in great abundance all the year round.

'The worthy Laird of Ulva arranges all the lots of land upon his property in such a manner, that the holder of the smallest lot of land has his two cows, and from that number up to six, ten, and twelve cows. In consequence of this, many of them not only provide their families with butter and cheese, but have a surplus to dispose of. The bread generally made use of is from barley and oatmeal, of which they also make porridge, which forms their breakfast or supper, along with milk; and when there is any scarcity of that in the winter-months, they take molasses with their porridge.

As every small tenant, or lotman, has a garden attached to his house, he in general plants a quantity of cabbages, and of late turnip, which, with potatoes, are the principal vegetables; the latter are so much cultivated, and in such abundance, that they eat a great quantity of them with their fish, of which, as I have mentioned, they have great variety, close to the shore of most of their respective lots; and in general every tenant has a row-boat for himself and family, with which they fish, make kelp, &c. &c.

We cannot always congratulate Sir John on the accuracy of his information. Kelp, he says, is on an average 3l. 10s. per ton; we believe it greatly exceeds that sum doubled. He tells us, p. 271, that in the Carse of Gowrie, 'the English traveller will see English agricultural instruments, and English farming, every where adopted.' We dare not accept this compliment. A Scotchman, with more accuracy, would tell him, that the said traveller will see '*Scotch* agricultural instruments, and *Scotch* farming;' which, with reference to arable ground, are as much better as Scotch rents are higher than those of England. The highland dress, p. 450, is described as including the belted plaid, philabeg or kelt. If Sir John means that these two garments are both worn at once, he might as well describe an English gentleman wearing his breeches over his pantaloons. The belted plaid was the original dress. It is precisely that of a savage, who finding a web of cloth which he had not skill to frame into a garment, wrapt one end round his middle, and threw the rest about his shoulders. This dress was abundantly inconvenient, for the upper part of the plaid was only useful in rain, or for a cover at night, while the lower extremity was essential to decency. It was, in short, as if a man's great coat were

were fastened to his breeches, and in exertions of war or the chace, all was necessarily thrown away. And it is little to the honour of Highland ingenuity, that although the Chiefs, to avoid this dilemma, wore long pantaloons called *trews*, the common Gael never fell upon any substitute for the belted plaid, till an English officer, for the benefit of the labourers who worked under his direction on the military roads, invented the *fileah beg*, philabeg, or little petticoat, detached from the plaid, and fastened by a buckle round the waist.

Having adverted to the agricultural information, the reader may expect that we should afford him a specimen of Sir John's descriptive style. And here we must observe, heaven knows, without either censure or regret, that in this volume the traveller has given us but few examples, of superfine writing. Sir John's eye, indeed, sometimes 'hunts for trees as a sportsman would for game,' p. 311, and sometimes 'banquets' on the splendour of a landscape: but these graces of language are sprinkled with a sparing hand. The following is no unfavourable specimen of his descriptive powers.

'Afterwards we followed the line of the river Awe, which is very long, black, deep, narrow, and rapid, flowing into Loch Etive. Our course lay through copses of weeping birch and hazel, along the foot of the stupendous and rugged Cruachan Ben, a mountain measuring three thousand two hundred and ninety feet above the level of the sea, and twenty miles in circumference at its base. This Alpine scenery, particularly as the evening advanced, was at once awful and tremendous; frequently the road extended along a frightful precipice, overhanging Loch Awe, which lay in many places a prodigious depth below us, and which we occasionally saw, through the opening of trees impending over it, reflecting star for star of the cloudless sky in its clear, but sable, mirror of waters; whilst huge shattered fragments of rock, arrested in their descent by projecting crags, impended awfully and frightfully, far above us, on the sides of this mighty mountain, deriving increased magnitude and horror from the shadows of the night, the solemn silence of which was only interrupted by the melancholy murmur of remote waterfalls.' p. 505.

In general, Sir John is not tempted to follow the vagrant muse of Mrs. Ratcliffe over rock, precipice, water-fall, fen, lake, and torrent. He is contented to give a short sober-minded statement of the reality, and leave the reader to fill up the sketch, according to the dictates of his own imagination; or the vacancy is sometimes supplied with a quotation from Ossian, or the Lay of the last Minstrel. Yet he now and then plays us a provoking

voking trick peculiar to a practised traveller, in describing some place in Scotland to which we must be supposed strangers, by reference to another on the Continent, of which, in all probability, we know still less. Thus, we are little edified by being informed that Jedburgh is like Upsal; that Edinburgh may be compared to Athens; and that to form a conception of Perth, we have only to recollect Bonn. This is something worse than *obscurum per obscurius*, unless, perhaps, to those who may be possessed of all his previous Tours.

In point of extent, Sir John's travels through Caledonia are not on a large scale. He entered Scotland by Jedburgh, and went straight to Edinburgh, where he spent, we conjecture, about four days, but found materials for ten chapters, being nearly one half of the work in question;

> 'For what the niggard time of lore denied,
> From other stores the fearless knight supplied.'

Arnott's History of Edinburgh, and Church's contrast between the state of that city in 1760 and 1780, have been laid under liberal contribution. We have also the usual remarks of strangers, a hope that the new college will be one day finished, and that the old jail will be one day pulled down. The following observation on the Register House, is probably original.

'The decorations of the interior do not correspond with the external beauty of the building. The rotunda under the dome is disfigured by a vast collection of old and modern record and other books, plainly bound, which, instead of being concealed by green silk and brass lattice-work, obtrude themselves upon the eye, and accord with the noble appearance of the room just as well as the hat of a mendicant would become a Knight of the Bath in his full robes.' p. 77.

We dare not dispute with our traveller upon the attire of knighthood; but we may just hint that these same unseemly volumes are the denizens of the place, for whose reception and preservation it was built; that, on the same principle, he might object to the splendid halls of Greenwich being disgraced by a rabble of maimed weather-beaten seamen; and demand that such slovenly and unhandsome objects should not come between the wind and his gentility.

From Edinburgh our traveller proceeds by Stirling and Alloa to Perth, and thence by the coast-road to Inverness; then along what is called the Chain to Fort Augustus and Fort William. In this, the most common of Scottish tours, Sir John never diverges

diverges from the beaten track, and being, as he some where allows, 'a little near-sighted,' does not very distinctly observe even those objects of curiosity which lay within his ken. The vast ruins of Dunnollar Castle are briefly noticed as 'very ancient;' and that strange and puzzling work of old times, the parallel roads of Glenroy, is coolly stated to have been constructed 'for the accommodation of the ancient Scottish kings.' Now although accommodation comes from *accomodo,* and is—'When a man is being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing;' yet we own that it conveys to us no very particular information as to the parallel roads of Glenroy. Perhaps these roads, which are six in number, lying in parallel lines one above the other on opposite sides of a glen, may have accommodated the Scottish kings better than they would our traveller's one-horse chaise: at any rate, he went not near them. However, as Shallow says, Good phrases are surely and ever were very commendable.

Two or three chapters are dedicated to the manners of the Highlanders, in which Sir John has most unmercifully pillaged a curious work, entitled 'Letters from Scotland,' published in 1754, but written about 1730, by an English officer of Engineers, quartered at Inverness. We do not blame him for drawing both jest and earnest from this authentic source. But he ought to have mentioned his authority. From Home's History of the Rebellion, and Boswell's Tour, the traveller gives an abridged narrative of the escape of Charles Edward, in which he is pleased to introduce a flourishing account of his entering the house of a chief, hostile to his family, and throwing himself on his mercy; which was, we believe, invented by Voltaire for the sake of effect. The story of his being harboured by six robbers, one of whom was afterwards hanged for stealing a cow, is true, but very inaccurately told. One of these men was alive in Edinburgh about twenty years ago. His name was Chisholm. Sir John here gives a curious instance of mistaking the drift and real merit of a story. He had been told (and it is a fact) that one of these faithful Highlanders ventured to Fort George to procure intelligence of the motions of the troops, and unwilling to return without something that might improve the prince's fare, in the simplicity of his heart, purchased and brought home a pennyworth of gingerbread. Sir John blunts the story cruelly by saying, he brought him 'abundance of gingerbread, *of which the unhappy prince was very fond!*' Among the remarks of our author, which seem to be most original, we discover a peculiar ab-

abhorrence of the Scottish bagpipe. Even the hospitality of Staffa hardly induces him to stifle his sarcasms on this obstreperous musical retainer; and he exults, in an unseemly manner, over the fate of one of the profession, who in an ambitious attempt to pipe, sans intermission, during a march of thirty miles, actually blew the breath out of his body! p. 479.

From Fort Augustus Sir John proceeds to Oban, and thence to Mull and Ulva. He sees Staffa (the island as well as the Laird), but not Jona, which was rather unlucky, as all the monuments had been just white-washed to receive his Grace of Argyle! He returns by Lismere to Loch Lomond, and thence crosses to the Highlands of Perthshire, as far as Dunkeld; and turns westward, again to Glasgow. Here he arrived in time to give his advice to the magistrates concerning the inscription to be placed on Nelson's monument, an obelisk then just completed. Sir John recommended, that the base should bear this brief record 'Glasgow to Nelson.' We are surprised at the rejection of this laconic posy, because 'there is a dignity in brevity;' and also because we have heard that a sagacious citizen, recollecting that there was a village in the vicinage bearing the name of the gallant admiral, proposed this useful addition, 'Glasgow to Nelson, XII MILES;' so that the column might serve the double purpose of a milestone and a monument. From Glasgow, Sir John, tired with wandering, escapes in two pages into England.

An eager desire to rush, with the poet, *in medias res*, prevented us from noticing in the proper place, that Sir John begins his eventful journey from London, and describes, at some length, the cities, towns, and hamlets, which he surveyed in his progress to the border land. Cambridge, Stamford, York, Durham, Newcastle, &c. pass successively under his review; and as he travels, like Uncle Toby, 'in the kindest disposition in the world,' he finds something civil to say of them all.

Those who are aware of the knight's perspicacity, will hear, without emotion, that even in places so well known, he meets with wonders of which the existence was never suspected: but they will yet be somewhat startled at the singular concatenation of ideas and language on which his discoveries appear to depend. Thus, at Cambridge, while contemplating the writings of Milton, he finds out that the lovers of the sublime and beautiful may be gratified by seeing a lock of his hair in Yorkshire! And at Stamford, that the city of Cologne, as well as most of the houses, are built of a fine hard stone in Lincolnshire.

At

At Durham, he tells us, that 'the houses are in general mean, and far from corresponding with the features he has just mentioned.' Here we are tempted to exclaim with poor Audrey, *Features! Lord bless us, what's features?* for we hear of none 'but walks of elm and mountain ash, and bridges over the river Wear!' But thus the knight proceeds, bewildering himself and his readers, 'and venting his folly' from town to town.

At Newcastle, we are favoured with 'a copy of verses made by Ben Johnson on a steeple.' This notable piece of humour concludes thus:

> 'I am seen where I am not, I am heard where I is not;
> Tell me now what I am, and see that ye miss not.'

We can venture to assure the knight, that he has been imposed upon, and that Ben Jonson (however incredible it may appear to him) was incapable of writing vile doggrel in viler English. We are almost inclined to suspect that the couplet in question was composed by some Newcastle wag upon Sir John himself; as, in this view, and in no other, it forms a tolerable riddle. We can follow him no farther.

Although Sir John quotes Horace, he has yet to learn that a wise man should not *admire* too easily: for he frequently falls into a state of wonderment at what appears to us neither very new nor very extraordinary. Thus we hear of a portrait of Lady Caroline Montague by Sir Joshua; 'and *what is singular*, the back-ground is a winter scene, and a little robin is *whimsically* approaching her.' p. 87.

In Northumberland, nothing astonishes him so much as the language of the common people. 'Some of their words are pronounced precisely the same as some words of German, and have the same meaning: for instance, a shepherd *one day* said to a friend of mine,' (all the knight's stories, even those purloined from Joe Millar, happen to himself or his friends,) 'the maiden is no blait.' In German it is'—(No, not in German, Sir John, we can venture to assure you,)—'das madehen is no blöde.' p. 26.

But the Northumbrians not only use German, but French words; 'thus they have pese from peser.' All this utterly confounds the knight: he never heard, apparently, that the Saxons and the Normans had once a footing in this country; and, like the bourgeois of Moliere, will scarcely trust the evidence of his own senses, when we inform him that he has been talking German

German and French from his cradle without knowing it. Upon the whole, we do not much admire Sir John as a philologist.

Just as he enters Scotland, he gives a singular proof of that disposition, already noticed, to say something civil of every thing; and truly, when we take into consideration the awkward pains which it must have cost him, we cannot sufficiently praise his good nature. 'At Wallington, there is a portrait of Mrs. Trevelyan, by Hoppner, of which it may be *most justly remarked*, that had the beauty pourtrayed in the picture been less, it had been in that degree less like its amiable original.' p. 32.

Ere we dismiss our traveller, we cannot but remark his want of precision in the names of persons and places. We have *Branton* for Brampton, *Corniston* for Comiston, *Willcox* for Willox, *Lockiel* for Lochiel, *Stath Lachlaw* for Strath Lachlan, &c. &c. Besides this, Sir John has an unlucky vacillation and uncertainty of phrase, which sometimes leaves us utterly at a loss to comprehend him. We propound the following doubts for solution to any Œdipus wiser than ourselves. Of Dunolly Castle, Sir John says,

'The remains of this castle stand on a bold rocky promontory, jutting into Loch Etive. This castle was founded by Ewin, a Pictish monarch, contemporary with Julius Cæsar. It is said that, when visitors unexpectedly arrive at this castle, and there are not sufficient provisions within for their entertainment, an hospitable telegraph, namely, a *table-cloth*, is hoisted upon a pole on the battlements, which is a signal for certain tenants of the proprietor to bring supplies of fresh salmon, or any other fish which may be in season.'

In this confusion of tenses are we to conclude that the displaying of the genial banner belonged to the times of the Pictish monarch, Ewin? or that the remains of the castle are still inhabited, and that the ceremony is of modern date? Again, p. 484, it is recorded, that the generous Bishop of Derry bestowed on a western islesman three razors, several pounds of soap, and a purse of ten guineas, 'which made the poor fellow pity and despise the rest of the world, till his presents were worn out and expended.' The guineas might be expended, the soap worn out, but what became of the *razors?* Yet again, p. 127, it is said of the Court of Justiciary, 'The causes which come before this court are tried by a Jury of fifteen; a *majority* of whom most wisely decide.' Here arises a high and doubtful question for future scholiasts: are we to understand that it is *most wise* that the verdict should be decided *by the majority*, or that

that the majority of a Scottish jury always decide most wisely? The last supposition may account for the partiality of the Caledonians to majorities elsewhere, from their observing that they were always in the right in their own national courts. But the sentence is deeply oracular, and will bear either construction.

We take our leave of Sir John, with a sincere advice to him to extend his next travels to some more distant bourne. He has long been the Stranger Abroad, we will not permit him to be the Stranger at Home. We must guard him against giving us a Hampstead Summer, Memoranda of Margate, or, the Traveller at Brighton: A top—Sir John must not be offended at the simile, Virgil compares a queen to the same thing—a top, when it narrows its gyrations, is apt to become stationary; in which case all school-boys know it will either fall asleep or tumble down: the remedy to restore its activity, and enlarge its circuit, is a tight flagellation. We have taken the hint; but we hope that Sir John will not go to law with us for so doing: we would rather whip our top any where than in Westminster Hall; and our Review is not, at least in the engraver's sense of the word, adorned with cuts.

ART. XVII. *Periodical Accounts relative to the Baptist Missionary Society.* Major Scott Waring—Twining, *Vindication of the Hindoos, &c. &c.*

THE rapid progress of Christianity during the first ages of the church, and its victory over the established forms of classical superstition, the schools of ancient philosophy, and the barbarous mythologies of the northern nations, were the united produce of the ardent piety and indefatigable zeal of the first preachers of the Gospel, and the blessing and assistance of heaven. But, it is observable that, in later times, the faith has been spread more by colonization than conversion. How is it that the latter has been so deplorably checked? The Romanists accuse the Protestants for their indifference, the Protestants retort upon the Romanists for their corruptions: there is but too much truth in the charge on either side, but the reproach is better founded than the recrimination.

This evil grew out of the reformation, and it is the only evil attendant upon that blessed event which has continued to the present times. The schism between the Greeks and Latins was

less mischievous; there the parties were so little in contact, that their hatred was without exasperation; and each talked its own nonsense, without attempting to convert the other, except by the innocent and inefficient formalities of a Council. Separated from the whole Latin church by their geographical situation, by the great boundary of language, by their political relations, their pride of elder and superior civilization, and their semi-oriental manners, the Greeks were scarcely included in the idea of Christendom, and our Crusaders sometimes found them as hostile as the Saracens. But the revolution which Luther effected produced a civil war between the members of that great Gothic family, who, amid all their civil dissentions had ever till then remembered their common origin, and when the interests of Christianity were in question, acted as one body, with one heart and will. Before this struggle was over, the zeal of Protestantism had spent itself. All sects and communities of religion settle and purify after their first effervescence, then they become vapid. The Protestant churches had reached this second stage, when they were securely and peaceably established; their turbid elements had cleared away, but the quickening spirit was gone also. While they had zeal to attempt the work of converting heathen nations they had no opportunity, and when the opportunity came, the zeal had evaporated. The Dutch indeed did something in Ceylon,—a poor atonement for the irreparable evil which they occasioned in Japan. Quakerism sent forth a few Apostles to the Pope and the Great Turk, and the good spirit which animated them was so far communicated to the personages whom they addressed, that little used as they were to the benignant mood, they sent the gentle zealots safely home again. A Danish mission was established in India, where it has continued merely because it is an establishment. Assistance has indeed been given to it by our own Society for promoting Christian Knowledge; and some attempts have been made among the North American savages by the Society for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts. But these efforts, however laudable, have had no very extensive consequences; and Protestantism has rather attempted than effected the work of conversion.

There is, however, in all religious communities a vivacious and vivific principle not to be found in the same degree in political bodies; their hold is upon the heart of man, upon his hopes and fears, the weakness and the strength of his nature. From time to time some individual appears, who whether inspired or infatuated

infatuated resigns himself to the impulse, and laying aside all human motives at his outset, acts with a contempt of worldly maxims and worldly prudence, which insures him success in what the maxims and the prudence of the world would have withheld him from attempting. Such was St. Bernard, such were Francesco and Domingo, who saved the Romish church from revolution in the 13th century; such, in later ages, were Loyola and his mightier contemporary Luther, and such, in times which may almost be called our own, were Wesley and Whitefield. These men are the Loyolas of Protestantism. It is easy to revile, it is easier still to ridicule them; the sanest mind will sometimes feel indignation as well as sorrow at perusing their journals,—but he must have little foresight who does not perceive that of all men of their generation they were the most efficient. The statesmen and the warriors of the last reign are in the grave, and their works have died also; they moved the body only, and the motion ceased with the impulse; peace undid their work of war, and war again unravelled their finest webs of peace:—but these fanatics set the mind and the soul in action; the stirring which they excited continues to widen and increase, and to produce good and evil; and future generations will long continue to feel the effects.

It cannot here be necessary to attend to the classification of sectarianism; the Wesleyans, the Orthodox dissenters of every description, and the Evangelical churchmen may all be comprehended under the generic name of Methodists. The religion which they preach is not the religion of our fathers, and what they have altered they have made worse: but they proceed with zeal and perseverance; and the purest forms, when they are forms only, are little able to resist such assailants. Some evil they have done, and greater evil they will do; but all evil brings with it its portion of good, and is permitted only as it is ultimately subservient to good. That spirit of enthusiasm by which Europe was converted to Christianity, they have in some measure revived, and they have removed from Protestantism a part of its reproach. The efforts which they are making to disseminate the Gospel are undoubtedly praise-worthy, and though not always wisely directed, not more erroneously than was to be expected from their inexperience in the arduous task which they have undertaken, and from the radical errors of their system of belief.

The first of these missionary associations in point of time, and the only one which has become the subject of controversy, is

that designated by the name of the Particular * Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel among the Heathen. Its efforts at present are directed exclusively towards India.

This mission, which is represented by its enemies as so dangerous to the British empire in India, and thereby according to a logic learnt from Buonaparte, to England also, originated in a man, by name William Carey, who till the twenty-fourth year of his age was a working shoemaker. Sectarianism has this main advantage over the established church, that its men of ability certainly find their station, and none of its talents are neglected or lost. Carey was a studious and pious man, his faith wrong, his feelings right. He made himself competently versed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and was then ordained among the Calvinistic Baptists. For many years his heart was set upon the conversion of the Heathen; this was the favourite topic of his conversation, his prayers and his sermons; and from the earnestness with which he seemed to feel the subject, and the remarkable aptitude which he possessed in acquiring languages, his friends were induced to think that he was peculiarly formed for some such undertaking. In the year 1791, being at a meeting of his brother ministers at Clipstone in Northamptonshire, he proposed this question for discussion, 'Whether it were not practicable, and our bounden duty to attempt somewhat towards spreading the Gospel in the Heathen world?' He was then requested to publish an enquiry which he had written upon the subject; and at a subsequent ministers meeting (as these convocations are called) this society was formed, and a subscription begun for carrying its object into effect. The money then raised amounted only to 13*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* but want of money in such cases, is a molehill in the way of zeal.

Before any plan had been formed, or any place fixed for their operations, they found that John Thomas, a member of their own church, lately returned from Bengal, was endeavouring to establish a fund in London for a mission to that country. This is the person who is called a madman by Major Scott Waring, and said by him to have died raving mad. That gentleman has been misinformed. Once during his life Thomas was deranged for some weeks, and the ardour and constitutional irritability of his mind evinced in him a tendency to madness, from which religion might have contributed to preserve him, by giving that ardour

* The Particular Baptists are Calvinists. The General Baptists are those of any other description who agree in the practise of baptizing adults by immersion.

a steady

a steady direction towards one worthy object. There are passages in his letters and journals which may make a jester merry, and a wise man sorrowful,—they spring from the insanity of the system, not of the individual; but there are also abundant proofs of a zeal, a warmth of heart, a genius,—which in the Romish church would have obtained altars for him, and which in our own entitle him to respect and admiration. He had preached to the natives in Bengal, and produced effect enough to convince him that much might be done there. Here then was a way opened for the Society: they engaged him as a missionary. Carey consented to accompany him with his whole family, and in 1793 they sailed in a Danish Indiaman.

Thomas, who was a surgeon, intended to support himself by his profession. Carey's plan was to take land and to cultivate it for his maintenance. After many difficulties, they accepted the superintendance of two indigo-factories in the neighbourhood of Malda, and covenants were granted them by the British government. Fountain, another missionary, was sent to join them here, and he and Carey, having acquired the common language of the country, proceeded with a translation of the Scriptures into Bengalee, which Thomas had begun during his former residence in Bengal. In 1799 a reinforcement of four brethren came out; permission to settle in the British territory was refused them, and Carey and Fountain therefore found it expedient to remove to Serampore, where the Danish governor protected and favoured them. Here they purchased a house, and organized themselves into a family society, resolving that whatever was done by any member should be for the benefit of the mission. They opened a school in which the children of those natives who chose to send them were instructed gratuitously. The translation was by this time nearly completed. Ward, one of the last missionaries, understood printing; they formed a printing office, and advertised for subscribers to a Bengalee bible.

Hitherto no convert had been made, but now, when some of the missionaries could converse fluently in the language of the people, and portions of the scripture and religious tracts were provided for distribution, their preaching in the town and neighbourhood soon produced considerable effect. They entered into controversy with the Bramins, ridiculed their fables, and confuted their false philosophy; nor did the numerous by-standers discover any displeasure at seeing these impostors silenced and confounded. But when the first Hindoo, though in no higher station than that of a carpenter, was truly converted, declared his

intention of receiving baptism, and by eating with the missionaries publicly broke his cast, a great uproar arose; and Kristno the convert, and his whole family were seized and dragged before the Danish magistrate. The senseless mob, when they had carried them there, had no accusation to make against them; and the magistrate commended the new Christians for having chosen the better part, and dismissed them. They were brought back again upon a charge that Kristno refused to deliver up his daughter to a man with whom she was contracted in marriage. This charge was true; she had been espoused to him four years before, being then ten years of age, and after the espousals had returned to her father's house, there to reside till she was marriageable. The parties appeared before the Danish governor, and the girl declared she would become a Christian with her father: the bridegroom was then asked whether he would renounce heathenism; and on his replying no, the governor told him that he could not possibly deliver up a Christian woman to a Heathen. The next day Kristno was publicly baptized, after the manner of the Baptist church, by immersion in the Ganges, and with him Felix Carey, the missionary's eldest son. The governor and a number of Europeans, native Portuguese, Hindoos and Moslem were present, and one of the brethren, then labouring under a mortal disease, was brought in a palankeen to witness this first triumph of the faith. Carey addressed the spectators in Bengalee, declaring that he and his fellows did not hold the river sacred, it was only water, and the person about to be baptized, professed by this act to put off all their deities, and all sin, and to put on Christ. The ceremony was impressive, the Danish governor could not restrain his tears, and all the beholders seemed to be struck with the solemnity of the rite. Ye gods of stone and clay, says one of the missionaries, did ye not tremble when in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, one of your votaries shook you as the dust from his feet!

Three months after Kristno's baptism, Golak, his daughter, was seized at some little distance from his house, and carried off by two men, one of whom was the person to whom she had been contracted in marriage. The father overtook them; he was beaten unmercifully, and she forced across the river to Calcutta, and beaten also. As they passed by a police station, she cried out; the master of police called them before him. Golak said she had heard of the love and sufferings of Christ, these things had laid hold of her mind, she was become a Christian from choice, and was not willing to go with this man. They were detained for farther enquiry; and the next day appeared again

again before the magistrate, together with Kristno. The man claimed her as his lawful wife, and the magistrate said he could not separate them; but would take care that she should profess what religion she chose. This promise he did not perform, and the father after one visit to his child was not allowed to see her again. Application was made to the magistrate that this might be permitted; no answer was vouchsafed, and when Kristno spoke to him upon the subject, he past on without making the slightest reply. Kristno was exceedingly fond of this daughter, and no circumstance could be conceived more distressing to one in his state of mind,—his little children were crying about the house for their sister, and he in the sincerity and fervour of his belief affirmed, that if she were dead he could better bear that affliction than that she should be dragged to the worship of idols. The husband must have been greatly attached to this girl; she had already lost cast, and he paid fifty rupees to the Bramins as the first step towards recovering it;—but she resolutely refused to cohabit with him, saying, that living or dead she would be Christ's. Ill usage was tried to make her change her faith, without effect. The father, taking Carey with him, obtained admittance to her, and Carey had reason to believe his life was then in danger; he left the house in time. Kristno was taken before the magistrate, when the father of the husband deposed, with that contempt of truth for which the Hindoos are so infamous, that he had brought three or four Europeans to take away his son's wife by force. The magistrate, not believing this, refused to take his deposition; but told him, if Kristno went again to his house, to beat him away. Twelve months wearied out the husband's obstinacy, and after having often beat the girl for not eating food which had been offered to idols, and for calling on the name of Jesus, he suffered her to return, and she was baptized. His own mind however was impressed by the constancy which he had witnessed, and after an interval of nearly three years, he followed her to her father's house, embraced the faith which he had so violently opposed, and is at this time a Christian.

This case has been plainly and briefly stated, because the civil authority was appealed to on both sides; and surely the English magistrate cannot be accused of not having sufficiently favoured the established superstitions. It is given also as one fact in confutation of the absurd opinion, that it is impossible to convert a Hindoo. Here is a whole family converted, not nominally as many of the Catholick converts have been, but actually

and thoroughly persuaded that it was their duty and eternal interest to renounce a senseless idolatry, and be baptized into the faith of Christ, which they understand as well as any persons of their own rank in England, better indeed than most, because they have been more carefully instructed, and which faith Kristno is at this time zealously and successfully preaching to his countrymen.

One other instance occurred in which the magistrate was called upon. The mother of a young convert named Ghorachund, came weeping and almost distracted to claim her son. Ward, the missionary, told him to go aside and comfort her; and another convert explained to her the reason why he was there,—that he was happy, and learning the way to Heaven. She however was not to be reconciled. Ward then went to her, and told her no force should be used on either side, the youth should go or stay at his own will; and he asked him which he would do. Ghorachund replied, he would stay and be baptized, and then return to her;—and they requested her to come and see him whenever she pleased. She however threatened to drown herself in the Ganges, and went immediately to the Danish magistrate, and to some of the principal Bengalese. The lad was sent for—he affirmed that he became a Christian of his own free choice: the mother and her friends were questioned what they intended to do with him if they took him away,—Put him in irons, they answered, and confine him in the house. This answer determined the magistrate not to suffer force to be used, and he told the mother that her son must be left wholly to his own choice. The next day, as Ghorachund was going to the mission house, he was seized. He cried out bitterly, a scuffle ensued, the mob and the soldiers on guard assisted the idolaters, and he was forced into a boat. Two of the native brethren were taken before a magistrate on the charge of having beaten a Bramin in the struggle; they were committed to prison, and received some injury from the mob on their way there. Meantime some of the missionaries pursued the boat, came up with it, and rescued the convert, whom they brought back in triumph; but the mother when she saw him going back, struck her head against the boat and was almost distracted. Application was immediately made to the Danish governor on behalf of the two prisoners, and they were liberated.

Great stress is laid upon this story by Major Scott Waring, who says that a more disgraceful scene never occurred in a civilized country. 'The case,' he adds, 'ought instantly to have been submitted

submitted to the governor general in council. It was not for the missionaries, nor for a Danish magistrate to determine at what age the authority of a parent over a child is to cease.' It is difficult to discover what there is disgraceful in the case;—distressing it certainly was, as all cases must be in which a sense of duty real, or imaginary, is opposed to the ties of natural affection; but, whenever and wherever any struggle of opinions takes place, such cases must occur. What would Major Scott Waring have? A lad comes to the missionaries for instruction, who is old enough to think and act for himself,—it is the distinguishing tenet of the Baptists to receive none into their church as members till they have arrived at years of discretion;—he attends their school, is convinced that the idolatry in which he has been brought up, is a system of fraud and falsehood, is taught to believe that it is damnable, and that his eternal bliss or misery depends upon his renouncing it, and embracing the doctrines of Christ;—the boldest infidel will not be impudent enough to deny that Ghorachund was right in his preference. If the governor general had been called on, could he have acted otherwise than the Danish magistrate did, to whom both parties with strict propriety appealed, because the affair took place within his jurisdiction? Could any Christian governor have consented and enacted, that a Christian convert might be forcibly carried off and put in* confinement, for the avowed purpose of making him relapse into idolatry? 'The unfortunate mother,' says Major Scott Waring, 'came like Chryseis to Agamemnon, praying the release of her dear child, but the missionaries were as inexorable as the king of men.' Had the woman applied by petition to a provincial court of justice she must have received instant redress.'—It is something worse than absurd thus to employ such terms as *redress* and *release!*

During the administration of Marquis Wellesley, the missionaries were permitted to travel in the British territory; and

* Major Scott Waring says there are no *irons* in any private house in Bengal, and that the mention of them must therefore be a fabrication. But any person who reads the accounts of this mission must be little able to appreciate human character, and the value of human testimony, if he can suspect these men of falsehood. They relate in English what was said in the language of Bengal, and an Englishman would naturally use this familiar expression, though it might not literally represent the Bengalee word. The restraint being the same, it is of little import whether the instrument used was a chain or a yoke. Who ever supposed that irons were kept in private houses? they are to be had when wanted in Bengal as well as in England.

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Carey,* who is now probably a far more learned orientalist than any European has ever been before him, was appointed Professor of Bengalee and Sanscrit at the College of Fort William. But latterly, when the success of their preaching had alarmed and exasperated the Bramins, who saw their craft in danger, the Bengal government thought it necessary to restrain their liberty; and they were in one or two instances ordered to retire from the districts which they had entered. Shortly after the news of the Vellore mutiny had reached Calcutta, two fresh missionaries, by name Chater and Robinson, arrived in the American ship Benjamin Franklin, Captain Wickes. On presenting themselves at the Police Office, some difficulty was made as to permitting them to proceed to Serampore. On the following day Carey went to the Office, and was told by one of the magistrates that they had a message to him from the governor general, which was, 'that as government did not interfere with the prejudices of the natives, it was his request that Mr. Carey and his colleagues would not.' This *request*, as explained by the magistrates, amounted to this, 'they were not to preach to the natives, nor suffer the native converts to preach; they were not to distribute religious tracts, nor suffer the people to distribute them; they were not to send forth converted natives, nor to take any step by conversation or otherwise for persuading the natives to embrace Christianity.' Carey enquired whether they had any *written* communication from the governor general to this effect, and was answered that they had not. He then took his leave, assuring them that neither he nor his brethren wished to do any thing disagreeable to government, from which they could conscientiously abstain. These orders were softened in a subsequent conversation between the magistrates and a friend to the missionaries; 'it was not meant,' they said, 'to prohibit them from preaching at Serampore, nor in their own house at Calcutta, only they must not preach at the Loll Bazar. It was not intended to prevent their circulating the Scriptures, but merely the tracts abusing the Hindoo religion; and there was no design to forbid the native Christians conversing with their countrymen on Christianity, only they must not go out under the sanction of the missionaries;—the magistrates admitted that no complaint had ever been lodged against the missionaries, and that they were well satisfied with their character and deportment.'

* The author of the Sanscrit Grammar noticed in the Fifth Article of this Number.

Notwith-

Notwithstanding this, an order of council was passed, commanding Messrs. Chater and Robinson to return to Europe, and refusing Captain Wickes a clearance unless he took them back with him. This order being communicated to the missionaries, they represented to government 'that Captain Wickes cleared out from Rotterdam for Serampore, that his clearing out from England for Serampore was no more than a necessary step to accomplish the first intended voyages; that Messrs. Chater and Robinson were then at Serampore, and had joined the mission under their direction, and the protection of the king of Denmark.' This representation produced an enquiry 'whether the missionaries were actually under the protection of the Danish government; or whether they only lived at Serampore from choice, as being a convenient situation?'—Even in the latter case it should seem that the Bengal government had no authority to insist upon their removal. To this enquiry the Danish governor sent an answer, stating, 'that on the missionaries first coming to reside at Serampore, the late governor had represented to his court that their conduct was such as he highly approved, and that their residence there was likely to be useful to the settlement; that to this an answer had been sent by the Court of Copenhagen, approving of their settling at Serampore, and requiring him to extend his protection to the mission; that in virtue of this high authority he had taken Messrs. Chater and Robinson under the protection of his Danish majesty; and that the missionaries were not to be considered as persons in debt who were barely protected, but as persons under the patronage of the Danish government.' It should be remembered, that this did not arise from any application on their part. Necessity not choice fixed them at Serampore; they were refused permission to settle in the British dominions, and when protection was offered them by the Danish government, they could not do otherwise than gratefully accept it. When this answer of the governor of Serampore had been presented, Captain Wickes applied at the Police Office for a clearance, and was told that the Order of Council had been confirmed. But soon afterwards the magistrates sent for him, and they talked over the business amicably. He stated to them, that 'the missionaries were willing, if fair and friendly representation could not prevail, to give up the two brethren rather than oppose government.' And he added, 'that though it might be a serious affair both with America and Denmark if he and the missionaries were to be obstinate, yet they each considered the peace and good understanding of nations to be a matter of such importance, that they would give up almost any thing rather than

than be the occasion of interrupting it.' On this statement Captain Wickes was furnished with the necessary papers for his departure; and as government appeared to be dissatisfied with the continuance of the two missionaries, a new mission was undertaken to the kingdom of Burmah, and Chater went with another brother to Rangoon to see how far it was practicable.

Twelve months afterwards government found it expedient to interfere upon another occasion. A tract, which had been printed in Bengalee, was given to a native convert to be translated into Persic, and, through the pressure of business, was printed before it had been inspected by the missionaries. The translator, in his zeal, introduced some strong epithets reviling Mahomed,—a copy was conveyed to a person in office, the affair was taken up in the most serious manner, and proceedings were commenced which, had they been carried into execution, must have been ruinous to the mission. In consequence however of an explanation, and a respectful memorial presented to the governor general, the most serious part of the proceedings was formally revoked: and when two of the missionaries waited on the governor to thank him for the candour with which he had attended to their memorial, his lordship replied, that 'nothing more was necessary than a mere examination of the subject, on which every thing had appeared in a clear and favourable light.'—All the printed tracts were examined upon this occasion; and as two others were objected to, the missionaries were required not to print any in future till the copy had been submitted to the inspection of government.

These were the occasions on which the civil authority had been appealed to, or had interfered, and such were the restrictions under which the mission had been placed when the last periodical accounts were published. There were then ten missionaries at Serampore, and they had baptized about an hundred natives; and they were printing the Scriptures in six languages, and translating them in six more;—but this part of their labours will be spoken of more fitly hereafter. Meantime an outcry has been raised in England against this attempt at the conversion of the Hindoos. The mission at Serampore, the proceedings of the Bible Society in promoting the translating, printing and distributing of the Bible in Asia, the Memoir of Claudius Buchanan on the Expediency of an Ecclesiastical Establishment for British India, and the discussion which that gentleman excited in England upon the subject, have been represented as connected with the mutiny at Vellore, and the disaffection of the native troops. A controversy ensued which has been carried on with more

more than the usual virulence and unfairness of polemical writing, because on the one side there is a wretched cause, and on the other such deplorable advocates as the Evangelical Magazine, &c. It is well to be right in any company,—yet it is almost mortifying to be right in such company. Envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness are not however all on this side, as will appear from a little attention to what has been maintained by the adversaries of the mission. They insist upon the danger to which it exposes the British government in India, upon the utter impossibility of converting the Hindoos, and the utter unfitness of the persons who are making the attempt.

The massacre at Vellore took place in July 1806. It was afterwards discovered that the disaffection of the Seapoys was widely extended, that their plans were well laid, and that the consequences would, according to all probability, have been far more dreadful, if the insurrection had not broken out so soon. In December, a proclamation was issued at Madras beginning in these words, 'The Right Honourable the Governor in Council, having observed that, in some late instances, an extraordinary degree of agitation has prevailed among several corps of the native army of this coast, it has been his lordship's particular endeavour to ascertain the motives which may have led to conduct so different from that which formerly distinguished the native army. From this enquiry it has appeared that many persons of evil intention have endeavoured for malicious purposes, to impress upon the native troops a belief that it is the wish of the British government to convert them by forcible means to Christianity; and his lordship in council has observed with concern that such malicious reports have been believed by many of the native troops. The Right Honourable the Governor in Council therefore deems it proper in this public manner to repeat to the native troops his assurance, that the same respect which has been invariably shewn by the British government for their religion and for their customs, will be always continued, and that no interruption will be given to any native, whether Hindoo or Mussulman, in the practice of his religious ceremonies.'

Here certainly is an official document imputing the disaffection of the native troops to an opinion prevalent among them, that it was the wish of the British government to convert them to Christianity by force. What had the missionaries done, and what had the government done to occasion this belief?—There were no missionaries in Mysore, none of them had ever entered or approached that part of Hindostan, none of their tracts had been

been distributed there, nor if they had, could they have been understood, not being in the language of that country. But an order had been issued for altering the turban of the Seapoys into something like the helmet of our light infantry, and for preventing them from wearing on the forehead the distinguished mark of their cast; as direct an outrage of their religious customs as it would be to prohibit baptism among Christians, or circumcision among Mahomedans. Here then was a flagrant insult to their religion, an overt act of intolerance. The Seapoys are accustomed to respect the English, they know nothing of that military misconduct which has so often rendered our armies in Europe useless, or worse than useless,—that misconduct had never before extended itself to India;—they necessarily inferred that an innovation so momentous had not been hazarded without some adequate motive, and they did us the honour to impute that to zeal which proceeded from pure absurdity. In whom did this measure originate?—That question has never yet been answered. It is not to this day made known whose folly provoked the massacre of so many British soldiers; no enquiry has been instituted, no person dismissed either from office or command for this wanton, and most perilous attack upon the superstition and customs of the country. And lest the public voice in India and in England should call loudly for investigation, a tub is thrown out to the whale, the missionaries must serve as scape-goats, and Christianity and the Bible be called to account for what was occasioned solely by this wise attack upon turbans and toupees!

Enough of the mutiny at Vellore! Enough too of the Madras proclamation,—in which, be it remarked, there is not a word about turbans and toupees; in which the whole and sole cause of the mutiny is kept out of sight, and in which it is asserted that the British government has invariably respected the customs of the native troops; though a direct and wanton attack upon those customs produced the massacre, which occasioned this proclamation, and which is delicately hinted at by the name of *an agitation*.

Let us now examine whether the British government in India is exposed to any danger by its toleration of the missionaries,—for as that fierce and fiery Calvinist, Andrew Fuller, most truly says, the question in dispute is *not* whether the natives of India shall continue to enjoy the most perfect toleration, but *whether that toleration shall be extended to the teachers of Christianity*?

The only instances in which the civil authority has been called upon

upon, are those which have already been fully stated. One native convert has been tied up by the chief man of his village, and his mouth crammed with cow-dung, by way of purifying him; and some of the others have been insulted and beaten by a mob:—but no where can it be found in the history of human opinions, that any new doctrines have been preached so boldly, and to such effect with so little opposition. Yet at the commencement of their career, the missionaries proceeded with a temerity which experience and cooler years have taught them to condemn. They insulted the superstition which they attacked, and ridiculed and reviled the Bramins in the streets, and at their festivals, when the passions of the blinded and besotted populace were most likely to be inflamed. Andrew Fuller endeavours to disprove this charge, and dwells idly, with that intent, upon the mistranslation of a Bengalee tract, which has been printed by 'a Bengal officer.' The verse in question has been mistranslated, and most probably for the purpose of misrepresentation,—this he has satisfactorily shewn; but, however cautious the missionaries may generally have been in their writings, their journals contain abundant proofs of daring and imprudent language. This never, in any one instance, occasioned evil: they however themselves discovered that it could not produce good, and they express themselves thus upon the subject in 'a declaration of the great principles upon which they think it their duty to act, agreed upon at Serampore, Oct. 7, 1805.' 'It is necessary,' they say, 'in our intercourse with the Hindoos, that, as far as we are able, we abstain from those things which would increase their prejudices against the Gospel. Those parts of English manners which are most offensive to them should be kept out of sight; nor is it advisable at once to attack their prejudices by exhibiting with acrimony the sins of their gods; neither should we do violence to their images, nor interrupt their worship.' It is their plan, as soon as possible, to supersede themselves by native preachers, to place them at the head of such churches as may be formed, and let them go forth, acting themselves only as directors. Even Major Scott Waring admits the propriety of tolerating any missionaries except English ones; and though the British government in India were to expel the Baptists upon any of the frivolous pretexts which have been recommended, these native preachers, on whom the work will necessarily and naturally soon devolve, cannot be silenced in any other manner than by an absolute persecution of Christianity by a Christian government. Mr. Twining must be satisfied with this,—

this,—he only hopes that the Hindoos will be permitted 'quietly to follow their own religious opinions until it shall please the Omnipotent Power of HEAVEN to lead them into the paths of LIGHT and TRUTH,' that is, he protests against any human means, but will have no objection to a miracle.—Now as this gentleman and the others of the same opinion profess to believe that the Hindoos are not convertible; when they hear of Hindoos not merely receiving but preaching Christianity, it is to be hoped they will admit that to be a miracle, and be contented.

From the cry which has been set up in England, and the angry arguments by which it has been supported, it might be supposed that the missionaries and their advocates were persecuting the Hindoos instead of preaching to them. Persecution may excite rebellion, preaching can only excite riots. But though persecution has been, in many instances, the cause of rebellion, none of those instances are to be found in the history of Hindostan. Even persecution there has provoked no resistance from a people divided into so many races, nations, casts and sects, and prepared for yielding, not merely by the miserable absurdity and untenable doctrines of their superstition, but by its very institutions also. There is no other country in which it is possible to make converts by compulsion; the Jews in Portugal for instance, who were compelled to forego every outward and visible mark of their religion, still retained it in their hearts, and were acknowledged as sons of the synagogue by their brethren in other parts of the world. But by an absurdity unparalleled in any other system, the religion of a Hindoo does not depend upon himself; it is something independent of his thoughts, words, actions, understanding, and volition, and he may be deprived of it by violence, as easily as of his purse or his wallet. 'In the year 1766,' says Major Scott Waring, 'the late Lord Clive and Mr. Verelst employed the whole influence of government to restore a Hindoo to his cast, who had forfeited it, not by any neglect of his own, but by having been compelled, by a most unpardonable act of violence, to swallow a drop of cow broth. The Bramins, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, were very anxious to comply with the wishes of government; the principal men among them met once at Kishnagur and once at Calcutta, but after consultations and an examination of their most ancient records, they declared to Lord Clive, that as there was no precedent to justify the act, they found it impossible to restore the unfortunate man to his cast, and he died soon after of a broken heart.' The Major's remark is not less curious than the story.

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'We were then,' he adds, 'as we are now, the sovereigns of Bengal, but too wise to attempt *compulsion*, and not quite so mad as to advise this poor creature to abandon his ridiculous, idolatrous prejudices, and to embrace the true religion.' One should have thought, in common humanity, this 'mad advice' would have been given him, if not to save his soul, at least for the sake of saving his life;—but well may this poor man be called unfortunate,—his own religion had been taken from him, and the sovereigns of Bengal had none to give him in its stead! —Tippoo at one time, like a true Mahomedan, resolved to convert his Pagan subjects to Islamism: the process which he adopted was summary and effectual. Dervises and Imaums were not missioned to preach among them; he sent out soldiers to catch the idolaters, and all who were caught were circumcised. Nothing more was necessary; their cast was irrecoverable: Moslem they had been made, and Moslem they were by everybody's consent except their own;—so they learnt the five prayers, turned their faces towards Mecca at their devotions, and called all their countrymen who had not been caught, Kaffres. No insurrection took place, and little other outcry was heard than what the operation occasioned,—the violence was to the cast, not to the conscience; and Tippoo's bigotry was far more mischievous to his people when he made war upon the pigs about Seringapatam, than when he offered these Philistine spoils to the prophet.

In 1802, a resolution was past by the Governor General in Council, prohibiting the sacrifice of children in the provinces of Bengal, Behar, Orissa, and Benares, and declaring the practice to be murder, punishable with death. That decree has occasioned no complaint. Alboquerque forbade the custom of burning widows with the bodies of their husbands; and of all the measures of that great man, the first in modern times who established a European dominion in the East, this was the one which most attached the Hindoos to his government. These facts are sufficient to prove, that neither the direct prohibition of their religious ceremonies, nor the intolerance which forces another faith upon them, has excited the Hindoos to insurrection, nor even to any open sign of discontent. As for the assertion that the Portuguese lost their empire by their bigotry, it is utterly unfounded; they lost it by neglect at home and misconduct abroad, by cruelty and rapacity, by regarding influence instead of integrity, and giving authority to men of family instead of men of talents. Bad governors and weak ministers destroyed the Portuguese

tuguese empire,—not missionaries, not intolerance. Whatever be the difficulty of converting the Hindoos, there is no danger in making the attempt,—a new religion may not immediately be dipt or sprinkled into them, but an old one could be washed out. It is but to boil a cow, and supply a fire engine with the broth, and you might baptize a whole Hindoo city out of the Braminical faith. If then the Portuguese in former times, and the British government in later days, have suppressed the most ordinary, or at least the most important sacrifices of this accursed superstition, if Tippoo has manufactured Hindoos into Moslem, and no disturbance been excited, what has British India to apprehend from the peaceable deportment and exemplary conduct of the Baptist missionaries? The Bramins are alarmed at their preaching!—so let them be. They are provoked at the conclusive logic which exposes their futile arguments; but the people who listen to these disputes, listen with avidity, and are well pleased to see them put to shame. Let but the turbans and toupees alone,—and the Shasters and Vedas may be attacked with perfect safety.

'But our empire in India is insecure.' Heaven knows it is,—a column upon the sand is but a feeble emblem of its insecurity. India is perpetually in danger,—not from Buonaparte,—that would be the last object of his ambition,—he is not idiot enough to believe that England is to be conquered there, nor is it for Asia that Providence seems to have appointed him its executioner upon worn out dynasties, and degraded nations. But no century has ever elapsed in which Asia has not produced some Buonaparte of its own, some villain, who, setting equally at defiance the laws of God and man, collects the whole contemporary force of evil about him, and bears down every thing in his way. A French army in India would be less perilous than a single adventurer. Some new Timur or Khouli Khan may rush down from Tartary like a hurricane, some Orangzebe or Seevajee rise in the peninsula like a whirlwind, and sweep us from the land—and not a wreck should we leave behind us! The empire of the Portuguese has past away, but their language is still spoken along the whole coast; their progeny still subsists, and a large and widely extended body of Catholic Christians still bear testimony to the wisdom of Alboquerque and of Joam de Castro, and the solidity of their measures. They struck root in the land, and though the tree has been cut down, suckers are springing up on all sides. The Dutch have left vestiges in Ceylon, where their language and religion

religion prevail along the belt of semi-civilized country to which we have succeeded. But if England were dispossessed of its dominion in India, the natives would retain nothing of all which we could have taught, except that improved discipline which they would exercise first to our destruction, and then to their own. Not a trace of our language would remain; and for our religion,—the Hindoo historians would argue that we had none, just as travellers do of the Hottentots, because they have perceived among them no symptoms of religious belief.

That the people are happier under our government than they have ever been at any time within the reach of history, is beyond all doubt; yet the very circumstance which renders them so, does in some degree lessen our security. By taking the exercise of authority into our own hands, we preserve them from the cruel extortion and oppression to which they had always heretofore been exposed; and that whole class of men who would otherwise have thriven by oppressing them, are thereby made our enemies. Thus it is that even in Mysore, Dr. Francis Buchanan tells us, the Bramins are the most discontented part of the inhabitants, though Tippoo threatened and attempted to exterminate their superstition. The Hindoos and Moors are our subjects not our adherents, and being merely subjects would care little for a change of masters. It is adherents that we stand in need of, and how are they to be obtained?—Not by colonization; colonization is forbidden by the Company, and it is forbidden also by the higher authority of Nature. Of all whom we send out to India, not one in ten returns: And the mixed breed is bad; wherever colours are crossed in the human species, a sort of mulish obliquity of disposition is produced, which seem to shew that the order of Nature has been violated. It is only by christianizing the natives that we can strengthen and secure ourselves. The path of duty and of policy is always the same; and never was it more palpably so than in this instance. The interests and existence of the native Christians would be identified with those of the British government, and the church in India be truly the bulwark of the state. It is not pretended that this would render our empire permanent,—what foreign empire ever was, or can be so? but it would render it as permanent as it ought to be. India would be trained up in civilization and Christianity, like a child by its guardian, till such tutelage was no longer needed: our protection might be withdrawn when it ceased to be necessary, and the intercourse between the two countries would continue undiminished, just to

that extent which would be most beneficial to both. This is looking far before us!—but in an age when there are serious apprehensions entertained of overstocking the world, it is surely allowable to look on for some half a millenium.

'But it is impossible to convert the Hindoos.' This assertion has been so frequently and so confidently made, that it might be supposed their ablutions at the cow's tail vaccinated them against the contagion of any other religion. How far is it supported by the history of Hindostan? There are in that country the Christians of St. Thomas, originally Hindoos, for their establishment in the country was prior to the age of Mahomed. There are the Catholick converts, once very numerous, and still a considerable body. The Moors are said by some of these controversialists to be Tartars not Hindoos,—the progeny of the Mogul conquerors. Lord Teignmouth thinks otherwise, and the reason on which his opinion is founded would convince Professor Blumenbach. It is certain that the Mahomedan faith spread greatly by conversion in these parts of the East, and they who deny this must be grossly ignorant of historical facts. The conversion of Sarama Perumal produced perhaps little effect upon his subjects, because he abandoned his throne and retired to Mecca; but when the Arabian Moors first visited Malabar, they wisely asserted that they were equal in rank to the Nairs and Namburis, and that these casts could incur no pollution by any intercourse with them. They obtained a recognition of this principle, and in consequence of the privileges thus obtained a very considerable conversion took place, so that when the Portuguese reached India, a fourth part of the population of Malabar consisted of native Moors. The founder of the Sieks was a Hindoo of the military tribe, and his followers are all converts from the established superstition of the country; their system is pure philosophical theism, probably as pure as Mr. Wilkins represents it, for had there been a sufficient mixture of fable and falsehood it would have spread more widely. A juggler set up a new sect about half a century ago, of which the tenets are that cast is nothing, that the popular deities are nothing, and that the Bramins are nothing: his disciples have only to believe in one God, and to obey their teacher. He cured diseases by administering the *amreeta* of his foot, (the drink of immortality,—but here of life and healing,) they who had faith were healed, and this impostor, who was originally a cow-keeper, made his foot as famous as the Pope's toe among his believers, and left his privileges to his son Ram Dulol, who now lives

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more splendidly than many Rajahs, upon the same footing of holiness as his father. Farther proofs of the convertibility of the Hindoos cannot be required: like other men they are liable to be swayed by reason and by credulity; the knave has found dupes among them, the philosopher has found disciples, and the Cross and the Crescent have both triumphed over the despicable mythology of the Bramins.

It is not sufficient to shew that the Hindoos have been and therefore may be converted from one faith to another; they may more easily be converted than any other people in the world,—except perhaps the poor oppressed Hottentots, who will believe any thing that is told them with a voice of kindness. The religion of the Bramins must be given up the moment it is attacked; like the Paganism of the Greeks and Romans it has nothing which can be defended. The Moslem have Mahommed, the Parsees have Zerdusht, the more enlightened part of the Chinese have Cong-foo-tse; these objects of veneration and attachment cannot without some struggle of feelings and some pain be displaced by a new lawgiver. Each of these too has a system which requires confutation, and is not immediately to be confuted,—but the Hindoos have no prophet or teacher to refer to, no system wherewith to shelter themselves; for their mythological books consist of fables of which it is not possible to say whether they are most foolish, most beastly, or most extravagant. The Koran has something which passes for sublimity with oriental scholars; the Edda and the Boun Dehesch satisfy and delight the imagination; but for the Vedas, Mr. Colebrooke has shewn us enough to prove that they are as unreadable as any thing can be which has ever been of importance in the world. The Bramins have no facts to which they can appeal in corroboration of these books, no history which is capable of demonstration connected with them: by their internal evidence they must stand or fall, and their self-contradictions and absurdities may be made evident to the meanest capacity.

The chief and only peculiar obstacle which this system presents to the missionaries is that of the cast. Cast is a Portuguese word; the native term *Jati* signifies a distinct *genus* or kind. The different casts therefore are considered as so many different *genera* of human animals, and it is believed that the different forms of worship and habits of life observed by each, are as necessarily adapted to each as grass is to the support of cattle, and flesh to beasts of prey. Neither this nor any other prejudice is invincible. It appears indeed by the Institutes of Menu that the

separation of casts had been broken in upon, and in some places destroyed, when those Institutes were written. The immediate difficulty is, that whoever commits any act contrary to his religion, and thereby loses cast, is instantly excommunicated by all his countrymen. Some of the consequences are very distressing, some are ridiculous. The missionaries found several persons who were willing to be baptized, but demurred because in that case the village barber would not shave them;—and as they are accustomed to have the head shaved nearly all over, and cannot well operate upon themselves, this was a serious inconvenience. On farther enquiry it appeared however that legal redress was obtainable, for by a law both at Calcutta and Serampore, every person who becomes a Christian has a right to be shaved, even though he were previously a *harru*, or of any other unshaveable cast. When or by whom this law was enacted is not explained,—probably the Europeans standing in need of the barber made it for themselves, and certainly it is their own fault that they did not, like the Arabian Moors, place themselves on an equality with the twice-born in all things.

It is obvious that this difficulty must lessen as the number of converts increases, and that whenever a tolerably numerous body of native Christians has been formed, it will scarcely be felt. It is one thing to lose cast, and another thing to change cast,—to embrace the Christian cast, which is to destroy all others. Here it is that the missionaries may most effectually be assisted by government, for the main difficulty at first consists in finding employment for those who by thus becoming *outcasts*, have their usual means of subsistence either wholly taken from them, or materially impaired. These persons ought to be preferably employed by government, and by all European settlers. Even if it could be made decidedly advantageous to the natives to change their religion, if the admission to Christianity were made less rigorous than it is, perhaps the civil consequences would then be better. These missionaries insist upon convictions of sin, regeneration and grace; the Catholics were less scrupulous and more politic: they knew that the motives of the parents were of little consequence, so the children were entrusted to them to be trained up. And when in Mexico they baptized the people by thousands, dipping besoms in buckets, and swinging from side to side the water which was to shower down salvation, till their arms felt stiff, and their hands were blistered with the work, they acted well and wisely. That generation indeed had nothing more of Christianity

tianity than the besom could communicate; but the next went to school and to mass, and became good Catholics.

One good effect, the missionaries say, results from the evils consequent upon the loss of cast, which is, that a convert gives better proof of his sincerity than could possibly be obtained, were the sacrifice which he made by his profession less. There results also this important advantage from the system, that Christianity may intelligibly be represented as a superior and all-embracing cast itself: this the Hindoos are prepared to believe. The rumour among them is that there is another incarnation, the Tenth, which they have so long expected; and when that comes all casts are to be destroyed. There is no reason why a salutary advantage should not be taken of so general an expectation. And if, from their gross notions of incarnations, and obscure fancies of a Trinity, their minds can be gradually and dextrously led into the higher and more satisfactory doctrines of the Gospel, no teacher should decline it. Indeed his task would be so much the easier. In other countries missionaries have had to create terms for these mysteries, but here they have the *Trimourtee* and the *Avatar* ready, and the people are prepared to receive the Bible as the Shaster of the new cast.

The great difficulty which Christianity has had to encounter in other cases, is that it requires submission to certain restraints. Its yoke indeed is easy and its burden light; but a yoke it was to the Greeks and Romans, and to the Celts and Goths whose previous belief laid them under few or no restrictions. In the Braminical system every thing is burthensome, and its lax morality is a poor compensation for its oppressive ritual. A fine instance occurred to the Danish missionaries of the effect produced by offering an easier law. A penitent on the Malabar coast, having enquired of many Bramins and Yoguees how he might make atonement for his sins, was directed to drive iron spikes through his sandals, and go thus shod a pilgrimage of nearly five hundred miles. If, through loss of blood or weakness of body, he was obliged to halt, that was allowable till he had recovered strength enough to proceed. One day, as he was halting under a tree, one of the missionaries came and preached in his hearing from these words, *The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.* While he was preaching, the man rose up, cast off his torturing sandals, and cried out aloud, this is what I want! 'And he became,' says Thomas, 'a lively witness that the blood of Jesus Christ does indeed cleanse from all sins.'—Come ye who are heavy laden, is

truly the invitation which the Gospel holds out to the Hindoos. It is liberty to the oppressed, emancipation to the enslaved, equality to the degraded—Good tidings of great joy to all. All human affections and instincts are on its side in Hindostan; it forbids the mother to expose or sacrifice her child, the widow to be burnt with her husband's corpse, the son to set fire to his living mother's funeral pile!

'But why should we wish to convert the Hindoos?'—says the Bengal officer; and this is the question of all those who hold that the Universal Father is equally adored 'by Saint, by Savage, and by Sage!' The philosophy of the old fathers, who held the gods of the heathen to be the devils of their own mythology, was better philosophy than this. Why should we convert them?—Set the question of salvation aside. None but Catholics or Calvinists will now maintain the desperate doctrine, that salvation is exclusively attached to one system of faith, and that they who have never heard of Christ must be damned. It were better to worship the Lingam than to believe this, if this belief were all. But this cannot be denied, that under the Christian dispensation man has been progressive, and that his future and perpetual progression is provided for, and encouraged and enjoined by it; whereas every other system of belief tends to keep the human race stationary, or to degrade them. All the institutions of Christianity operate to produce the greatest possible quantity of virtue and of happiness; of all institutions they are the best adapted to the heart of man: so they needs must be, for from Him who made the heart of man did they proceed. It cannot be denied by those who admit a future state, wherein our identity is retained, that that state must be such as our moral habits here have qualified us for, and (setting faith aside) that the best man here will be the happiest man hereafter:—that religion therefore which most effectually promotes our well doing in this world, is necessarily in the same degree most instrumental to our well-being in the world to come. To the Deist as well as the Christian, the reasoning must be conclusive. And that it is the Christian's duty to spread the Gospel, in obedience to the express injunction of our Divine Master, cannot be doubted by those who understand, or who ever read his words. This, we say, cannot be doubted, notwithstanding Major Scott Waring assures us that Bishop Horseley considered this injunction to be obsolete, that such was the universal opinion in 1781, and that that opinion was established by a vote of the House of Commons, which, as it can make and unmake law, may perhaps

perhaps be thought competent by the Major to make and unmake Gospel also!

Why should we convert the Hindoos?—Even were there no religious duty which called upon us to enlighten these unhappy idolaters, common humanity should make us attempt to rid them of their most burthensome and most inhuman superstition. Except the system of Mexican priestcraft, no fabric of human fraud has ever been devised so deadly as the Braminical; and though the Mexican rites were bloodier, they were less heart-hardening, less injurious to society, less pernicious to the moral nature of man. There was a time when the custom of burning widows was disbelieved in Europe, as a fiction of lying travellers. The extent to which it is practised will not perhaps even now be credited by the admirers of the gentle Hindoos, and the mild doctrines of Bramah—whom the 'late resident at Bhagulpore,' is pleased to metamorphose into a lawgiver, and to represent under the shade of the Banian tree, instructing his disciples in the duties of temperance, seclusion, and prayer!—An official enquiry was lately made at Calcutta, and a report given in of all these human sacrifices which were that year performed within thirty miles of that city, month by month, specifying place and person. In the year 1803 they amounted to 275,—one of whom was a girl of eleven years of age. It is absurd, and worse than absurd, to say these sacrifices are voluntary, because in some instances they appear to be so; in those instances the victims chose death, because they thought it more tolerable than the infamy which was their only alternative. The fact that Alboquerque was blest by the women because he prohibited this custom, is proof decisive, if it were needful, to prove that women would not be burnt alive if they could help it! Do we feel less horror at the thought of these dreadful sacrifices, for the theatrical pageantry with which they have sometimes been represented to our imagination? Here is the missionary Marshman's plain and faithful account of one at which he was present,—scarcely two years ago.

'A person informing us that a woman was about to be burnt with the corpse of her husband near our house, I, with several of our brethren, hastened to the place: but before we could arrive, the pile was in flames. It was a horrible sight. The most shocking indifference and levity appeared among those who were present. I never saw any thing more brutal than their behaviour. The dreadful scene had not the least appearance of a religious ceremony. It resembled an abandoned rabble of boys in England, collected for the purpose

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of worrying to death a cat or a dog.* Such were the confusion, the levity, the bursts of brutal laughter, while the poor woman was burning alive before their eyes, that it seemed as if every spark of humanity was extinguished by this accursed superstition. That which added to the cruelty was, the smallness of the fire. It did not consist of so much wood as we consume in dressing a dinner; no, not this fire that was to consume the living and the dead! I saw the legs of the poor creature hanging out of the fire, while her body was in flames. After a while they took a bamboo, ten or twelve feet long, and stirred it, pushing and beating the half-consumed corpses, as you would repair a fire of green wood, by throwing the unconsumed pieces into the middle. Perceiving the legs hanging out, they beat them with the bamboo for some time, in order to break the ligatures which fastened them at the knees; (for they would not have come near to touch them for the world.) At length they succeeded in bending them upwards into the fire; the skin and muscles giving way, and discovering the knee-sockets bare, with the balls of the leg-bones: a sight this which I need not say, made me thrill with horror; especially when I recollected that this hapless victim of superstition was alive but a few minutes before. To have seen savage wolves thus tearing a human body limb from limb, would have been shocking; but to see relations and neighbours do this to one with whom they had familiarly conversed not an hour before, and to do it with an air of levity, was almost too much for me to bear!

'Turning to the Brahman, who was the chief actor in this horrid tragedy, a young fellow of about twenty-two, and one of the most hardened that I ever accosted, I told him that the system which allowed of these cruelties could no more proceed from God than darkness from the sun;† and warned him that he must appear at the judgment seat of God to answer for this murder. He with a grin, full of savage contempt, told me that "he gloried in it; and felt the highest pleasure in performing the deed." I replied, that his pleasure might be less than that of his master; but seeing it was in vain to reason with him, I turned to the people, and expostulated with them. One of them answered, that "the woman had burnt herself of her own free choice; and that she went to the pile as a matter of pleasure." Why then, did you confine her down with that large bamboo? "If we had not, she would have run away." What, run away from pleasure!—I then addressed the poor lad, who had been thus induced to set fire to his mother. He appeared about nineteen. You have murdered your mother; your sin is great. The sin of the

* A Bamboo, perhaps twenty feet long, had been fastened at one end to a stake driven into the ground, and held down over the fire by men at the other.

† Yet there are men in Britain who reckon every attempt to introduce Christianity among these people as fanatical; and whose charity leads them to talk of their *going to heaven in their own way!*—

Brahman

Brahman who urged you to it is greater; but yours is very great. "What could I do? It is the custom." True, but this custom is not of God, but proceedeth from the devil, who wishes to destroy mankind. How will you bear the reflection that you have murdered your only surviving parent? He seemed to feel what was said to him; but just at this instant that hardened wretch, the Brahman, rushed in, and drew him away, while the tears were standing in his eyes. After reasoning with some others, and telling them of the Saviour of the world, I returned home with a mind full of horror and disgust.

'You expect, perhaps, to hear that this unhappy victim was the wife of some Brahman of high cast. She was the wife of a barber, who dwelt in Serampore, and had died that morning, leaving the son I have mentioned, and a daughter of about eleven years of age. Thus has this infernal superstition aggravated the common miseries of life, and left these children stripped of both their parents in one day. Nor is this an uncommon case. It often happens to children far more helpless than these; sometimes to children possessed of property, which is then left, as well as themselves, to the mercy of those who have decoyed their mother to their father's funeral pile!'

After such an example, it were insulting the feelings of the reader to say more. This accursed custom was not known when the Institutes of Menu were written, nor when they were glossed by Calidas, for rules are there given concerning the conduct of widows. They are merely restricted from second marriage, and that, it seems, had been abrogated under Vena, the same king who broke down the distinction of casts, and who for that wise measure was called the chief of sage monarchs,—far more probably than for the adulatory reason which Calidas has interpolated.

To what extent infanticide is carried, it is impossible to say. Among the lower classes every new-born infant who refuses the mother's milk, is put into a basket and hung up in a tree for three days, during which time the ants pick the bones clean,—if the birds of prey do not put it to a more merciful death! It is common for those who desire children, to make a vow of devoting the first-born to the Goddess Ganges; the victim is brought up till they have a convenient opportunity of performing their pilgrimage and sacrifice to the river; the child is taken with them, and at the time of bathing encouraged to walk into deep water till it is carried away by the stream: should the little wretch hesitate, the parent pushes it off. Sick persons, whose recovery is despaired of, are laid on the bank of the river, where they die for want of food, or the stream carries them off, or the sharks and crocodiles devour them:—Sons have been seen to force their fathers back into the water, when (nature overcoming superstition) they

superstition) they have endeavoured to regain the shore! 'Do not send men of any compassion here,' says Thomas to his Missionary Society, for you will break their hearts. But with that rapid transition of thought and feeling which marks the man of genius, he adds immediately, 'Do send men full of compassion here, where many perish with cold, many for lack of bread, and millions for lack of knowledge! This country abounds with misery. In England the poor receive the benefit of the Gospel, in being fed and clothed by those who know not by what they are moved; for when the Gospel is generally acknowledged in a land, it puts some to fear and others to shame, so that to relieve their own smart, they provide for the poor. But here,—O miserable sight! I have found the path-way stopped up by the sick and wounded people, perishing with hunger, and that in a populous neighbourhood, where numbers pass by, some singing, others talking, but none shewing mercy,—as though they were dying weeds, and not dying men!

'Why should we convert the Hindoos?'—because our duty to God and man alike requires the attempt. Why should we convert them?—because policy requires it, religion requires it, common humanity requires it. Why should we convert them?—because they who permit the evil which they can prevent are guilty of that evil, and to them shall it be imputed.

Thus having shewn that it is not only safe but politic to attempt the conversion of the Hindoos, that it is our interest as well as our duty, that the thing is possible because it has been done, and that it is comparatively easy because their system supplies weapons for its own destruction, it remains to consider the last objection, the utter unfitness of the missionaries for their work.

They have been treated with the peculiar insolence, injustice, and want of all good feeling, which mark the criticism of the present times. Such qualities as these are seldom far removed from ignorance; accordingly the missionaries have, by a wretched vulgarity, been called Anabaptists:—a name, which like that of Manichean in former times, has served the same purpose in ecclesiastical, that the watch word of the day has in political controversy.—Major Scott Waring objects that they are Dissenters. The objection has been repeated from the pulpit, and Dr. Barrow recommends that no missionaries may be suffered to appear in India but those of the established church. Lastly, they are called fools, madmen, tinkers, &c.

Claudius Buchanan recommends a church establishment for India. It is highly desirable that there should be one, not for the honour only of the British people,—who, God be praised, are, and

and ever will be, a religious people,—but even for the sake of public decency. It is desirable for our countrymen, who too often, as Burke has said, are unbaptized by crossing the ocean. Colonization in India is indeed forbidden, but says this pious, beneficent, and most liberal churchman,—'let us rightly understand what this colonization is, for the term seems to have been often used of late, without a precise meaning. If to colonize in India be to pass the whole of one's life in it, then do ninety out of the hundred colonize; for of the whole number of Europeans who come out to India a tenth part do not return!' A melancholy picture does this excellent man present of our countrymen in that remote empire, sinking into 'that despondent and indolent habit of mind which contemplates home without affection, and yet expects here no happiness.' 'Does it not,' he says, 'appear a proper thing to wise and good men in England, (for after a long residence in India we sometimes lose sight of what is accounted proper at home,)—does it not seem proper, when a thousand British soldiers are assembled at a remote station in the heart of Asia, that the Sabbath of their country should be noticed? That at least it should not become what it is, and ever must be, where there is no religious restraint, a day of peculiar profligacy! To us it would appear not only a politic but a *humane* act, in respect to these our countrymen, to hallow the seventh day. Of a thousand soldiers in sickly India, there will generally be a hundred who are in a declining state of health, who, after a strong struggle with the climate and with intemperance, have fallen into a dejected and hopeless state of mind, and pass their time in painful reflection on their distant homes, their absent families, and on the indiscretions of past life,—but whose hearts would revive within them on their entering once more the House of God, and hearing the absolution of the Gospel to the returning sinner.'—Such an appeal is unanswerable. Nor is it sufficient, in reply to this, to increase the number of army chaplains;—the first step towards winning the natives to our religion, is to show them that we have * one.—This will hardly

* O, Sir, say the Converts in a letter to England, though we thought that many nations had many kinds of Shasters, yet in the country of the English we thought there was no Shaster at all; for concerning sin and holiness, those that are here have no judgment at all. We have even thought that they were not men, but a kind of other creatures like devourers. One of the richest inhabitants of Tanjore said to Swartz, 'Sir, if you send a person to us, send us one who has learned all your ten commandments.' The letter of this excellent good man to the Society for promoting Christian knowledge, in reply to Mr. Montgomery Campbell (the Major Waring of his day), proves incontestibly the fresh benefit which he has in his missionary capacity conferred both upon the native Indians and the British, and may be referred to as a triumphant demonstration that it is our interest to introduce Christianity in India.

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be done without a visible church. There would be no difficulty in filling up the establishment, however ample; but would the archbishop, bishops, deans, and chapters of Mr. Buchanan's plan do the work of missionaries? Could the church of England supply missionaries?—where are they to be found among them? In what school for the promulgation of sound and orthodox learning, are they trained up? There is ability and there is learning in the Church of England, but its age of fermentation has long been over; and that zeal which for this work is the most needful, is, we fear, possessed only by the Methodists.

It was a favourite opinion with Priestley that the Mahomedans will be converted by Socinian missionaries:—alas, his chemic art, mighty as it was, could not have extracted spirit of zeal enough for one out of all his Socinian coadjutors! Socinianism has paralized itself by its union with the degrading and deadening philosophy of materialism; and can with difficulty supply ministers for its own few and decreasing congregations. The quakers, who are of all people best adapted to spread Christianity among the heathen, are so few in number, that according to the common chances of nature, they would not produce a missionary in an age. It is only the methodistical Christians who are numerous enough, zealous enough, enthusiastic enough to furnish adventurers for such a service, and wealthy enough to support the charge of such expensive undertakings. We must not therefore inquire whether the persons thus laudably employed are the best that could be imagined,—they are the best that can be found.

All sects and all professions have their peculiar language, and it must be admitted that none is so odd and extraordinary as that of the professors of certain modes of religion. An old journalist of this very sect, in summing up the praises of a young woman, says, she walked like a he-goat before the flock. These missionaries and their English brethren abound in such strange appropriations of scriptural phraseology. When Adrew Fuller preached to them before their departure, he said, 'it is a great encouragement to be engaged in the same cause with Christ himself. Does he ride forth as on a white horse, in righteousness, judging and making war?—Ye are called like the rest of the armies of Heaven, to follow him on white horses, pursuing the same glorious object.' Thomas, when he approaches Bengal, rejoices to be so near a flock of black sheep,—but his vivid imagination having thrown out the metaphor in that half-sportive mood, which minds the most serious delight in, pursues it

it with the passion of a poet,—'I long,' he cries, 'to run and roll away the stone from the well's mouth that they may drink.'—When Carey mourns over the 'leanness of his own soul,' and has much sweetness in a sermon,—and when Fountain remembers to have had pretty strong convictions of sin and remorse of conscience, 'at eight or nine years old,' it is pitiable to find such men expressing themselves in such a fashion: but it were more pitiable if we despised them because their fashion is not as ours;—if we did not pass lightly over the weakness of men, who have the zeal and the sincerity, the self-denial and the self-devotement of apostles. Hear Thomas when he says 'never did men see their native land with more joy than we left it,—but this is not of nature, but from above.' Hear him also when, pouring out his heart to one of those relations of whom he had taken leave for ever, he exclaims, 'if it were not for my engagement in the mission, I could come to Old England to-morrow, and kiss the ground I trod on, and water it with tears of joy, as the glory of all lands,'—and then say, if the man who with such feelings abandons his country for ever on such an errand, is to be regarded with contempt or with admiration.—A single extract will shew how eminently well this madman, as it pleases the anti-missioners to call him, was qualified for his work.

'A large company of brahmàns, pundits and others, being assembled to hear him, one of the most learned, whose name was Mahashoi, offered to dispute with him. He began by asserting "that God was in every thing: therefore (said he) every thing is God—you are God, and I am God." "Fie, fie, Mahashoi! (answered Mr. Thomas), Why do you utter such words? Sahaib, (meaning himself) is in his cloaths: therefore (pulling off his hat, and throwing it down) this hat is Sahaib! No, Mahashoi, you and I are dying men; but God ever liveth." This short answer confounded his opponent, and fixed the attention of the people; while, as he says, he "went on to proclaim ONE GOD, ONE SAVIOUR, ONE WAY, ONE FAITH, and ONE CAST, without and beside which all the inventions of man were nothing."—Another time, when he was warning them of their sin and danger, a brahmàn full of subtilty, interrupted him by asking "Who made good and evil?" Hereby insinuating that man was not accountable for the evil which he committed. "I know your question of old (said Mr. Thomas;) I know your meaning too. If a man revile his father or his mother, what a wretch is he! If he revile his Goroo,* you reckon him worse: but what is this, (turning to the people) in comparison of the words of this brahmàn, who reviles God! God is a holy being, and all his works are holy. He made men and devils

* His teacher.

holy;

holy; but they have made themselves vile. He who imputes their sin to God is a wretch, who reproaches his Maker. These men, with all their sin-extenuating notions, teach that it is a great evil to murder a brahmàn; yet the murder of many brahmàns does not come up to this: for if I murder a brahmàn, I only kill his body; but if I blaspheme and reproach my Maker, casting all blame in his face, and teach others to do so, I infect, I destroy, I devour both body and soul, to all eternity."——Being on a journey through the country, he saw a great multitude assembling for the worship of one of their gods. He immediately approached them; and passing through the company, placed himself on an elevation, near to the side of the idol. The eyes of all the people were instantly fixed on him, wondering what he, being a European, meant to do. After beckoning for silence, he thus began: "It has eyes... (pausing, and pointing with his finger to the eyes of the image; then turning his face, by way of appeal, to the people) but it cannot see! It has ears... but it cannot hear! It has a nose... but it cannot smell! It has hands... but it cannot handle! It has a mouth... but it cannot speak; neither is there any breath in it!" An old man in the company, provoked by these self-evident truths, added, "It has feet; but it cannot run away!" At this, a universal shout was heard: the faces of the priests and brahmàns were covered with shame, and the worship for that time was given up.'

The final argument against them is, that, let the merit of the attempt be what it may, it has been unsuccessful, and the missionaries have done so little, that it may be called nothing.—A plain statement of the fact will be the best reply to this, and will sufficiently prove their diligence and success. The first convert was baptized in December 1800, and in seven years from that time has the number amounted to 109, of whom nine were afterwards excluded or suspended, or had been lost sight of. Carey and his son have been in Bengal fourteen years; the other brethren only nine; they had all a difficult language to acquire before they could speak to a native, and to preach and argue in it required a thorough and familiar knowledge. Under these circumstances the wonder is, not that they have done so little, but that they have done so much; for it will be found, that even without this difficulty to retard them, no religious opinions have spread more rapidly in the same time, unless there was some remarkable folly or extravagance to recommend them, or some powerful worldly inducement. Their progress will be continually accelerating; the difficulty is at first, as in introducing vaccination into a distant land; when the matter has once taken, one subject supplies infection for all around him, and the disease takes root in the country. The husband converts the wife, the

the son converts the parent, the friend his friend, and every fresh proselyte becomes a missionary in his own neighbourhood. Thus their sphere of influence and of action widens, and the eventual issue of a struggle between truth and falsehood, is not to be doubted by those who believe in the former. Other missionaries from other societies have now entered India, and will soon become efficient labourers in their station. From Government all that is asked is toleration for themselves, and protection for their converts. The plan which they have laid for their own proceedings is perfectly prudent and unexceptionable, and there is as little fear of their provoking martyrdom, as there would be of their shrinking from it, if the cause of God and man require the sacrifice. But the converts ought to be protected from violence; and all cramming with cow-dung prohibited on pain of retaliation with beef-tea.

Nothing can be more unfair than the manner in which the scoffers and alarmists have represented the missionaries. We, who have thus vindicated them, are neither blind to what is erroneous in their doctrine, or ludicrous in their phraseology: but the anti-missionaries cull out from their journals and letters all that is ridiculous, sectarian, and trifling; call them fools, madmen, tinkers, Calvinists, and schismatics; and keep out of sight their love of man, and their zeal for God, their self-devotement, their indefatigable industry, and their unequalled learning. These low-born and low-bred mechanics have translated the whole bible into Bengalee, and have by this time printed it. They are printing the New Testament in the Sanscrit, the Orissa, Mahratta, Hindostan, and Guzarat, and translating it into Persic, Telinga, Karnata, Chinese, the language of the Sicks and of the Burmans, and in four of these languages they are going on with the Bible. Extraordinary as this is, it will appear more so, when it is remembered, that of these men one was originally a shoemaker, another a printer at Hull, and a third the master of a charity-school at Bristol. Only fourteen years have elapsed since Thomas and Carey set foot in India, and in that time have these missionaries acquired this gift of tongues; in fourteen years these low-born, low-bred mechanics have done more towards spreading the knowledge of the Scriptures among the heathen, than has been accomplished, or even attempted by all the princes and potentates of the world,—and all the universities and establishments into the bargain.

Let it not be deemed that this is spoken disrespectfully, though the university preacher, and the unworthy attempt of the society

for promoting Christian knowledge 'to shift the odium upon' an Anabaptist society, merit the severest censure. Far from depreciating church establishments, our earnest wish and desire is, that they may be extended—let there be one in India, the more magnificent the better—make Dr. Barrow a bishop or an archbishop there if it be thought fit—build a St. Paul's at Calcutta, and raise the money by evangelical sermons; but do not think, even if this were done, to supersede the baptist missionaries, till you can provide from your own church such men as these: and it may be added, such women also as their wives. Why will not the Church of England adopt a policy more favourable to her views? Sectaries, such as these, instead of being discountenanced, should, in fact, be regarded as useful auxiliaries: their services, indeed, are desultory; but, like the Pandours and Croats of military powers, they may precede the main body, and, by their zeal and intrepidity, contribute to facilitate the success of the regular force.

Art. XVIII. *Narrative of the Siege of Zaragoza.* By Charles Richard Vaughan, M. B. Fellow of All Soul's College, Oxford, and one of Dr. Radcliffe's travelling Fellows from that University. London, pp. 38. 8vo. Second edition. Ridgway, 1809.

We consider ourselves and the public as much indebted to the author of this well written and highly interesting narrative. We were, indeed, already in possession of such facts, relating to the defence of Zaragoza, as were sufficient to place it amongst the most extraordinary events of history. We knew, for instance, that the Arragonese, having taken up arms about the end of May, had met with a severe check as early as the 9th of June; that they had been again defeated, on the 13th and 14th at Mallen and at Alagon; that though compelled to retire within the walls of their capital, and unable to repel the assaults of the besiegers, they had still continued to defend themselves from house to house; and that the enemy, after persisting in the siege for many days after the flight of Joseph from Madrid, had been ultimately forced, about the 14th of August, to retire in confusion towards Pamplona. So much was admitted by the French themselves. But when, in search of further information, we examined the proclamations and public letters of Palafox, we confess that we were

were almost tempted to disbelieve what we already knew. This extraordinary man exhibited, as we thought, such a blind and overweening confidence in the very limited resources which Arragon could be supposed to possess; his denunciations of vengeance against the mighty chief of the French empire, whom he rendered personally responsible for the safety of the Spanish princes, appeared so ill-suited to the commander of a petty province; his religious zeal, his loyalty, the whole tenor of his language, whether addressed to his followers or to the council of Castille, were so unusual and peculiar, that we felt afraid of placing much reliance on his assertions; and, bewildered by his apparent exaggerations, knew not whether to impute them to policy or to arrogance. Nothing less than the testimony of a witness who has been admitted to the familiarity of this modern Cid; who has accompanied him on his expeditions, and studied him amidst the scenes of his exploits, and amongst the partakers of his glory, could have been sufficient to extort our belief of a series of events, on which future poets will dwell with rapture, but which future historians will hesitate to record amongst the annals of the 19th century.

We learn from Mr. Vaughan that the former Captain General of Arragon, being suspected of disaffection to the patriotic party, was deposed and imprisoned by the people; and that, in virtue of the unanimous choice of the inhabitants of Zaragoza and of the neighbouring villages, his office was transferred to Don Joseph Palafox, a young officer in the Spanish guards, who had been selected, not long before, as second in command to the Marquis de Castillar, for the purpose of securing the Prince of the Peace after his arrest at Aranjuez. Such an appointment affords some proof of his previous popularity; his family was amongst the most distinguished in Arragon; his two elder brothers the Marquis de Lazan, and Don Francisco Palafox were ardent friends to the patriotic cause; and he was himself but lately returned from Bayonne, whence he escaped in disguise when his services could no longer be of use to his sovereign: he had therefore just pretensions to the perilous dignity to which he aspired. 'At the commencement of his command (says Mr. Vaughan) General Palafox mustered the regular troops quartered in Zaragoza, and found that they amounted to two hundred and twenty men; and that the public treasury of the province could furnish him with only two thousand reals, a sum, in English money, equal to twenty pounds sixteen shillings and eight pence.' Such were the resources of men and money with which he undertook to defend a

city, whose walls, partly built with mud, inclosed rather than protected a population of about 60,000 souls, against all the forces that the numerous garrison of Pamplona, or the army of Murat, near Madrid, might be able to send against him; and such were the auspicious hopes which dictated to him that proud declaration of war with which our readers are already acquainted.

It was, perhaps, a fortunate circumstance, that with a great military genius he possessed little or no military experience. All the combinations of the tactician suppose, in the several individuals who compose his army, certain acquired habits resulting from a preliminary education, without which every movement must be productive of inextricable confusion. A mixed multitude, however, animated by enthusiasm, can only become formidable to veterans in those situations where it can crush them by its mass, or in those where concerted movements are impracticable, and every man must rely on his own personal valour; and even in such situations the mere skill of a commander is of little value, because, without subordination and gradations of rank, there can be no means of communicating directions or orders, and every effort must be spontaneous. The General who undertakes to manage such a force must be endowed with a mind fertile in resources and expedients, and with a character equally flexible and intrepid; he must know how to assume every shape, to conciliate every temper, to excite every passion, and to inspire that reverential awe which can alone secure the obedience of men actuated by fury, and inaccessible to terror. These talents, it should seem, were united in Palafox, and gave him that conscious superiority, in which his followers acquiesced without a murmur. His ultimate success was owing to their unparalleled exertions; but from him must have been derived that impulse which was communicated to every class and to every age, and which rendered the priests, and the women, and the children of Zaragoza, scarcely less available for its defence than its hardiest and best armed inhabitants. It is the prerogative of genius to employ every possible material, and to find a use for every instrument; and when we see the whole population of a country conspiring to one common purpose, we cannot doubt the ability of the superintendance by which their actions are directed.

Mr. Vaughan informs us in his preface, that any little profit which may arise from the sale of the work will be applied to the relief of the inhabitants of Zaragoza, and that the hope of directing the attention of the public to their sufferings, and of thereby promoting a subscription for their benefit, was his chief motive for

for stating all that he knew of the heroic achievements. As we should be very sorry to counteract these benevolent intentions, we shall abstain from giving such an abstract of his account as might satisfy the curiosity of our readers, and from extracting any of those detached anecdotes which give so much spirit and interest to his narrative: but we consider it as our duty to copy, from the second edition, the following article which was omitted, we suppose inadvertently, in the first impression.

'One character which developed itself during the siege of Zaragoza, must not be overlooked in this narrative. In every part of the town, where the danger was most imminent, and the French the most numerous, was Padre St. Jago Sass, curate of a parish of Zaragoza. As General Palafox made his rounds through the city, he often beheld Sass, alternately playing the part of a priest and a soldier; sometimes administering the sacrament to the dying, and at others, fighting in the most determined manner against the enemies of his country; from his energy of character and uncommon bravery, the Commander in Chief reposed the utmost confidence in him during the siege; wherever any thing difficult or hazardous was to be done, Sass was selected for its execution; and the introduction of a supply of powder, so essentially necessary to the defence of the town, was effected in the most complete manner, by this clergyman at the head of forty of the bravest men in Zaragoza. He was found so serviceable in inspiring the people with religious sentiments, and in leading them on to danger, that the General has placed him in a situation where both his piety and courage may continue to be as useful as before; and he is now both captain in the army, and chaplain to the Commander in Chief.'

Every reader, we are persuaded, will peruse the description of this siege with feelings of exultation and delight, because history is never so interesting as when it records the very few instances that real history can record, in which patriotic valour has obtained a temporary triumph over unbounded power, actuated by unbounded malevolence. The human heart will leap at the recital of such efforts of human virtue; and the acts of heroism exhibited within the contracted scene of a Spanish town will, for the moment, render the most extensive machinations of ambitious policy and the most rapid series of military conquests, tame and insipid in the narrative. But the knowledge of facts is valuable, rather from the practical lessons which they teach, than from the feelings which they excite; and it is for this reason that we principally esteem the perspicuous and well-connected statement of Mr. Vaughan. The Arragonese acted under the strongest impulse of

the strongest passions, and we know that the mind and body of an enthusiast are capable of preternatural exertion; but such paroxysms of energy cannot be expected from men less powerfully exasperated; and what is astonishing as a spectacle becomes useless as an example. It is curious and instructive to observe that these brave men were unable, from their deficiency of discipline, to beat the enemy in the field; they were unable, from their imperfect skill, to defend their walls and batteries; but within their streets and their houses they became invincible. That an open town may present a most embarrassing impediment to an attacking army was already known by the resistance of Buenos Ayres; but the defence of Zaragoza is much more conclusive, because no deficiency of skill or enterprize can be attributed to the French generals; and because their artillery of all sorts was ably served, and at every period of the siege was eminently destructive. The principal powder magazine was blown up; the principal hospital burned: spacious convents, and whole streets were laid in ruins by the incessant explosion of shells; but the progress of desolation seems to have only improved the resources of the besieged, and from the moment when their situation was thought by their assailants to be hopeless, the tide of victory began to turn in their favour. During eleven successive days, the French gradually lost ground; and, after having occupied one half of the city, found themselves daily more and more circumscribed, till they were reduced within the space of one eighth, when they finally retreated. It is also to be remarked that the length and obstinacy of the siege seems to have excited, amongst the French troops, the same spirit of frantic animosity which inspired the Arragonese, and that the two parties, with an equal disregard of danger, alternately dashed across the street which separated them, to attack their respective batteries, often continuing the desperate struggle through the rooms of the adjoining houses. We, therefore, think it very difficult to account for the ultimate success of the defenders of Zaragoza, unless we admit that the spot on which they fought afforded a full compensation for the superior skill and discipline of the enemy; and that, amidst the mazes of irregular and narrow streets, even the motley population of a city may be rendered competent to resist the best conducted attacks of regular troops, if its citizens be properly instructed in the value of all their local resources, and taught to entertain a just confidence in themselves and in their leader.

Whether it is probable that the splendid example of Zaragoza will be followed in Spain or elsewhere we cannot judge; but we think

think that such an example will not be quite lost to the world. It must be of some importance to all nations whose independence is destroyed or threatened, to learn that resistance is not hopeless; that an asylum for liberty, not less secure than that which is offered by desarts and mountains, and forests, is to be found in the very center of civil society; and that (to adopt a celebrated axiom of our law) every free man's house is his castle, and will protect him who has the courage to defend it. We perfectly agree with our author in believing that the ultimate fall of Zaragoza is not improbable; perhaps it has already been accomplished; but we also agree with him in thinking that, 'let the issue be what it may, it must be right, in times like these, to record an event which teaches so forcibly the resources of patriotism and courage.'

We cannot conclude without expressing our wish, that the well-merited success of this little tract may induce its author to draw up, for the press, a more general account of his extensive travels. His residence in Persia must have put him in possession of much valuable information concerning a country which, at this moment, excites a considerable degree of interest, and of which the modern history is very little known in Europe; besides which we are persuaded that the journal of his late tour in Spain would furnish a variety of additional materials, highly gratifying to public curiosity.

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